Collier's

NOVEMBER 2, 1946

TEN CENTS

IOLA
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THE VICTOR

a story of betrayal

FORGOTTEN BOY

JEHOVAH'S WITNESSES

FOOTBALL

ov. 2, 1946

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A 866756 OR 23AU47

TO UNSEAL
VACUUM PACKED
ULTRA VACUUM PACKED
Coffee
Duraglas
Ultra-Vac

You've never bought coffee packed under a *higher* vacuum!

NOW! *Fresher coffee*— thanks to the *new* Airtight Snap-on Cap!

YOU: Cold dawn—and hot coffee! Sure hit the spot this morning, Molly. What made it so good?

YOUR WIFE: It's this new jar it comes in. Has a flexible cap! You pry it up with the bowl of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon. There's a "psss-t"... !

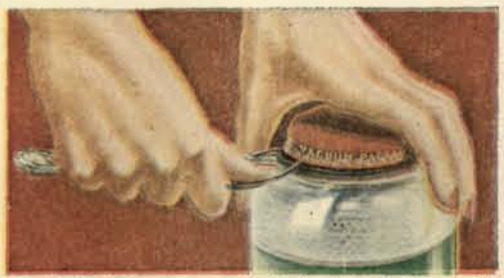
YOU: That tells you it's *air*tight—

MOLLY: Uh-hum, it's *ultra* vacuum-packing!

YOU: Well, that accounts for the he-man flavor! Means your coffee's *roaster*-fresh when you get it.

MOLLY: And you see this new jar *keeps* coffee fresher, too! Even if the cap is bent, it REseals *airtight*. You just press down! Doesn't cost any more than any other vacuum container, either!

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio



TO UNSEAL: Pry cap up firmly in several places with bowl-tip of a sturdy kitchen tablespoon.

TO RESEAL: Press cap down firmly with palm of hand. Cap REseals, *even if bent!*

Duraglas TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **ULTRA-VAC JAR**

WITH THE NEW AIRTIGHT SNAP-ON CAP

"I'm a better Mother than Model"

But Mary Gillies' lovely smile continues to brighten the sketches of her artist husband

WILLIAM GILLIES, well-known illustrator, will tell you not to pay too much attention to his wife's modest statement. He's proud of what a good model Mary is (she now poses for him exclusively). But he's even prouder of their two robust sons, whose flashing smiles instantly reflect their "model" mother's care.

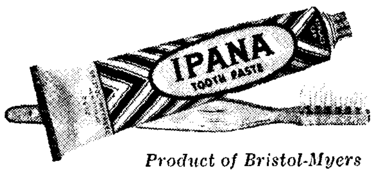
As a former *Collier's* Cover Girl, Mrs. Gillies knows what every model knows—the importance of an attractive smile. So it shouldn't surprise you to learn that she's already taught "Butch" and "Stretch" to guard *their* future smiles with her own prized dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, followed by gentle gum massage.*

Not only these New Canaan, Conn. youngsters, but millions of children throughout the country know what thousands of schools and dentists are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

With the greatest of ease (and a little help from his "model" mother), Butch sails through the Connecticut air. Even more helpful is Mary's advice for safeguarding his and Stretch's future smiles: "Every time you brush your teeth, massage your gums gently." This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up circulation within gums.

Someone's going to have a handsome smile—and his name is Butch! Look how carefully Mary guards his teeth and gums. Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist*. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Robin Hood, Jr., better known as Sheldon, still better known as "Butch," is a pretty good marksman at 8, thanks to his "model" mother's coaching. And thanks to her care of his teeth and gums, his future smile is safeguarded. For Mother knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they may need—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle gum massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.



Product of Bristol-Myers

Firmer gums—brighter teeth with Ipana and massage

This child knows more than many adults about gum massage. For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms today. Ask your dentist about massage for *your* gums. Nationwide survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage. (Also, that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own personal use!)

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

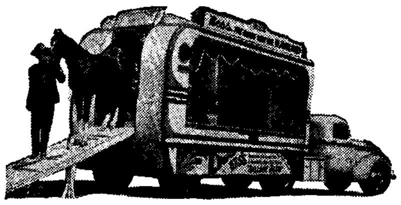
From Lexington, Kentucky, comes a romantic tid-bit . . .

★ ★ ★ ★

The whole town's in love with a horse!

★ ★ ★ ★

So are Detroit and Toledo, Pittsburgh and Wheeling, Buffalo and Binghamton. So are more than 30 other cities that she's visited in her palatial trailer.



They're all in love with "Bess," the gleaming chestnut steed that won Hollywood's heart and is now making countless friends across the country.

★ ★ ★ ★

They call her "The Horse With The Human Mind."

★ ★ ★ ★

No wonder they give her the keys to the city (which she accepts personally), clamor for her autograph (she never says nay), and wine and dine her at hunt clubs!

★ ★ ★ ★

Of course, "Bess" can't visit every town in the land, but you can see her in M-G-M's thrilling adventure story, "Gallant Bess," soon to be screened at your local theatre.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll see "Bess" as she really is, for Harry Rapf has produced "Gallant Bess" in glowing natural color by the Cinecolor process.

★ ★ ★ ★

There's a crisp, authentic flavor to Jeanne Bartlett's story. She got its true-to-life feeling from an incident narrated by Lt. Marvin Park, USNR.

★ ★ ★ ★

Keep your eye on Marshall Thompson, who is best friend to "Bess," in the picture. As a star, he's mounting. You can see he loved his role; gave it power, conviction.

★ ★ ★ ★

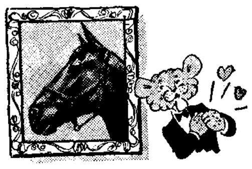
With him, you'll see George Tobias and Clem Bevans—stalwart, two-fisted pals who thrive on rough going.

★ ★ ★ ★

Altogether, the picture is a credit to Andrew Marton's expert direction.

★ ★ ★ ★

So here's our Stranger-Than-Fiction Fact For Fall: You're going to fall in love with a horse, when you see M-G-M's "Gallant Bess" in action color.



—Leo

★ ★ ★ ★

Each week brings closer the world premiere of "The Yearling", one of M-G-M's greatest pictures. Filmed in Technicolor, it stars Gregory Peck, Jane Wyman, and Claude Jarman, Jr. as "Jody". THIS IS THE YEAR OF "THE YEARLING"!

COLLIER'S
November 2, 1946

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RUTH FOWLER *Distaff*
HENRY L. JACKSON *Wearables*
WILLIAM B. HART *Fiction*
MAC LENNAN FARRELL *Fiction*

THIS WEEK

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Time helped Jon understand his love for the professor's wife.

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THE FORGOTTEN BOY By HOWARD WHITMAN 18
Lured by wartime wages, he quit school—and now he's sorry.

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Secret fears can influence your life—sometimes dangerously.

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GONE TODAY—HAIR TOMORROW By E. A. WELCH 42
Now you can be bald, and even your best friend wouldn't know it.

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

"PROOF THROUGH THE NIGHT"

THE WEEK'S MAIL: Re. Gertrude Q. Phair's letter (Sept. 21st) anent flying the flag after sundown. There is no Army rule against flying it 24 hours daily, except for advertising purposes. For 40 years it has flown, night and day, over the grave of Francis Scott Key, who wrote The Star-Spangled Banner. It flies, night and day, over the Worcester, Massachusetts, war memorial. When either branch of Congress holds a night session, it flies over the Capitol building.

ANDREW W. TAYLOR, New York City

STREAMLINER

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: I agree with you when you say in your editorial As We Were Saying (Sept. 21st) that our senators and representatives should have an increase in salary. I believe, though, that today, when we have fast travel, the telephone, telegraph and radio, we could reduce the number of our senators to 48 and our representatives to not more than 144.

THOMAS L. CHAMBERS, Ithaca, N. Y.

BELL RINGER

DEAR EDITOR: On page 92 of your September 14th issue you very plainly label a picture as Bert Bell. Plainly, too, it's not Bert Bell. It is, however, Elmer Layden.

ABRAHAM SCHWARTZMAN, New York City

Our caption writer fumbled the ball. Here is Mr. Bell.

HAND-PICKED

DEAR SIR: In your issue of September 14th, F. A. Griffith, a graphologist, says that Bernard Shaw (whose handwriting he analyzed) is "now at the stage where even mild emotional disturbance could prove fatal." According to my analysis (I am a student

(Continued on page 99)

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

"...but gee whiz, Dad, you promised..."

Raymond White hated to go back on his word about young Bill's using the family car on the night of the class dance . . . But he'd been out of town on a long business trip; and while away, his auto insurance had lapsed. "I'm renewing it tomorrow, Bill," he said. "But think what *could* happen tonight! Why, an accident could take every cent we've got . . . keep you from going to college . . . even cost us our home. So in this case, I think it's only wise to break my promise."

It's wise to get insurance that really protects

Any prudent man will agree that he was wise—and it's wise, too, to get the right *kind* of auto insurance—the kind that gives you the fullest coverage at the lowest possible rates. State Farm Mutual, which is the two-to-one choice as the leading auto insurance company, gives you "*more* protection for your money." A State Farm policy can provide you with these important features: Double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . 80% collision, bail bond and emergency road coverage . . . liberal medical payments . . . comprehensive coverage that protects you against loss to your car.

No driver can *afford* to be without the full-coverage protection offered by State Farm's "More for Your Money" insurance plan in *these days* of hazardous driving with increased repair and claim costs. State Farm Mutual, the world's largest auto insurance company, has more than 7000 agents, located in all parts of the U.S. and Canada. Wherever you might drive into trouble, they're ready to serve you. Your nearest State Farm agent can help you right now—by explaining why all auto insurance is NOT alike . . . how State Farm Mutual insurance is different in many ways that benefit you!

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.

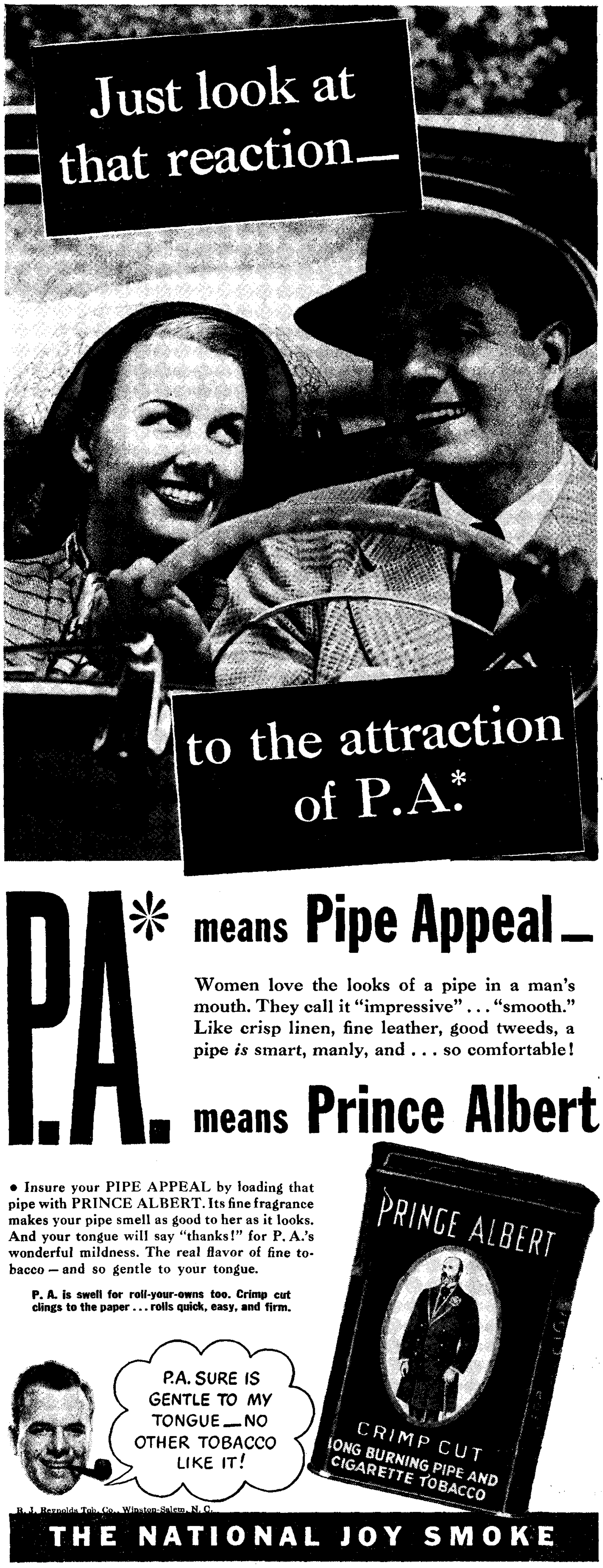
Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

HAZARDOUS DRIVING UPS AUTO ACCIDENT COSTS!

The recent, dangerous rise in the number and cost of automobile accidents has a direct effect on you and every driver. Remember that auto drivers themselves set auto insurance rates—driving with extra care helps you avoid injury and death, *and* keeps auto insurance rates at their lowest possible level!

See Your State Farm Agent Before You Finance Your Next Car!

He can help you save money


Just look at that reaction—

to the attraction of P.A.*

P.A.* means Pipe Appeal—

Women love the looks of a pipe in a man's mouth. They call it "impressive" . . . "smooth." Like crisp linen, fine leather, good tweeds, a pipe *is* smart, manly, and . . . so comfortable!

P.A. means Prince Albert

- Insure your PIPE APPEAL by loading that pipe with PRINCE ALBERT. Its fine fragrance makes your pipe smell as good to her as it looks. And your tongue will say "thanks!" for P. A.'s wonderful mildness. The real flavor of fine tobacco—and so gentle to your tongue.

P. A. is swell for roll-your-owns too. Crimp cut clings to the paper . . . rolls quick, easy, and firm.

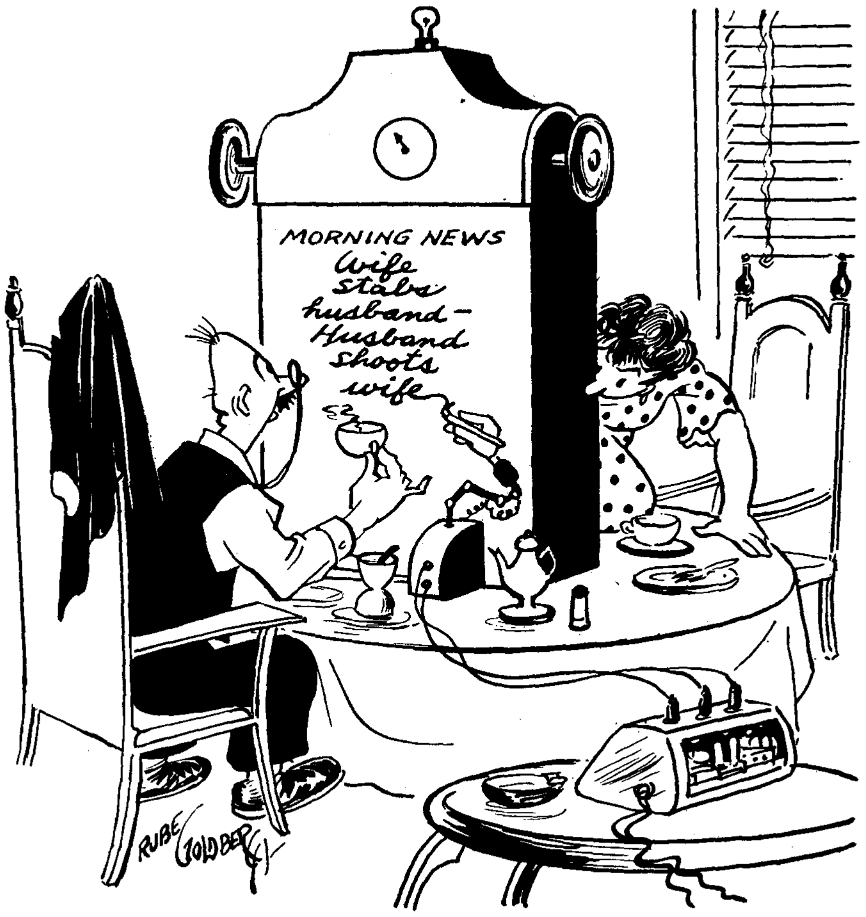
P.A. SURE IS GENTLE TO MY TONGUE—NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT!

PRINCE ALBERT CRIMP CUT LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD


MORNING NEWS
Wife stabs husband—Husband shoots wife
RUBE GOLDBERG

RUBE GOLDBERG

BY FRELING FOSTER

America's first daily newspaper to transmit photographs and printed matter to the home by radio was recently established in New York City. A special receiver connected with an FM set converts the signals into a facsimile reproduction of a small newspaper twice as fast as the same news could be read by a radio announcer.

How much information concerning a crime may be obtained from an insignificant bit of evidence by laboratory analysis was illustrated not long ago in a case of attempted murder in Berkeley, California. A small piece of string left at the scene was whirled in a centrifuge, and an analysis of the dust shaken out of its fibers revealed that it had come from a farm having pine trees, certain rare plants, a Jersey cow, a sorrel horse, black-and-white rabbits and Rhode Island Red chickens. With this description, detectives soon located the farm and captured the criminal.

The fastest sailboat in this country is undoubtedly the "Sea Spider," a 25-foot catamaran, whose extremely sharp twin hulls, joined by a framework supporting the mast and cockpit, are 12 feet apart. In recent trials on Long Island Sound, this craft reached a speed of 20 miles an hour, which is faster than the records of other types of sailing vessels and even many motor boats.

The 75,000 civilians killed by the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima were not the largest number of victims of a single air raid. Five months before, on the night of March 9, 1945, a fleet of 300 B-29s dropped on Tokyo more than 700,000 six-pound incendiary bombs which set fire to a 15-square-mile area and caused the death of 85,000 persons.

America's new Medal of Freedom has been awarded to some 1,800 civilian war heroes, nearly all being Europeans who risked their lives to hide Allied airmen who had been forced down in German-occupied territory.

A citizen will soon be able to sue the federal government in a U.S. District Court for personal injury and property damage claims over $1,000, and also appeal if necessary to the Supreme Court. Heretofore, such a claim had to be submitted to Congress, where, if it was disapproved as are 80 per cent of these cases, the decision was final.

On a flight into the stratosphere, a V-2 rocket consumes all of its nine tons of fuel within 20 miles, thus reducing its weight to five tons. At this altitude, however, the rocket is traveling so fast—about a mile a second—that it is carried upward an additional 55 miles by momentum alone.

The temperature of the stars is indicated by their color; red stars, for example, being comparatively cool while blue and white stars are extremely hot.

Single men under 30 are more numerous than single women under 30 in 20 states, 13 of which are west of the Mississippi.

On a per capita basis, the value of the life insurance carried in the United States today is $1,164, compared with only $48 for the other countries of the world.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

***JUNE HAVER**—co-starring in Twentieth Century-Fox' "**THREE LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE**" in technicolor.*

Natural color tone

Here is the stuff of dreams—yours through the electronic magic of these exciting new G-E radios

Here's the radio-phonograph you've waited for these many years, combining the miracle of FM—standard broadcast—short wave—and the amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Cat-quick record changer. 10 tubes including rectifier. 6 push buttons. Graceful period cabinet. Ask for model 417.

You've never heard radios like these. Never really known the beauty in favorite records until that revealing moment when you play them on one of these new General Electrics.

Thanks to war-born electronics, mechanical barriers between you and the artist melt away. You revel in the glorious realism of natural color tone. And this tonal beauty is matched by the beauty of design and fine craftsmanship you'll find in every G-E radio—from dependable portables and compact table models to gracious and charming consoles.

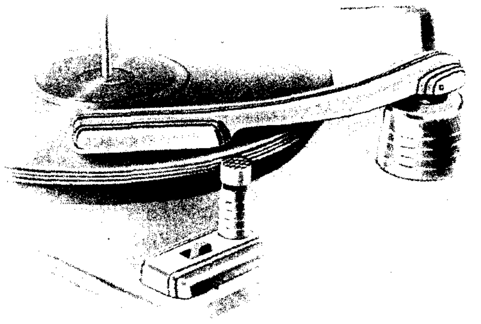
GENERAL ELECTRIC

170-E10

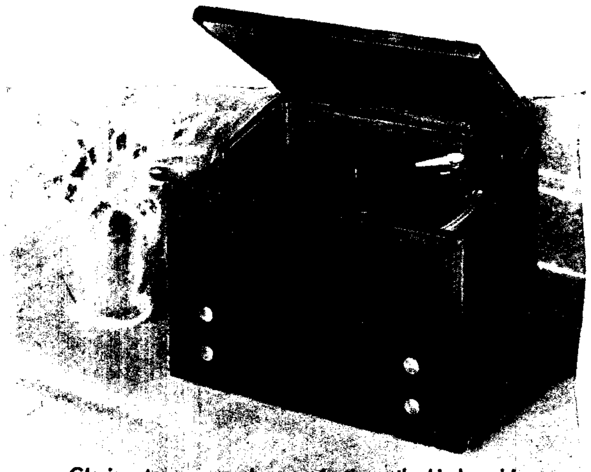
LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS

[illegible] plastic radio for [illegible] natural color tone. [illegible] including recti- [illegible] AC or DC. Look for Model 220.



Sensational new G-E Electronic Reproducer recreates recorded music on an electronic wave. Self-protecting genuine sapphire stylus banishes old style needle. Reveals previously hidden beauties in the most familiar records.



Glorious tone—superb reproduction—the kind you'd expect in a large console—are yours in this compact radio-phonograph. 6 tubes including rectifier. Cat-quick record changer. G-E Electronic Reproducer. See Model 303.

...don't let it become "Just a Memory"

Your New Car Deserves The Best Protection... So SIMONIZ Now!

When a car is new, don't put off Simonizing. Simoniz keeps the finish sparkling . . . prevents damage by gritty mud, corrosive airborne chemicals, ultra violet rays... makes it easy to clean. A dry cloth whisks away dust and dirt. So Simonizing saves you work as well as keeps the beauty of your car from becoming "just a memory".

SIMONIZING Does Wonders in Restoring Dull Finishes!

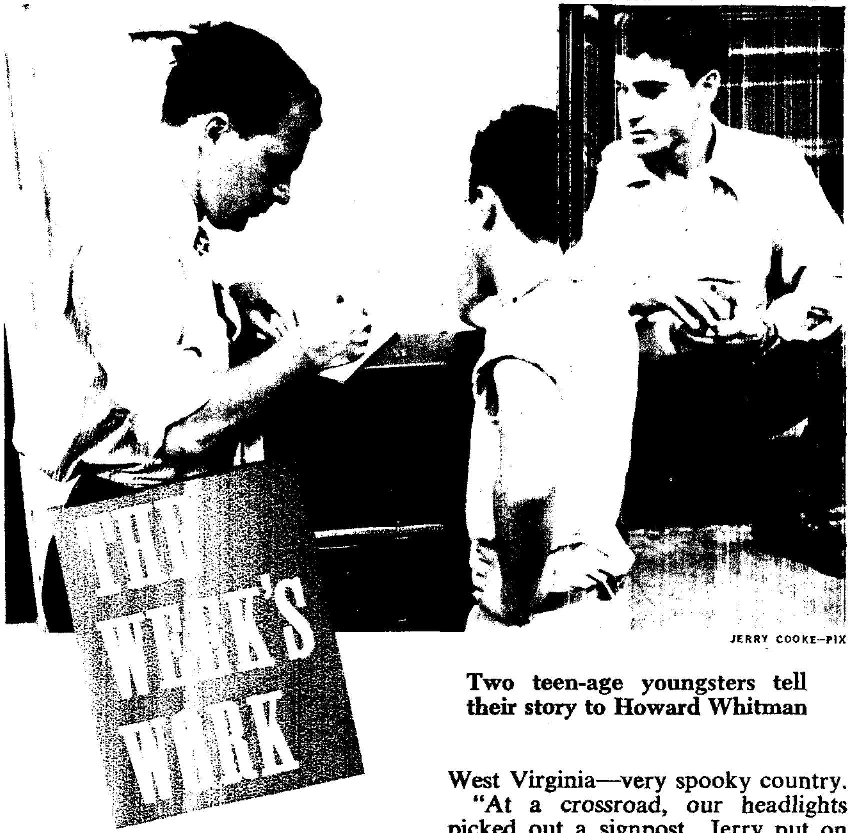
If your car is already dull, a quick once-over with Simoniz Kleener brings back all the sparkle of newness. With the original beauty restored, apply Simoniz to make the sparkle permanent... to protect the finish for winter driving. As millions of motorists know, the sooner any car is Simonized, the longer the finish lasts. Nothing takes the place of Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Get them today at any grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5c to $1, auto accessory or department store.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes

Liquid
SIMONIZ KLEENER
SIMONIZ
MOTORISTS WISE
SIMONIZ
HOUSEWIVES DO LIKEWISE
SIMONIZ KLEENER

"SIMONIZ"... TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. & FOREIGN COUNTRIES

THE WEEK'S WORK



JERRY COOKE—PIX

Two teen-age youngsters tell their story to Howard Whitman

THE author of The Victor (p. 14), Richard Strouse, has something to say about writing "for the market," and it is advice which editors wish other authors would heed.

Strouse, serving in Europe, 1945-46, as a Signal Corps movie producer, had been shocked by the misbehavior of American soldiers: "Having just helped win a war directed against, among other absurdities, the idea of a Master Race, far too many Americans now swept in and out of German and French parlors preaching and practicing the doctrine of an American Master Race. I returned home wanting to write against the dangers of American smugness."

After several tries, Strouse wrote The Victor—only to retire it without submitting it to any publication, because both he and his agent were of the opinion that the story was "too lacking in plot and conflict to be commercially valuable."

One day a friend dusted off the manuscript, read it, pronounced it excellent and said (This is not a puff; he *did!*) that he believed Collier's "was progressive enough to buy it."

Strouse mailed it to Collier's "cold"—that is, without benefit of an agent—and it was promptly bought.

"Most reputable editors claim they want 'sound' rather than formula fiction," he observes; "and *most reputable* as well as disreputable writers don't believe them. My experience with The Victor would seem to confirm the editors' contention."

Betsy Emmons

IN GATHERING material for The Forgotten Boy (p. 18), Howard Whitman ran into one situation that he wants us to record, not so much to be telling a story as to calm the nerves of a couple of kids he met one night near . . .

But we'll let Howard tell what happened: "Photographer Jerry Cooke and I were cruising the country in our roadster looking for teen-age kids who'd fit into our story. We were working well into dusk this day, groping our way along a pitch-black road in Virginia, destination Martinsburg, West Virginia—very spooky country.

"At a crossroad, our headlights picked out a signpost. Jerry put on the brakes and jockeyed the car for a better view of the directions. The beams caught a couple of kids huddled beside the signpost. 'I'll get out and talk to the kids,' I said. 'Maybe they fit in our story.'

"Now, usually in these interviews, I'd introduce myself as a Collier's writer, but I was weary, so I asked point-blank, 'How old are you fellas?'

"One said with chattering teeth, 'F-f-f-ifte-e-e-n.'

"The other gulped, 'Four-t-t-een.'

" 'What are you doing here this time of night?' I demanded.

" 'We're j-j-just on our w-w-way home,' one stammered.

" 'You're too young for us,' I said and was about to tell the kids they needn't be so darned scared; that we were doing a Collier's piece.

"But just then, Photographer Cooke stuck his head out of the car and yelled, 'If they're okay, we'll shoot 'em right where they are!'

"That fixed it—good! Nothing would convince those kids that we weren't city killers. Anyway, I hope they'll see the story. It's the one way of clearing Jerry and me—Howard."

We hope so, too. We hate to think of those kids growing up with a phobia toward reporters and photographers.

BETSY EMMONS, who wrote the article on neurotic fears, What Are You Scared Of? (p. 20), is working toward a Ph.D. in psychology. She confesses: "My husband and I consider ourselves a rather formidable mixed-doubles team in tennis and we like to dance, but this winter I've promised to learn skiing, which my husband loves. I'm terrified of skiing."

CLARENCE S. BULL

Richard Carlson

THE very handsome author in the photograph, Richard Carlson (The Lie, p. 84), looks, they say, just like a movie actor. That's what he is, also an ex-lieutenant in the Navy, and now on his way to England to play in James Hilton's So Well Remembered.

This week's cover: The painting is by Jon Whitcomb, who remembered an old party game that he used to enjoy at Halloween time. Guess we all did. . . . A. P.

MOVIES

HOLLYWOOD GLAMOR MURDER!

MOVIES

These Ten Beautiful Brunettes Suspected By Detective Warne in Song Writer Mystery

DOLORES No. 1

DOLORES No. 2

DOLORES No. 3

DOLORES No. 4

DOLORES No. 5

DOLORES No. 6

DOLORES No. 7

DOLORES No. 8

DOLORES No. 9

DOLORES No. 10

SUICIDE? Homicide squad thinks so after examining body of song writer. Hollywood detective Joe Warne, suspects it's murder.

ON RKO LOT, Warne locates loveliest suspect, film actress Frances Ransom, working on the set of "Sinbad the Sailor."

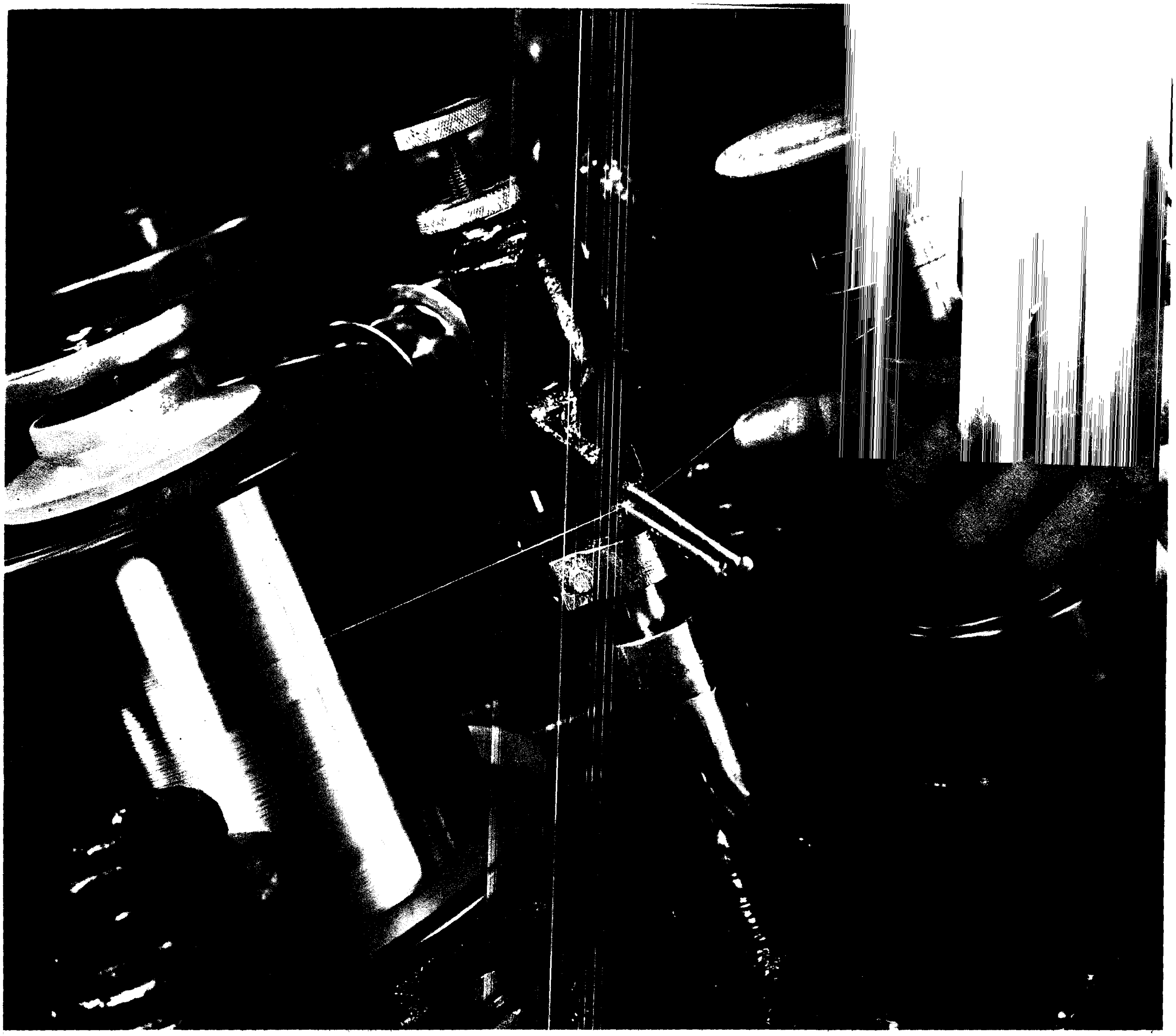
AT STUDIO PLAYERS CLUB, Carol Page admits visiting the victim's home and confesses her sister was also there.

BRUNETTE ACTRESS, identified as one of victim's sweethearts, thinks Warne has fallen for her, asks him to drop the case.

RKO
PRESENTS

GEORGE RAFT · LYNN BARI
in
NOCTURNE
with
VIRGINIA HUSTON · JOSEPH PEVNEY
MYRNA DELL
Produced by JOAN HARRISON · Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN
Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER

RKO RADIO PICTURES



Steel wire being drawn to 58/10,000ths of an inch

This steel wire is made into tires

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

HERE is an entirely new kind of "fabric" that is used in the building of the toughest of all tires. Thousands of feet of thin steel wire, drawn down to 58/10,000ths of an inch, are made into flexible cable and imbedded in rubber.

Goodyear developed this steel wire tire to take a brutal beating. It already has been tested both for off-the-road equipment and for big trucks on the highway . . . providing powerful resistance to bruising, cutting and practically complete freedom from heat blowouts.

With 25 years of Goodyear research behind it, the wire tire is constantly being improved. Although not generally available and still expensive, there is promise of wide usefulness in this new, tougher tire. And when it is finally ready, you can thank Goodyear leadership for its development.

This continuous research in pursuit of better materials and improved manufacturing methods explains why it's true today—as it has been for 31 straight years—"More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind."

A pioneer in rubber and the world's leading tire builder, Goodyear also works with metals, fabrics, plastics and other materials . . . that all Goodyear products may be better today than yesterday, better tomorrow than today.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

WAIT TILL YOU HEAR

BY IRENE AND LOUIS KAMP

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Postwar dreams, complete with wife, had come true for Charles—and then his Past meandered in. Maybe Charles had forgotten, but the cute blond girl hadn't

HALF lying in an armchair, with a drink close at hand, a book open and inviting on his lap, Charles Redfern daydreamed above even these pleasures, found it perfectly possible to ignore the loud noise of the doorbell. It was a whole year since his release from the Army, since his return to his wife, to his home, to his own life; and during that time and by dint of enormous self-control, Charles had learned to ignore *all* commands. The doorbell, echoing through the long, cool apartment, vaguely reminded him of a sergeant's shrill, insistent whistle, and the more insistent it became, the more Charles savored the pleasure of not answering it.

"Oh, Charles," his wife's voice made a small, despairing wail. Opening his eyes, Charles saw her standing at the bathroom door, grinned at her.

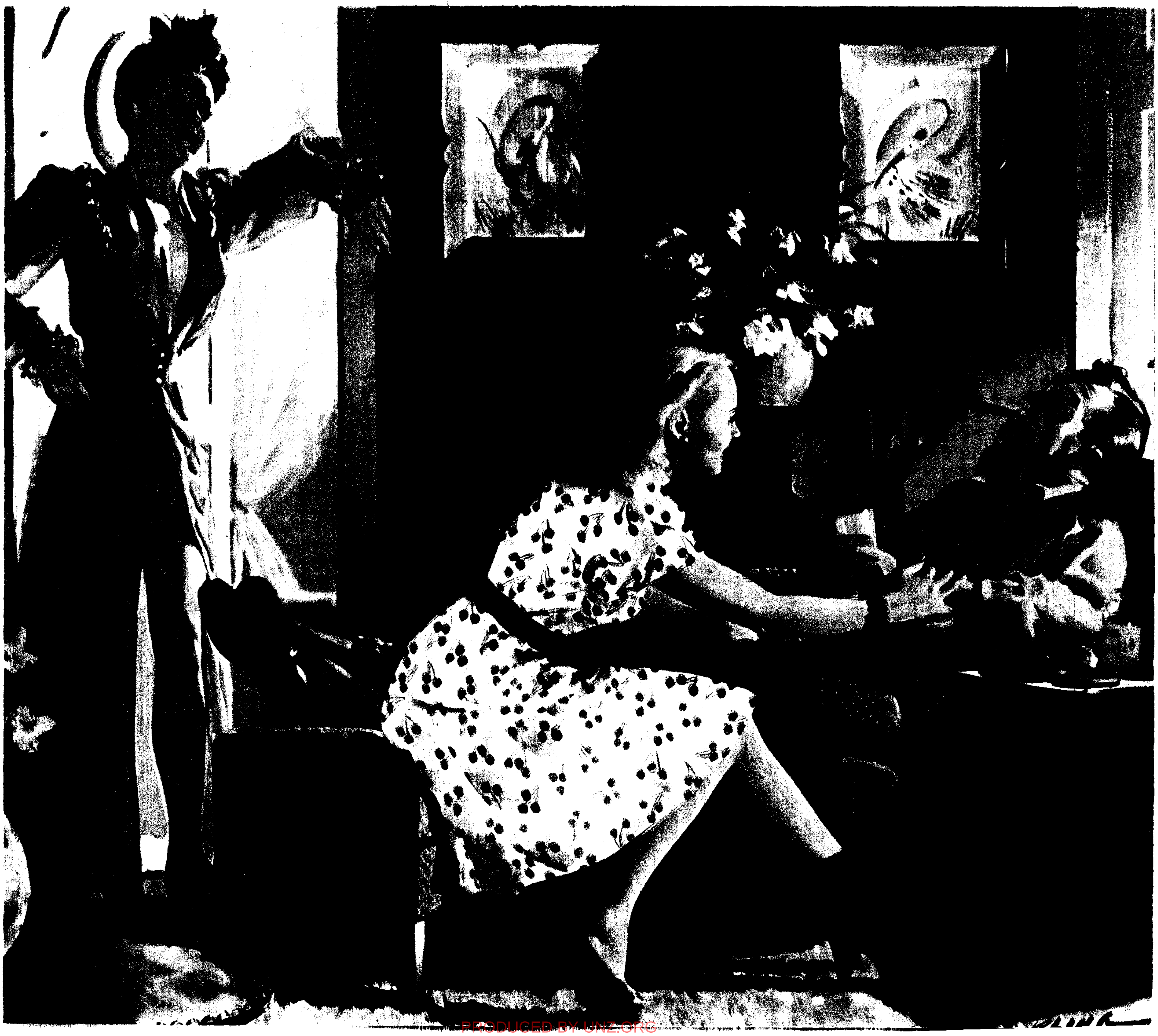
"Hello, Amy," he said, "why didn't you tell me you were going to wash your hair? I'd have given you a good shampoo." Watching her, he settled even more comfortably into his chair. He liked the cool, dark look of his wife. He liked the expert way she held her wet hair away from her head, the way she didn't hold the blue robe together over her body, the way her dark blue eyes had of looking, as they did now, benevolently angry.

"Charles," she said, "this time you'll have to answer the door. I can't go like this."

The bell clamored again and Charles laughed aloud. "You're a very attractive woman when you're upset," he said complacently.

"Listen," Amy said. "Listen. If you will listen carefully, my darling, you

(Continued on page 51)



"Now," Amy said brightly. "Suppose you tell us who you are. We're dying of curiosity." The young girl turned pleadingly to Charles

JEHOVAH'S TRAVELING SALESMEN

BY BILL DAVIDSON

Sometime, between now and 1984, Gabriel's trumpet will blow reveille for Judgment Day. That's the firm belief of some three million of your world neighbors, Jehovah's Witnesses, the amazing sect whose members refuse to vote, do jury duty, salute the flag

IN THE otherwise peaceful city of Cleveland, Ohio, August, 1946, is now remembered as The Month of the Great One-Two Punch. The second half of this punch was delivered late in August when the Ohio American Legion convention descended on the city with its horn-blowing, cab-stealing, water-squirting and other inanities. The first half was considerably more awesome. For from August 4th to August 11th, tens of thousands of members of the doorbell-ringing, tract-peddling religious organization known as Jehovah's Witnesses poured into town from all over the world. They came by jalopy, bus, boat, train and plane for their first international convention since before the war.

On the afternoon of August 4th, at the Municipal Stadium, the Cleveland Indians were playing a Sunday-afternoon double-header with the New York Yankees. The Jehovah's Witnesses were sprawled around outside the stadium waiting for the game to end so they could start their convention. They were getting restive.

A single game was all right, but a double-header was enough to try even the most canonical of Witness patiences. Suddenly, however, the skies grew dark and a thundershower burst on the stadium. The second game was postponed and the Witnesses filed into the stadium. Strangely enough, ten minutes later the sun was shining again.

Another miracle was that in a city suffering from an acute housing and food shortage, the Jehovah's Witnesses were able to find shelter and meals for a population totaling more than that of Cleveland Heights, the city's largest suburb. Before the convention opened, an advance guard of Jehovah's Witnesses swept through the town, block by block and house by house, until more than 60,000 rooms had been obtained. Then they took over an old government trailer camp in the western outskirts and began to construct their own tent and trailer city, complete with water, electricity, sewers and latrines.

By the time the convention had opened, they had set up an incredibly efficient cafeteria in Cleveland's huge underground Exposition Hall, in which 50,000 Witnesses were served two meals a day. When food ran short in Cleveland, they brought in their own from out of town—by the carload. They had their own cooks, carpenters, bakers, plumbers, policemen, firemen, lawyers, tinsmiths, doctors, nurses, auto mechanics and barbers—all Jehovah's Witnesses and all lending their $10 to $50 a day talents to the faithful for nothing.

The Witnesses divided greater Cleveland into 11,733 districts, organized platoons and squads for each district and covered every single doorstep and street corner in the city with Witness literature. When the convention was in its last day, they set up an assembly-line bathhouse arrangement at Edgewater Amusement Park on Lake Erie, and mass-baptized 2,602 new converts. This service was complete with nurses to watch babies, special receptacles for the temporary storing of false teeth, and bottles of port wine as an antidote for the chilling waters of the lake.

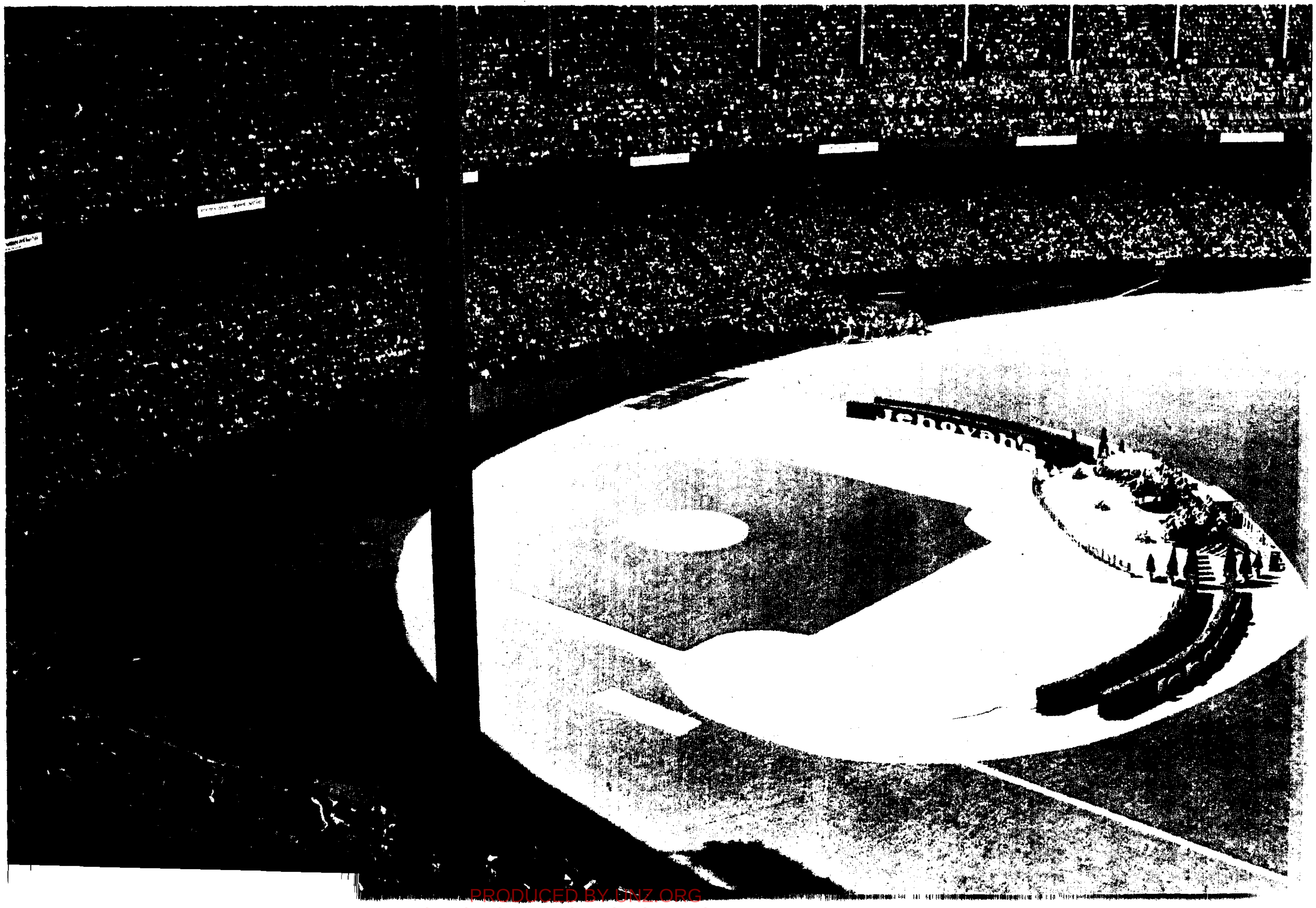
When the convention ended, the city gave the Witnesses a month to clean up their area. The Witnesses were gone inside of three days.

All these, however, are minor miracles. The most wondrous things of all were (a) the attendance figures—*83,000 delegates by actual count*, probably the largest religious conclave in the history of the United States; and (b) the fact that this convention was held at all.

To refresh your memory, the Jehovah's Witnesses' record of persecution for their religious beliefs was unequaled during the war and the years immediately preceding the war. Because they believe that they owe allegiance to the Kingdom of God first, and the governments of men second, they refuse to vote, serve on juries or perform any other of the normal duties of citizenship.

When a baseball game was rained out in the Cleveland Municipal Stadium some 83,000 delegates poured into the stands at the convention of Jehovah's Witnesses

CLEVELAND PLAIN DEALER



Because the Bible to them supersedes any man-made laws, and because the Bible says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image . . . thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them," they refuse to salute any flag, raise their arm in any *heil* or their fist in any symbol of the class struggle.

As a result the Jehovah's Witnesses were accused of being pro-Axis in the Allied countries, and of being pro-Allied in the Axis countries. In Germany, they were among the first to be thrown into Hitler's concentration camps in 1933, and in 1945, when U.S. troops found them in Dachau and Oranienburg, still refusing to *heil,* they were in pitiful physical and mental shape.

In Canada, the organization was outlawed completely. In England, some of its leaders were thrown into jail. In South Africa nearly the entire membership was sent to labor camps in southern Rhodesia. In Finland, the Witnesses first underwent German concentration camps and starvation diets, and then a Russian hostility which forced them to congregate by candlelight in underground meeting halls.

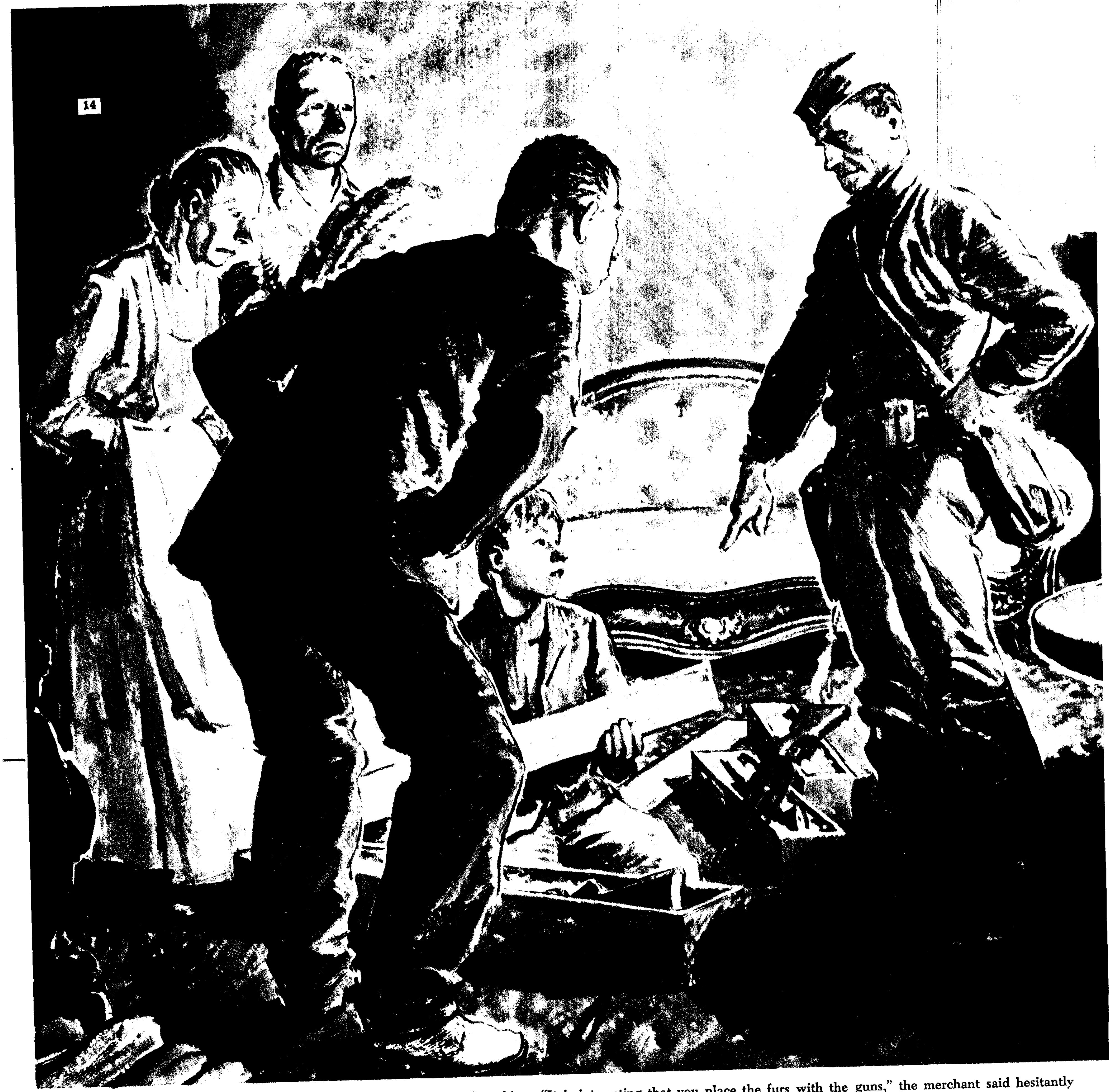
The United States, shamefully enough, was no better than any of these. On June 29, 1941, for instance, Charles Jones, C. A. Cecil and eight other young Jehovah's Witnesses from Mt. Lookout, West Virginia, drove to near-by Richwood, West Virginia, "to distribute literature of the said religious sect." Three of the Witnesses stopped off at the Town Hall to inform the mayor of the nature of their work and to request police protection.

Instead of the mayor, they were met by an angry reception committee from the Richwood American Legion Post, among whom were Martin L. Catlette, a deputy sheriff, and Bert Stewart, the chief of police. A mob of 1,500 persons gathered outside the Town Hall, in the meantime, and soon other members of the American Legion post, headed by one Louis Baber, had rounded up the other seven Witnesses and brought them to the mayor's office.

Catlette then took charge. He produced several quart bottles of castor oil, and in the best Mussolini tradition, forced the Witnesses to drink eight ounces each. One Witness, who *(Continued on page 72)*

Varied dunking uniforms appear in the mass baptism

CLEVELAND PRESS



"Screw the lids on!" Fletcher ordered when he had finished packing. "It is interesting that you place the furs with the guns," the merchant said hesitantly

THE VICTOR

BY DICK STROUSE

The criminals of war are not always the enemy. Consider, for instance, Lieutenant Fletcher, officer and gentleman by error of Congress

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

LIEUTENANT FLETCHER awoke to the knock abruptly, with no aftermath of sleep. He called, "All right," to the closed door and rolled off the outside of his bed and began to dress. He paid no attention to the bed until he had to return to it for his boots; then he saw that Doris was awake and watching him. He sat on the edge of the bed and pulled on the cold, heavy combat boots and laced them and buckled the bottoms of his pants into the tops of his boots without speaking. He crossed the room to his wardrobe for his jacket and gun.

"You will be long away?" Doris asked shyly. She spoke precise but unidiomatic English, with a German accent that Fletcher had once thought was cute.

"Four or five days. Maybe a week."

"You come see me then?"

"Of course."

"Then—when you come back—us be married then?"

"As soon as they change the regulations," Fletcher said impatiently.

"But us will be married, Johnny?"

"I've told you a thousand times, I don't make the rules," Fletcher said. "Ask General Eisenhower." He buckled his Army gun around his waist and picked up the musette bag and flight bag he had packed the night before and walked to the door. He hesitated, put down the two bags, and went to the bed. Doris put her arms around his neck and pulled his head down to hers.

"You love me, Johnny?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And me you will marry?"

"Yes," Fletcher said, reaching behind him to separate her arms. "You stay here as long as you want. The boys won't mind." He picked up the bags again and went down the stairs to the weapons carrier that was parked in front. Wolfgang, his hulking German driver, was asleep with his head and crossed arms on the steering wheel. Fletcher shook him several times to wake him, and ordered him to put the bags in the back of the truck.

"You're supposed to be awake when I come down," Fletcher said as Wolfgang pulled on the lights and started the bulky truck forward through Berlin's heavy early-morning fog.

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant. We go to Leipzig?"

"You know that."

"What is it we get in Leipzig?"

"Now you're talking too much," Fletcher said. "This isn't your good morning."

"The morning is perhaps not so good when one sleeps alone," Wolfgang said. He spoke easily and without emphasis, but Fletcher turned quickly to look at him; he had had no trouble with Wolfgang since their first days together, and wanted none. Wolfgang was solemnly watching the road.

"That's the first time I've caught you asleep on the job," Fletcher said tentatively.

"It is the first time you have been that long after I knock, Herr Lieutenant."

"That's my business," Fletcher said sharply.

"Yes, sir. You like the German girls, Herr Lieutenant?"

"That's also my business."

"It is I think a joke on the Germans. General Eisenhower's rule," Wolfgang said conversationally. "An American cannot marry a *Fräulein.* So an American can say he will marry the *Fräulein* with many advantages, but without danger. That is to those who like *Fräuleins* a great convenience, *nein?"*

"Let's understand something," Fletcher began sternly. Suddenly, because he felt good in the sharp morning air and because he and Wolfgang had been traveling together for three months and because Wolfgang was so right and because the matter seemed inconsequential anyway, he laughed. "The day they change the nonmarrying rule, every road in Germany will be covered with Americans running away from their promises," he said. "Now pay attention to your driving and your own affairs, hear?"

THEY drove southwest through the Zehlendorf district, passing only a few gutted buildings, because that section of Berlin, the section in which the Americans had their headquarters, had not been badly bombed. Twice drunken G.I.s tried to thumb rides, shouting insults about officers with cars and drivers of their own when Fletcher passed without stopping, and once Wolfgang swore ponderously and furiously in German at a bowed old woman who refused to get out of the middle of the road. Near the outskirts of the city, a very young, fair, blue-eyed Russian sentry stopped them; he was handsome in a guileless, open-faced way, like a magazine illustration of a typical American boy, and so young his rifle and fur hat and colored signal flags seemed too mature for him. But he prodded the three long wooden boxes and the carton of K-rations and Fletcher's bags in the back of the truck in a businesslike manner, and asked in German for papers. Fletcher handed him a Russian translation of his orders. They stated that, "First Lieutenant John Fletcher and driver will proceed on or about 24 November, 1945, by government motor vehicle from their present station to Leipzig, Germany, and thence to Frankfurt, Germany, on temporary duty for a period of approximately five (5) days, for the purpose of carrying out instructions of the Commanding General and, upon completion of this duty, will return to their proper station." Because Leipzig was in the Russian zone, it had taken Fletcher three weeks to obtain the orders.

THE sentry returned the translation, studied Wolfgang's personal papers, and suddenly dropped his officiousness and asked if Fletcher or Wolfgang wanted to sell a watch, cigarettes, cognac or some of the K-rations. Wolfgang looked at Fletcher, who shook his head. The sentry threw them a smart, American-type salute and waved them on.

When they had cleared Berlin, and were driving between bare, brown fields in which old men and women and children were plowing and looking for sticks, Fletcher told Wolfgang to stop and to get two breakfast rations out of the carton. Fletcher sliced them open expertly with his PX knife, and handed one ration to Wolfgang.

"You want I should heat water for coffee?" Wolfgang asked.

"We haven't time."

"It's better with coffee, I think. It's cold."

"Do I have to tell you everything twice?" Fletcher asked sharply, remembering Wolfgang's reference to sleeping alone.

"No," Wolfgang said, his huge mouth full of half the can of cold ham and eggs.

"No what?"

"No, sir."

Wolfgang finished while Fletcher was still eating, and lighted one of the cigarettes that were in his ration. "What we go to Leipzig for, Herr Lieutenant?" Wolfgang asked, inhaling deeply with his head tilted back.

"I told you the last time you asked me that question you talked too much."

"In the orders it says to carry out the instructions of the commanding general. Is it the commanding general's instructions that we go to Leipzig maybe for furs?"

Fletcher dropped his right hand to his gun, and started to say, "Get out, Wolfgang." He changed his mind. "Why did you say furs?" he asked instead.

"We have not before gone into the Russian zone," Wolfgang said. "Leipzig has many things, but furs are of the most value." He jerked his head still farther back toward the rear of the truck. "Also those boxes are now—what you say?—ballast, I think."

Fletcher glanced at the rectangular opening in the plywood partition Wolfgang had built between the cab and the bed of the truck. The three wooden boxes lay side by side; each was the approximate size and shape of the cardboard delivery cartons florists use for their longest-stemmed flowers. In each box was a German rifle. The lids of the boxes were drilled for screw holes, but only two screws held each lid in place. Fletcher had a handful of matching screws in his pocket.

"You're curious this morning," Fletcher said, watching Wolfgang.

"I like to know how things are."

"Why?"

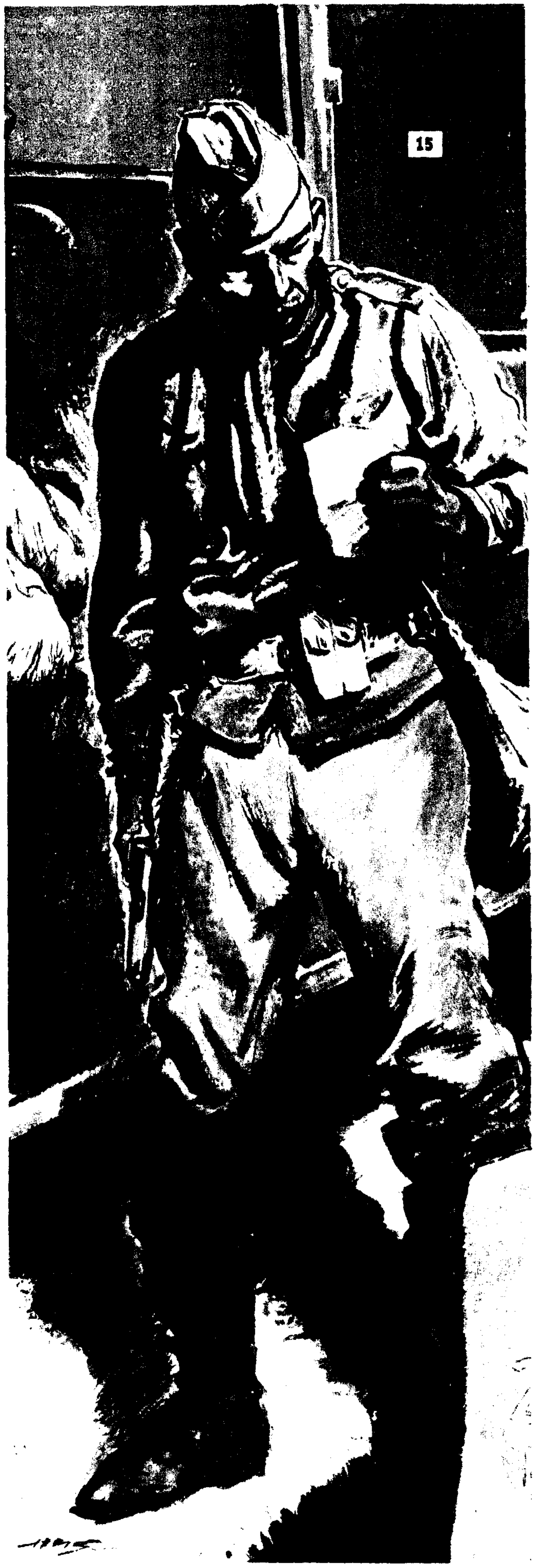
"It is how I am, perhaps."

"For your sake, I hope that's all it is," Fletcher said. He sat for a time looking at Wolfgang, who continued to smoke.

"Remember when we went to Munich?" Fletcher asked finally.

"For the cameras," Wolfgang said.

"No. To go to Munich. When we returned, I gave you a carton of cigarettes. They're worth twelve hundred marks—a hundred and twenty dollars—in Berlin. That's nearly ten times your monthly salary. Remember when we went to Paris?"



Fletcher worked his way out of the truck, then reached back in and tugged at the man until he got the bill out of his pocket

"In Paris it was for things for the *Fräuleins, nein?"*

"You're not smart today, Wolfgang. As far as you're concerned, it was to go to Paris. When we returned, I gave you two bottles of good cognac. Remember the first time we went to Copenhagen?"

"Yes," Wolfgang said.

"That's better," Fletcher said. "That time I gave you food. With me you've had enough to eat, no trouble from the C.I.D., and something for yourself after each trip. You haven't had those things because I like you; there's no German in the world I like. There's damned few people in the world I like, for that matter, but that's no affair of yours. You've had those things *(Continued on page 65)*

FOREVER LINDA

BY AMY PORTER

Linda Darnell was a star at fifteen, a has-been at nineteen. Now she's the second actress chosen for the coveted role of Amber and is the envy of Hollywood

TO SIT with Linda Darnell in a Hollywood restaurant is to sit in the middle of a big production. "Miss *Darnell!*" The headwaiter put everything into his voice—joyous surprise, respect, and a subtle once-over-lightly tribute to her womanly charms. "Why doesn't someone *tell* me these things? I didn't even know you were *here*. Is everything all right? The table? Would you rather have the table in the corner? More light? Less light? The window open? Closed? Something? Anything?"

Miss Darnell said thanks, everything was all right, and as the headwaiter departed she spoke out of the side of her mouth in a low-pitched growl: "How do you like that? The big snob is giving me Treatment A. How times have changed!"

Now a man from a table across the room came over, and another, and another—a whole procession of men.

"Linda *dear*," said one of them, clasping both her hands, all happiness. Then he rearranged his face into a pout. "But I should be mad with you. You hardly spoke to me when I saw you last time in New York. Remember, at the Stork?"

Linda smiled and said the proper things, and then, to me, again in a side-of-the-mouth tough voice, "What he means is he hardly spoke to *me*. And wouldn't now if it weren't for Amber."

Three months ago the news burst on a waiting world that Linda would play Amber in Forever Amber—based on the most talked-about seller since Gone with the Wind.

"That particular wolf"—Linda jerked a thumb at the departing masculine back—"is a rich wolf who only goes out with movie girls who are on the way up. Hey, hey."

But Linda's knowing "Hey, hey" is more amused than bitter. It is only that this is where she came in—eight years ago. Eight years ago, when she was 15, she came to Hollywood fresh from Dallas, Texas, as happy as a child at its first birthday party.

Hollywood waved its magic wand and made her a star, instantly, practically the minute she stepped off the train, with the lead in her first picture, Hotel For Women, and then three more leads in quick succession. The royal red carpet stretched before her miles and years ahead. When headwaiters made a fuss over her, she thought they just naturally liked her, the way everybody did. Why not, when she herself was a girl who walked with friendliness toward all the world?

Then something happened—Linda doesn't quite know what. Suddenly the red carpet wasn't there any more, and she was just another little girl, sticking around the studio with nothing much to do, sitting out her contract. An old has-been at age 19.

She slid so far down in the starry firmament that when she would go to the office of one of the executives in her studio—which she did two or three times a week in the hope of mending her fortunes—the secretary would say each time, "Miss Who? Miss Who? What was the name?"

Linda stuck out a couple of very bad years, and then slowly, slowly began the long climb back. Now, suddenly, she is up at the top again, only higher than ever before. She has the role practically any girl in Hollywood would give a set of old diamonds for—and plenty of them did try to bargain their way into it. Indeed the rumor was that after Linda's studio (Twentieth Century-Fox) snaffled the rights to Forever Amber, several other studios tried horse-trading tactics in an effort to get the valuable role for one of their stars. In return for the favor, they offered to give Twentieth Century its pick of their other jealously guarded star properties.

But little Linda is It. And however the big shots may feel about it, all the crewmen and all the cameramen and all the lesser lights with whom she ever worked are glad, for they all like Linda.

She is an uncomplaining trouper, they say, and not stuck on herself. She is the cameraman's delight, they say—so flawless she can be photographed from any angle. (Except of course that she chews her fingernails down to the quick.)

Sitting there in the restaurant, eating what she declared was the last fattening meal she would eat until after Amber (curried shrimps with rice), Linda pushed aside wolves, notes, requests for autographs and offers of champagne, and settled down to tell something of the life and hard times of a movie queen.

From what she said, and from what her friends and acquaintances in and out of the movie business said, it does seem as if Linda had a tough time of it, pushed and pulled this way and that by a lot of people before she was old (*Continued on page* 79)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ENGSTEAD

WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN

BY CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

Jon Halsey was aware that this was a universal experience and yet to every man it must seem unique. He knew—because he had lived through this moment once before

TONIGHT I am seventeen again. It is a thing I would not have believed possible. Oh, I can say easily enough, "When I was seventeen I was not old to this country. I wore trousers that were tight and collars that were too stiff and too high, so that the other boys had a way of looking at me and snickering behind their hands." I can say what happened to me that year. Or the year I was twenty. Or the one when I turned twenty-seven and knew an assurance that I had long been searching.

But tonight is different. Tonight I *am* seventeen again. I am the boy I was. . . .

When my people died, my distant relatives sent me to this country. "You are a smart boy, Jon," they said. And that was the first fine word I had heard from any of them. "You speak English well. You have finished the upper school. Your father's brother in America has offered to make a home for you. He is rich. It is right for you to go."

I went gladly enough. I had always wanted to come to America, and to that purpose I had learned to speak English fluently. Uncle Lars and Aunt Katechy were kind to me. They liked my fondness for books. In the town where they lived—not rich, but comfortable in a small gray house with a green roof and central heating—there was a college.

Uncle Lars said, "Jon, for you there is a future here. But for a future in this country, the more you know the further you go. Tomorrow we will see the dean of the college and find out what arrangements can be made."

It was a great and frightening day. The dean, a round small man, with a round small stomach and white hands, looked far up to me, who had gangled tall. I tried to hide the difference by pulling my shoulders low.

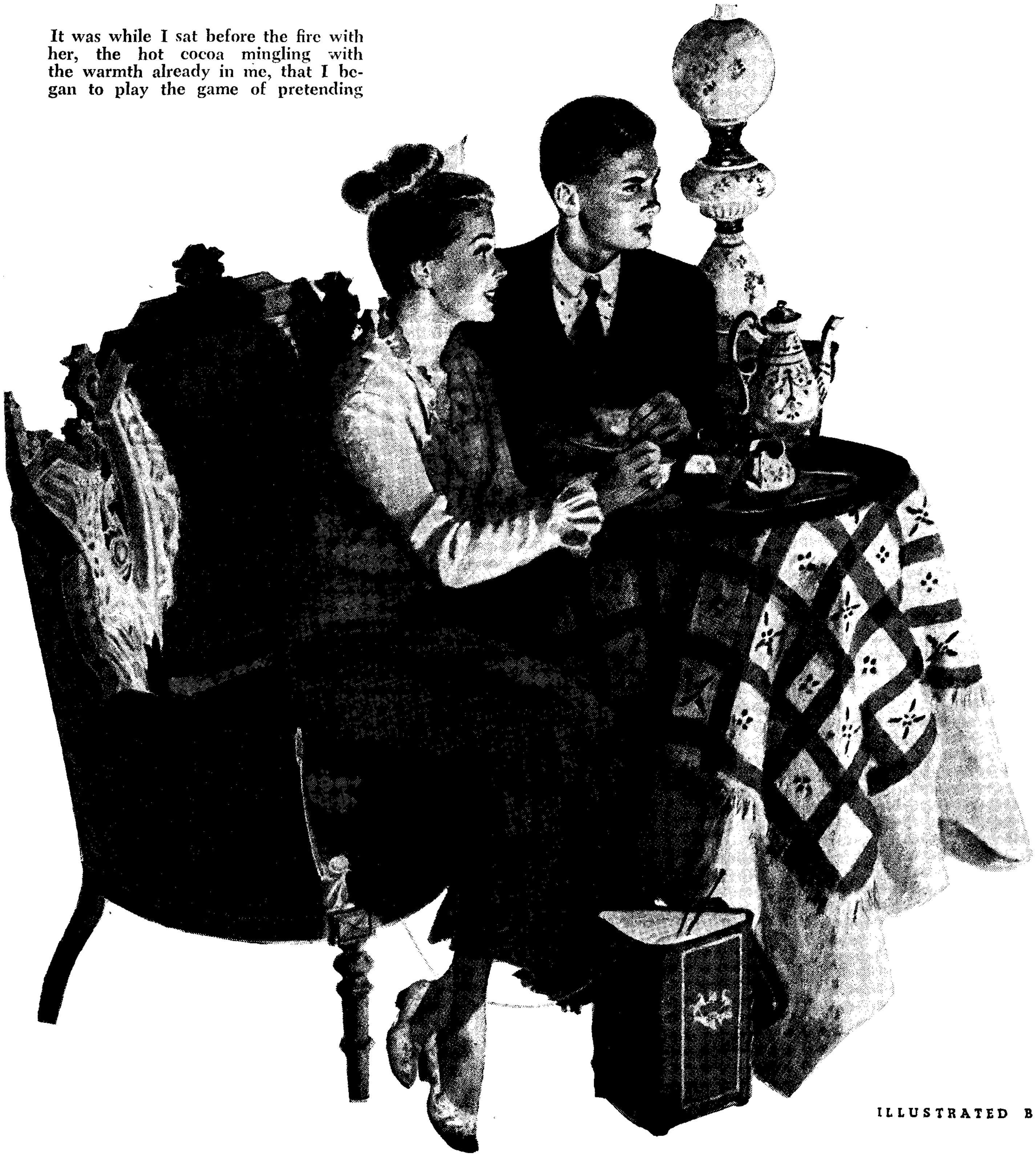
"How old are you, son?" His voice was round and small, too.

"Seventeen." Fright was in my mouth that my voice would crack. "Eighteen next May."

He smiled. It was then August. The distance to May spun long. He asked me questions. At last he nodded at my uncle.

"He is all you say he is, Lars. You have a right to be proud. If you can pay for his books, he can sleep at home and work for his tuition."

It was while I sat before the fire with her, the hot cocoa mingling with the warmth already in me, that I began to play the game of pretending



So, I was seventeen in a strange land and going to college. In September it was still summer. Early in the morning, I walked up the sidewalk that snaked narrowly to the hilltop. There, spread out gently among the thinning green of the trees, were the buildings. They were not old, as many in Europe were old, you understand. But they were old as America knows it. The ivy wound itself to itself like clinging hands. The red bricks softened to rust glow. The tan buildings were the color of creamed coffee.

When I say I am seventeen again, I do not mean that I can tell of those days in detail. They swim together now, as they swam together then, in a slowness and a richness that made each morning a thing to arise and embrace. There are certain impressions. The smell of the classrooms. The new books, which creaked when I turned the covers back. The dry voice of the English professor, tinder against the warmth of his words.

All that, and the work in the library, on the elevator, dishing out the pallid food at breakfast and luncheon, is part of being seventeen for me. But it is not the part which has turned back the years. . . .

THERE was a man, a teacher of history; he straddled an imaginary barrier behind his desk. When he put his powerful hands on books they became small and for the purposes of his use. He talked of history, as I feel of seventeen tonight. As though it were there, in the room with us, a living, breathing pageant, moving inexorably, beautifully, sometimes horribly, before our eyes. His classes were full always. He walked in the knowledge of his popularity, his ability, his strength. His name was Harrison.

One day he stopped at the library desk. "How goes it, Jon?" he asked.

It surprised me, his knowing my name. "But fine, Professor Harrison." I stamped his books and pushed them toward him. Tall as I was I reached only the tip of his smile with my eyes.

He nodded, started away, then turned back, a pivotal move of real grace. "Some of the boys are coming to the house Sunday night," he said. "Bull session at eight. You, too?"

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Apple-picker William Seekford (left), of Falling Waters, W. Va., is typical of thousands of America's displaced adolescents. He left school for a war job. Now he's marking time, waiting to be drafted. His attitude: "Why worry about the future? We might all be dead"

THE FORGOTTEN BOY

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

Throughout America, millions of bewildered boys are marking time—aimless, hopeless, frustrated

●

In Elkton, Maryland, Floyd Gray (right) has a lot of spare time, spends some of it shooting pool. "What's the use of going to college, even if a fellow could get in, when the draft will pull you out in the middle?" he asks. So Floyd gets an occasional job on ships and waits for his draft board to get around to him

"YOU can have it for a nickel," the boy said.

"What?"

"My chance to be President!"

He kicked a chunk of ballast across the railroad bed that skirts the shipbuilding yards at Chester, Pennsylvania, and went on, "For a dime you can have all my chances—to be anything! Yeah, that's how I feel. All played out at eighteen! Mister, you'd feel that way too if you'd been turned down for as many jobs as I have!"

Jim Clinton Brazell was "browned off," as the R.A.F. boys used to say—sore, fed up, and very, very weary of rattling around in a glory-gorged postwar world which seemed to be taking care of everybody except the lads who, by an accident less fortunate than you may think, were born too late to fight. Because they are nonveterans, barred from the brotherhood of the Ruptured Duck, kids like Jim find themselves barred from almost everything else these days: jobs, careers, apprenticeships, unions, training schools, colleges—even marriage. For them there is only one light in the window and that's in the window of the local draft board, flickering while they wait for their nineteenth birthday.

Some 2,000,000 kids throughout the land are our own "displaced persons." In our justified concern over veterans, and in falling over ourselves to see that G.I. Joe gets the break he deserves, we have accidentally stepped on the neck of G.I. Junior.

Three years ago Jim Brazell was in the eighth grade at Savannah, Georgia. There was so much whoop-de-do about total war and everybody pitching in that Jim quit school and signed on as a cabin boy on a dredge in the Savannah River. This made him an important guy at fifteen, bringing home agreeable pay checks. Last year, when he reached seventeen, Jim came north to the ports on the Delaware and joined the Merchant Marine. In the last gasp of the war he shipped to faraway waters, worked hard, and brought home a sock of money.

Then the whoop-de-do ended. Jim came back from a voyage in August. When he went to sign on again they told him, "No openings for three months—at least." The sea had its fill of kids. Shipping was going to be a man's game now. "I can't understand it," Jim said thoughtfully. "Over the radio you hear they want merchant seamen, but you go down and can't get on a ship."

So Jim's been kicking around the Delaware River towns. He's tried the shipyards, the auto shops, the dairies, the paper mills, the barrel factories. He's tried to get a job as a movie usher, even as a dishwasher.

"Most of them say the same thing: 'The veterans are coming back.' Sometimes they laugh at you. They say, 'Why hire you, sonny boy? As soon as we get you trained, you'll be drafted!' They think it's a joke."

Kids like Jim Brazell do not wail very loudly. At least not loudly enough to be heard above the noise from other quarters these days. But we sought them out and heard their troubles. We found them along the highways and in poolrooms and ice-cream parlors, by the beds of railroads and in the shadows of weary water fronts, in juke joints and beer joints, on the raucous street corners of cities, on farms, and on a score of Main Streets . . .

Melvin Lavine was playing cards on the stoop of a tired old building in Trenton, New Jersey. He's sixteen. "I was working for a wood company, loading boxcars," Mel said. "Six months ago I got laid off. I been to fifty places looking for a new job. They don't seem so anxious to take guys my age as they used to be. Too many vets, I guess."

"How about school?"

"I quit school to go on a war job," Mel said, slapping down a jack of spades. "I'm used to working and earning some dough. I don't want to go back to school now. That's kid stuff."

At Newport, Delaware, Harvey Gregg was holding court with some younger kids on the steps of a building. Harv, at eighteen, is somewhat of a hero in Newport. He was a football star at high school and suffered an injury last season which forced him to drop out in his senior year. Harv got a job in the post office but had to give it up in August to a re-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JERRY COOKE–PIX

turning G.I. He's been looking for work ever since.

"I've been to the employment office in Wilmington. They got no jobs except for vets," he said. "I've tried the airlines, the factories and the chain stores. No soap. What I'd like to do is find work and finish my high school at night. But these days a guy like me hasn't a chance. I guess we're caught in the middle."

In Washington there is a growing awareness of the plight of kids like Jim, Mel and Harv. To the headquarters of the U.S. Employment Service come reports that it is virtually impossible to find jobs for boys under 21 unless they are veterans.

Whether out of patriotic affection for the G.I. or for sheer economy, many banks and insurance companies have a blanket requirement that trainees be either veterans or draft-exempt 4-Fs. Personnel managers have nightmares about training bright young men only to sacrifice them to the draft boards. On top of this, the G.I. Bill of Rights, which subsidizes veterans on job-training, makes them a much better buy for employers. Uncle Sam helps foot the bill.

Kids Left Out in the Cold

It's going to get worse before it gets better, says Donald Kingsley of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. "A million more soldiers are on their way out of the armed forces. They'll take more jobs away from the teen-agers," Kingsley warns. "Most of the unions prefer veterans, too. The apprenticeship program of the A.F. of L. building trades puts veterans on top—in fact, the government asked them to. That leaves thousands of young kids out in the cold."

Suppose G.I. Junior wants to go to college. He is as popular in a registrar's office as a case of smallpox. Take Bill Yeoman, who lives in the college town of Princeton, New Jersey. Bill is eighteen. He was graduated from prep school last June with college applications duly filed at Syracuse, Colgate, Wake Forest, and the University of North Carolina.

All Bill has had so far is correspondence on fancy letterheads. He knows the first phrase of those letters by heart: "Due to the great number of applications from veterans . . ." et cetera. A fellow doesn't want to loaf, so Bill has been helping out in his father's liquor store, delivering packages.

Meanwhile, enrollment for the fall term has come and gone, leaving Bill Yeoman and tens of thousands like him on a creaky limb.

"Sure, I think the veterans should be allowed to go to college," Bill said. Fair is fair, and clean-cut, towheaded Bill Yeoman doesn't begrudge the vets a single one of the breaks they're getting. He merely mops back his hair in a kind of futile gesture and wants to know: "But how about fellows getting out of high school? Why shouldn't they get a chance for college too—on an equal basis? Is it my fault I wasn't a G.I.?" demands Bill Yeoman.

How many high-school graduates are knocking around the country, cold-shouldered by the colleges? Ohio State's D. H. Eikenberry reported to the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools that the number might reach 300,000.

We have 1,686 colleges and universities in the country. With their normal capacity of 1,500,000 students, they would have had room, under normal conditions, for 243,000 new students this term. Aside from an understandable feeling of obligation to the G.I.s, many a college has noted, not without pleasure, that the Veterans Administration permits them to charge the higher out-of-state tuition fees for veterans attending under the G.I. Bill.

But even with their bulging and stretching, and their planting of Quonset huts amid the ivy, the challenge of 970,000 applications from veterans was too much to bear. Some 270,000 veterans have been turned down. So where is a spot for G.I. Junior?

Dr. Galen Jones, of the U.S. Office of Education, predicts the G.I. jam of colleges will last four years. Patience, Junior, we'll get you a freshman cap in 1950 . . .

There was a dot in the distance along Route 1, near New Brunswick, New Jersey. It turned out to be Joseph Lombaro, an eighteen-year-old, making his way to New York. Joe wants to be a singer. *He* is checkmated, too.

During the war Joe attended New Brunswick (N.J.) High School. He has a rich baritone for a kid his age, and a sharp, dark face to go with it. So in the evenings he sang with

(Continued on page 97)

Dennis Brazell, Dick Weidow and Jim Brazell loaf in Chester, Pa. For these 17-year-olds, the local draft board is the only hope

In Trenton, N. J., Melvin Lavine (center) plays cards with his pals. At 16, he regards school as "kid stuff" after his well-paid war job

HAT ARE YOU S

How secret fears can influence your personality and affect your life, powerfully—and sometimes dangerously

BY BETSY EMMONS

FEAR is poison. Men have died of fear under a voodoo curse. Other men, facing surgical operations, have died of pure fear even before they could be anesthetized.

Fear can sicken. Some doctors estimate that neurotic conflicts, which in some way always go back to fear, play at least a part in from 40 to 80 per cent of the ailments brought to them for treatment.

Fear can cripple. When long-continued, it can do lasting damage to body organs.

Fear can unbalance minds. It enters into all mental illnesses. It can sap vitality, handicap work, impede careers and cloud personal relationships.

Fear is, always, a response to a threat. It is a state of being ready to run away from something—a drive to escape danger. The danger may be real or fancied, but the effects of fear are the same: Its emotional torments may be aroused by imaginary threats as easily as by real ones.

Neurotic fear is very real, and its widest havoc is among the millions of people who are haunted by totally unreasonable anxiety—people who live under a shadow to which they may become so accustomed that they do not even realize it is there.

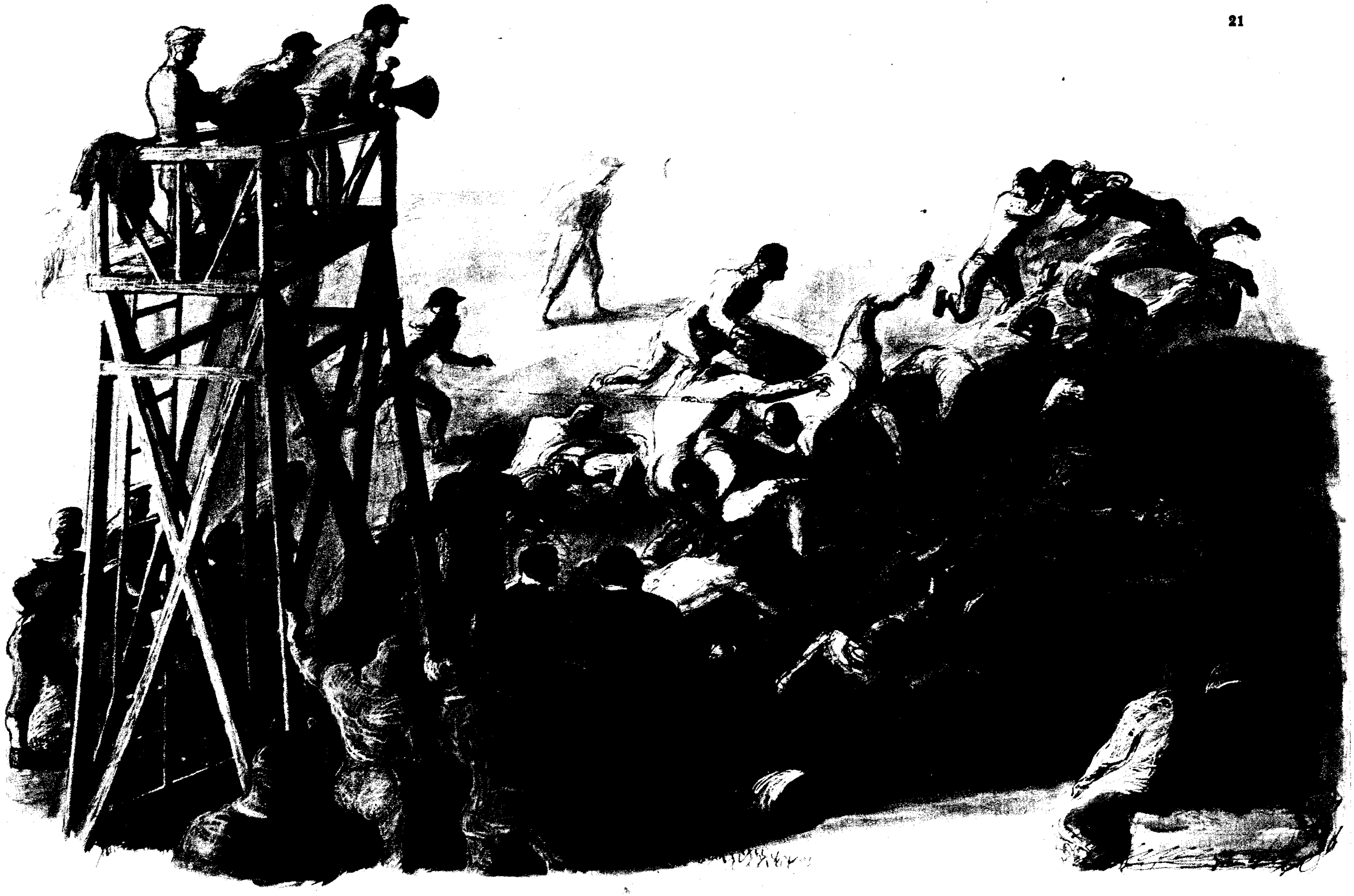
Phobias are the most obvious forms of neurotic fear. Nearly everybody has at least one pet phobia, ranging from faint uneasiness to acute dread. Doctors gave Latin names to some six hundred, ranging from acrophobia (fear of high places) to zoophobia (fear of animals) and then gave up, for there are as many possible phobias as there are nouns in any language.

We are afraid of darkness. We are afraid of high places, shut-in places, and lonely, open places. We are afraid of thunderstorms, spiders, cats, snakes and mice. Often we don't enjoy parties as much as we might, because we are afraid of strangers. We may be so afraid of heart trouble or cancer or tuberculosis that we go for months or years without consulting a doctor who would probably allay our fears. We have ghastly moments when we even fear insanity—though psychiatrists tell us that this common dread has slight relationship to any real likelihood of mental breakdown.

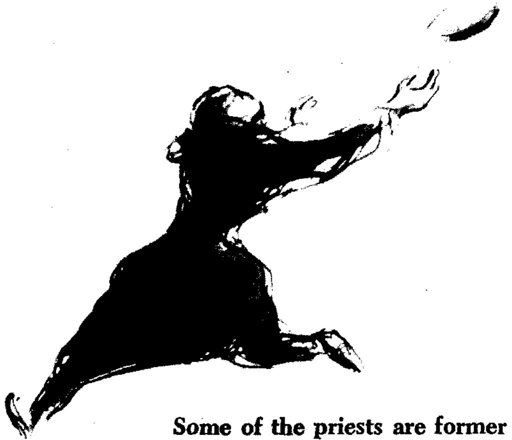
A phobia is neurotic fear of some specific thing. But most of us are familiar with other, more subtle types of neurotic fear. Unless you are one in a million, you have known the queer, cold feeling which we call "the jitters," and which made our elders say, "Somebody's walking on my

(Continued on page 86)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX
DRAWING BY CONCETTA CACCIOLA



From a platform near the center of the field, Frank Leahy directs the frenzied activity by loud-speaker



Some of the priests are former players, and when a ball comes close to one, he is apt to grab it and throw it around

PRACTICE ISN'T PLAY

BY JOHN GROTH

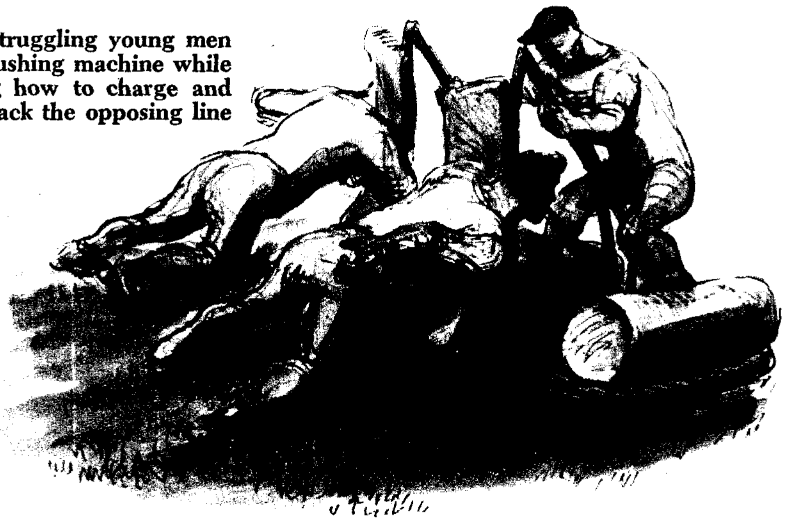
There's a lot more to preparing for a football game than buying a football. Collier's artist gives you an idea of what the boys go through at Notre Dame

IT'S the ambition of every college football player to spend sixty minutes on the playing field each Saturday afternoon from October to December, running himself ragged and beating his brains out for the honor of his school. In return for this almost superhuman display of endurance he receives the cheers—and sometimes the boos—of 50,000 people, more or less, and gets his name in the papers. He is occasionally patted on the back by his coach, and he crawls into bed at night battered and bruised and tired.

But few players ever attain this ambition; it is probable that even the star footballer actually plays, on the average, no more than twenty minutes in any one game. And to reach even this modest pinnacle of glory he must go through three hours of grueling work every afternoon. During the month or so of preseason training, before school opens, the player must devote his entire time to football. At Notre Dame University, for example, the preseason schedule for members of the football squad runs like this:

At 7 A.M., the boys go to Mass, at 7:30 they eat breakfast, and at 8:30 they report to the training field in sweat shirts and pants. They spend three hours at

These struggling young men use a pushing machine while learning how to charge and shove back the opposing line



signal drill and calisthenics, and at 11:30 they eat lunch. They are then free until 2:15, when they attend a skull-practice meeting presided over by Head Coach Frank Leahy and his six assistant coaches. At 3:30 P.M., they appear on the field in full football uniform, and are put through the hardest kind of workout for a little more than two hours. Dinner is at 6:15 P.M., and every boy is supposed to be in by ten o'clock, and after a day of hard work most of them are. During this period the boys all live in the same dormitory and eat at the training table.

I spent a week or so at Notre Dame, watching the boys practice at Cartier Field. There, I made sketches for these paintings.

During the preseason training period, the field was crowded with football players, of all sizes and all degrees of ability and experience—the varsity squad of 77 men (seven complete teams), the freshman squad of 100, and the B squad, which also numbers about 100. The B boys are the work horses of the training season; they scrimmage with the stars of the varsity and take plenty of hard knocks, and few of them ever get higher than the B squad.

There are half a dozen trainers on the field with their buckets, towels and medicines, to take care of the injured. And there are always injured, for even in practice the boys play rough. But even an injured man isn't excused from practice; if he can walk he must come out and do calisthenics.

Watching the practice are students, reporters, photographers and, nearly always, half a dozen priests.

The assistant coaches wear football uniforms and when necessary get into the scrimmages. The line coaches show the guards, ends and tackles how to charge and block, and the backfield coaches give practical demonstrations of passing, running and kicking.

Leahy spends most of the practice session on a platform about twenty feet high set a little away from the center of the field. He keeps up a running stream of comment through a loud-speaker.

"Fine passing, Lujack!"

"On your toes, So-and-So! How'd that man get through there?"

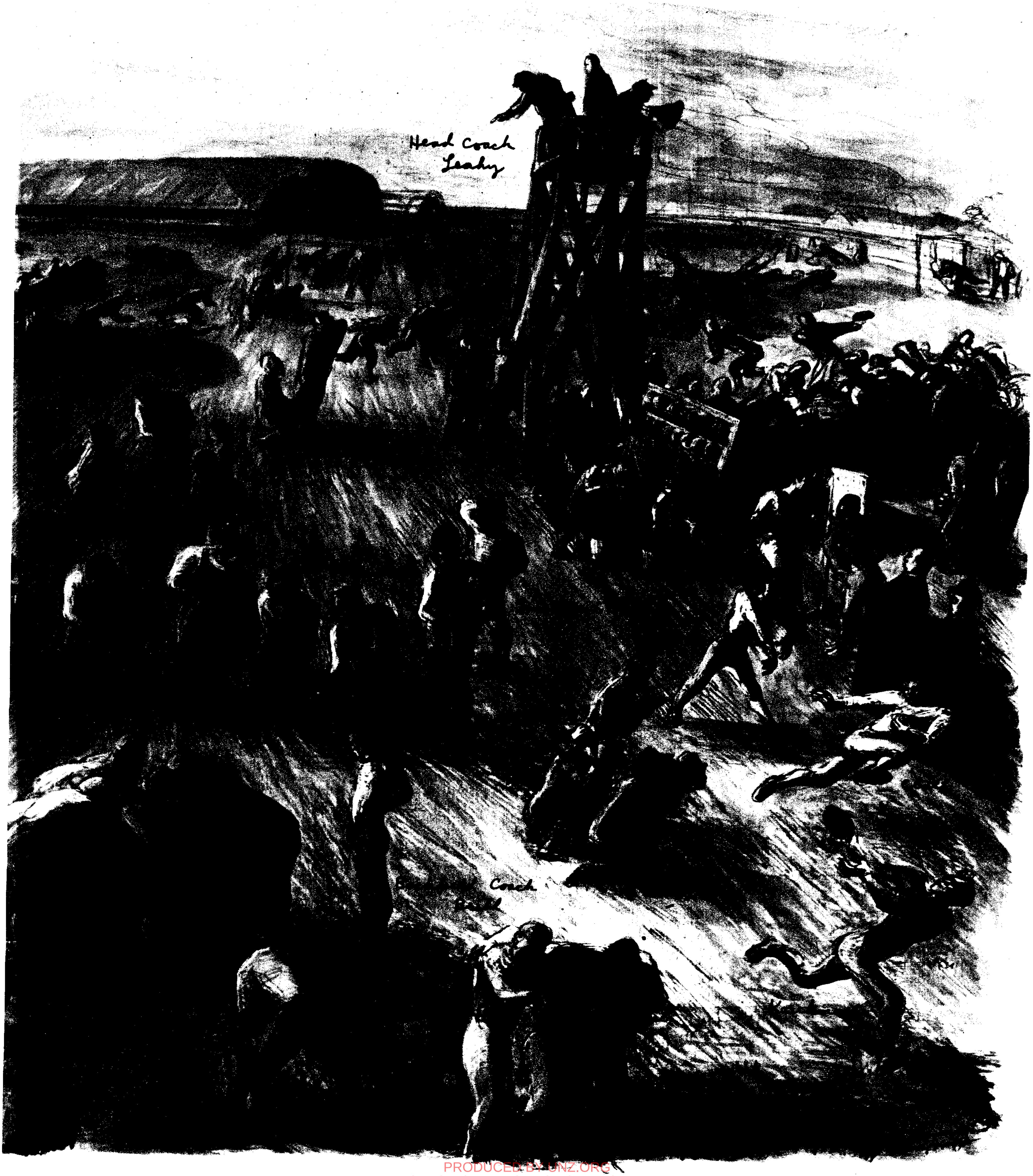
There's very little of the apparatus that almost everybody associates with the early training of a football team. I had expected to see all sorts of tricky gadgets. Instead, there was nothing but a pushing machine and a few tackling dummies.

"All that other stuff is for the newsreels," said an assistant coach. "The best apparatus to train a football player with is another player."

But there was plenty of playing equipment on the field. Each year Notre Dame buys 150 footballs, seven dozen complete uniforms, from 200 to 400 extra pairs of shoes, and twelve sets of green and blue jerseys, with eleven to a set. The football pants are of two-way-stretch nylon, and the jerseys are of cotton. The latter is preferable to wool, because it tears easily, allowing a man to break loose when tackled. ★★★

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

There's always action on Cartier Field—the varsity passing, scrimmaging, kicking, running; the B boys being pushed around, and the freshmen hard at work too. Assistant coaches move from group to group, watching and instructing



Head Coach
Leahy

[illegible] Coach
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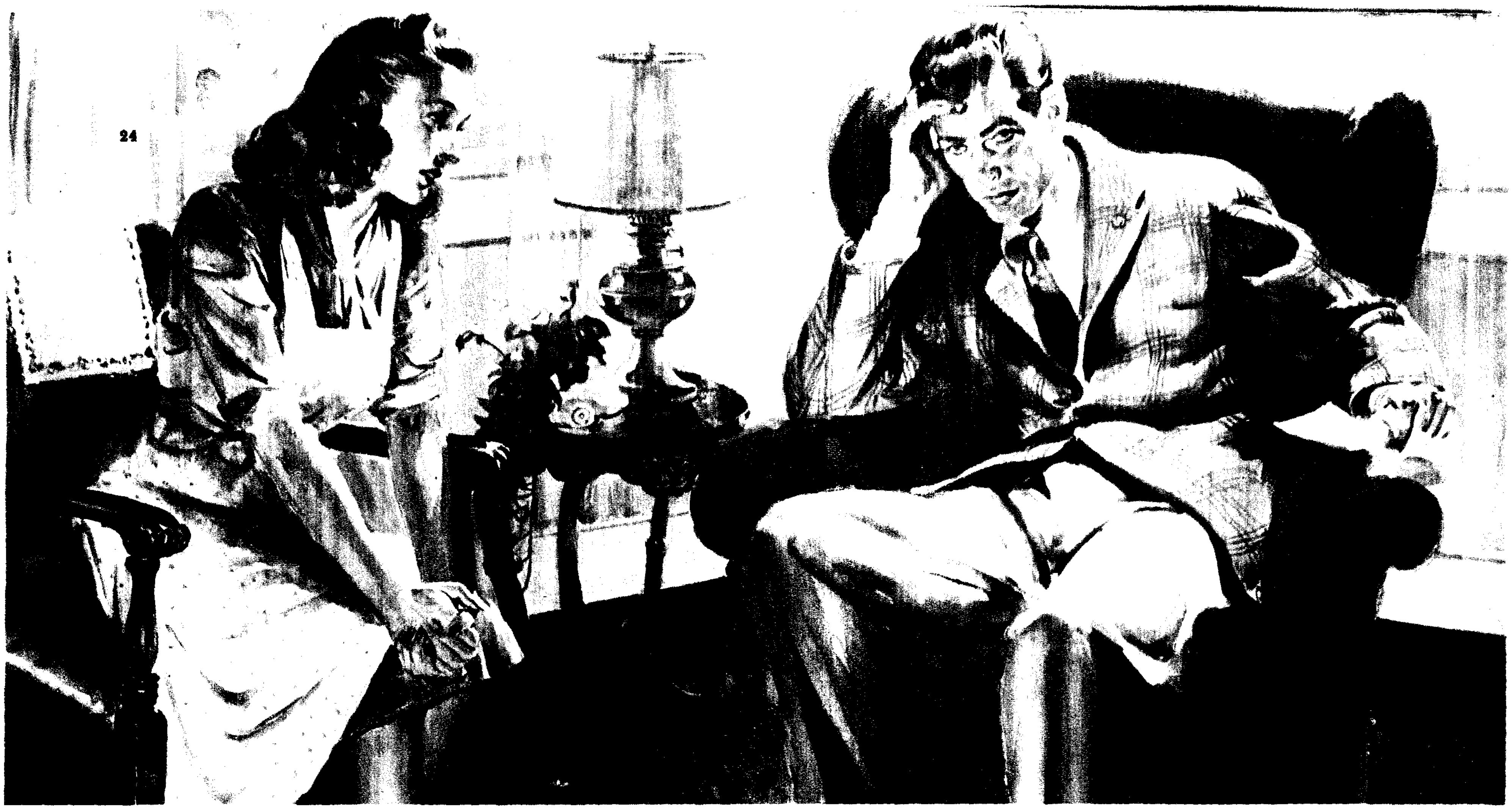


There was murder in Paul's face when he looked up after reading the letter. "When'd this come?" he asked. "This afternoon," Mary said in a dry whisper

STORM BEFORE DAYBREAK

BY MARIAN SIMS

The Story:

Paul Shannon comes home to Merritt Street, on the wrong side of the tracks in Hartsboro, North Carolina. Years of war have made him adult, restless, insecure. He finds his mother, **Mollie**, has died and her house is occupied by his brother's wife, **Mary**, whom he has never seen before. **Jim** has deserted Mary and their baby to go to the West Coast.

Paul is touched because Mary has kept his room for him, and because she named her child after him. And since he knows and wants no other place to live he stays on in the house. Admiring Mary's pluck and conscious of Jim's failure as a provider, Paul assumes responsibility for Mary and **Shan** (Paul's name for the baby). While waiting for **Ed Simmons**' lease on Mollie's filling station to revert to him Paul takes a job in Mr. Hammill's grocery store.

Paul feels the bond between himself and Mary growing stronger, but afraid of awakening suspicion on Merritt Street, he can't refuse the double-date proposal of his prewar pal, **Charlie Mitcham**. Paul dates **Lura Butler**, a girl who has been baby-watching Shan, and the four go to a roadhouse. Lura's charms are obvious, and obviously available, but Paul becomes disgusted.

When he gets home Paul sits on the porch steps, disturbed by the realization that he is cutting himself off from his old pattern of enjoyment. Mary joins him on the porch, and as they talk, Paul's real desire becomes clear to him. He tries to kiss Mary: she struggles against him and begins to cry. Not out loud; just dry, tearing sobs that shake her to pieces. . . .

II

DON'T, baby," he whispered. "I'm sorry I acted like a heel. It's all right now—honest." He was still holding her but without any urgency, trying to soothe her and reassure her. "Don't cry like that, Mary; I swear I'll behave myself."

She dragged in a long breath, clear to her toes, and the shaking stopped. "It's all right. We better go in, Paul; it's late."

And then unbelievably, the way women will do when they have carried a point, she lifted her face for him to kiss her good night. Holding himself together he did it, the way he couldn't remember ever having kissed a girl before: carefully and quietly, without stepping over that imaginary foul line. Her mouth felt ripe and soft, but there was none of Lura Butler's urgency in it.

"Good night, baby," he muttered. "I'm sorry about that other."

"It wasn't really your fault," Mary insisted. "You've been wonderful from the very first."

He went to his room with the words ringing in his ears like a lot of bells. He knew he had fallen for Mary hard, the real thing. The kind where you wanted to marry a girl and be good to her more than you wanted to sleep with her.

And he knew, the way you know a thing in your heart and your blood, that Mary had fallen for him, too.

He lay in bed trying to figure out how Jim, having loved her enough to marry her, had ever abandoned her.

He went in to breakfast the way he had always gone, with a grin for her and a threatening gesture for Shan, who loved the roughhouse and had come to expect it.

"'Morning," he said, just the way he always said it.

"Good morning." She sounded natural, too, and just as sweet and gay as ever."

"You sleep all right—finally?"

"Fine. Did you?"

"Yeah. Fine."

He went over and poked a fist in Shan's stomach and Shan doubled up in glee. It had gone off fine, he thought, except that his voice had been husky when he asked her how she had slept.

"You're a useless so-and-so," he told Shan gruffly. "Do nothing but eat and sleep and make people wait on you all day long. When're you gonna start walking and talking back?"

"For Pete's sake, don't hurry him," Mary protested. "He's already beginning to pull up my things, and once he starts walking I'll never get anything done."

"When do they, usually?"

"It varies. Girls usually walk a little sooner than boys, and talk a lot sooner."

"A lot sooner and a lot later." He grinned, inviting argument.

She flipped a slice of ham in the skillet and obliged him. "I wonder how that idea ever got started. The reason preachers and most politicians are men is because they're in love with the sound of their own voices. They can talk and talk without ever being interrupted. So drink your orange juice and shut up; breakfast's ready."

He drank it meekly, wondering what would happen if he walked over, pushed aside the cloud of brown hair and kissed the back of her neck. He had no idea of trying it, yet, but it was fun to think about.

When the plates had been served he made his first move, in a casual offhand voice. "Look. How about getting somebody to sit with Shan this afternoon and you go with me to see Carl Abney? I been trying to get there for a week and haven't made it yet."

Her fork paused and went back to her plate. "You mean, you get off from work?"

"This is Thursday."

"Oh, I forgot."

IN SPITE of the long hours, Mr. Hammill always closed at twelve-thirty on Thursdays, like the other grocers. Paul went down at eight-thirty in the mornings, came home for dinner, and then got off for the day at seven, after Mr. Hammill had come back from supper. On Thursdays everybody left, and Mr. Hammill was like a lost soul.

"Can you?" Paul persisted.

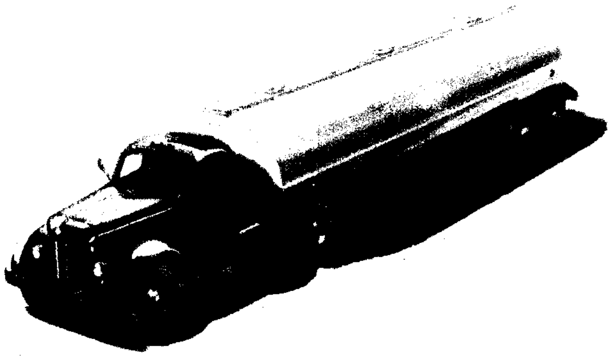
"But there's no reason for me to go, is there? You just want to get it straight about the will and everything." She was sparring and he knew it.

"Yeah, but you need to get out of the house; see the store windows for a change. Besides," he walked warily around the topic, "I thought we might

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LASALLE

THIS NEW INTERNATIONAL

Gets there Faster with More



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X RUSTOFF
X BLOCK LIQUID

ask him if he knows anything about Jim. What to do about him, I mean."

In her pride Mary took that the wrong way, as he had been afraid she might. "Paul—we're such a nuisance! We keep you so tied down. I still think I ought to—"

"Hell!" The anger was not for her but for the helpless, throttled feeling within him. "I'm not thinking about that part of it. I *want* to—to take care of you and Shan. But I'd still like to find out something about Jim."

Not to get money out of him, but to get him out of the way, he thought.

It seemed funny to be going downtown with Mary even on business, but it was fine, too. She had on a cute yellow dress with a brown belt, and a white beanie on the back of her head, and it made him proud to think she was his, in a way. *He had to wear his old suit* because he wasn't even about to wear the flashy number again; it didn't go with Mary or with the business at hand. The old suit didn't fit very well—it was too tight in the shoulders and too loose in the waist—and he had decided it would be fine if Mary would go with him to buy a new one. One she liked.

"You look cute," he told her as they walked toward the bus line. "I never saw you dressed up to go to town before."

Mary laughed. "I never go to town."

"You're *going to from now on.* We'll get somebody to stay with Shan on my afternoons off; go to a movie or something."

She gave him a quick look. "Paul, you need to have more fun; without me tagging along, I mean. You need to get yourself a nice girl and have dates regularly."

He wanted to chuckle at the idea. If things got so rugged with him that he had to have a date, just to protect Mary, it sure wouldn't be with any nice girl. It wouldn't be with Lura Butler, either; just thinking of her made his skin crawl. He looked down across his shoulder at her, walking sturdily beside him.

"Listen, baby; when I want a date I'll make one. Don't worry. The point is," his voice roughened in spite of all he could do, "I'd rather be with you."

"But—"

He grabbed her arm. "There comes our bus. Step on it."

THEY were both a little nervous when they went into the building where Mr. Abney had his offices; Merritt Street knew the law as a nemesis rather than a recourse. Merritt Street was likely to be on the receiving end. He slid his hand under Mary's arm and pulled her closer to his side, trying to reassure her.

The secretary—once he would have thought she was a slick chick—smiled pleasantly. "Will you have a seat, please? Mr. Abney will see you in just a minute."

They sat down stiffly and examined the room: the filing cases and steel engravings, the stenographer's fingers dancing over the keyboard. They didn't talk or look at each other except once, when he caught her eye and grinned to tell her it was going to be all right. Mary smiled faintly and looked away.

A buzzer sounded; the secretary answered it and nodded to them. "Mr. Abney can see you now. Just go on in."

They went in. Mr. Abney was a little neat man roosting behind a big neat desk. He stood up and smiled, shook hands with them both and moved a chair two inches for Mary to sit down.

"I've been expecting you, Paul," he said. "We're mighty proud of you and mighty glad you got back safe. You boys did a big job out there."

They weren't boys and they didn't like being called boys, but Mr. Abney meant well. "Thank you, sir," Paul said. "I'm glad I got back, too."

Mr. Abney looked sober. "I wish Mollie could have lived to see you. She was a fine woman, a remarkable woman."

He really meant it, and Paul warmed to him. He might have known Mr. Abney would be okay; with Mollie's nose for people, she wouldn't have picked any other kind.

"Yeah," he said awkwardly. "She was swell to me all right, and I sure do miss her."

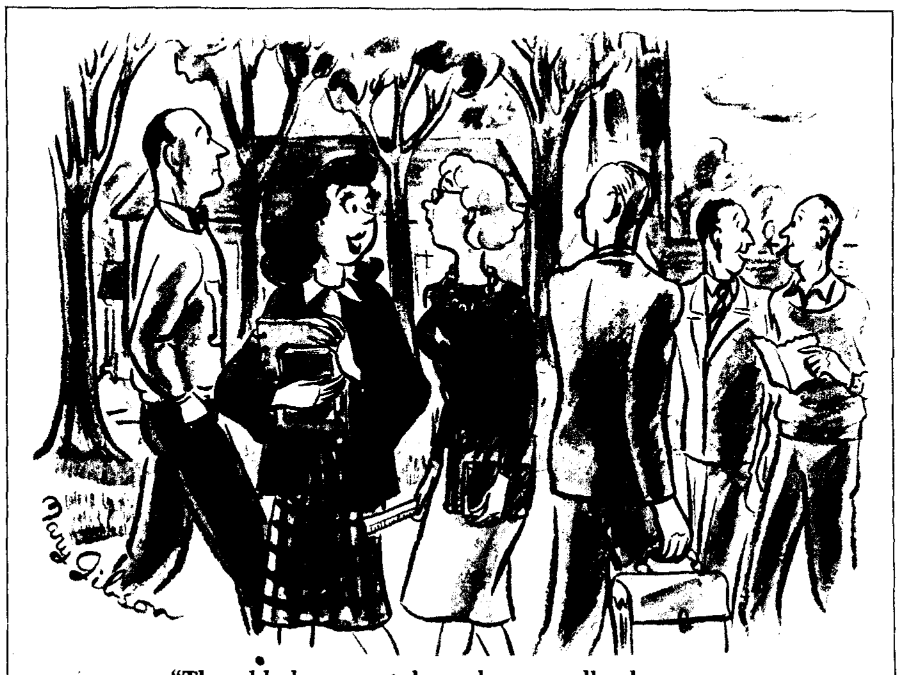
There was a little silence. Mr. Abney stirred and broke it in a brisker voice.

"I've got a copy of the will here; you might glance over it. It's very simple and clear-cut, but that was the way her mind worked."

It was cluttered up with legal words, of course, but it was very short and once you got into the meat it was the way Mr. Abney had said. Jim wasn't even mentioned in it except for a bequest of one dollar.

"The estate can't be settled for two years," Mr. Abney said when Paul had handed back the document, "but that's not important under the circumstances." He went on to explain about the public administrator and a lot of other things that had no meaning for Paul and Mary. It was Mr. Abney's business. If Mollie had selected him and trusted him they were willing to go along with Mollie.

"By the way," he said, "I had a letter from Jim last week."



COLLIER'S "The old days must have been swell when you could depend on college boys all being bachelors!" MARY GIBSON

It was a bombshell. They sat still and listened to the echoes die away. "Where was he?" Mary asked.

"San Francisco. He didn't give any address; just asked me to write him general delivery."

Frisco was a big place, Paul was thinking. You would have a hell of a time finding anybody there if he didn't want to be found. "What'd he want?"

"He wanted to know about Mollie's will; whether there was any provision in it for him."

"Then he did get the telegram I sent to Seattle. . . ." Mary sounded as if she was talking in her sleep. When Mr. Abney looked a question at her she explained. "About Mollie being dead. He never answered the telegram I sent him."

"I see." The words came out sharp and hard, like pebbles. "He hasn't been contributing to the support of you and your son?"

"Not for six or seven months. For a while he did—a little."

He nodded. "Then that's why Mollie left him one dollar. She didn't explain and I didn't ask." He stared curiously at Mary. "Have you gotten along all right?"

"Oh, yes." Mary's chin looked square. "I've been working, and I used the rent from the filling station. Paul"—her eyes went almost to his and then lost confidence and came back to Mr. Abney—"Paul said he was glad I had."

"I'm looking after her now." There was no shyness left in Paul as he said it. "I made her quit work."

Carl Abney looked from one to the other. He was not surprised; he had had other clients from Merritt Street. One waif or half a dozen, somebody took them in as a matter of course, and it was not always a relative who came to the rescue.

ABNEY knew enough, too, not to jump to any cynical and obvious conclusions. There was a fierce masculine authority in Paul and a quiet acceptance of it in Jim's wife, but Mr. Abney recognized a situation as yet uncrystallized.

"Just the same," he told Mary, "I see no reason why we shouldn't try to make Jim contribute to your support."

Paul caught his lower lip between his teeth as he watched her. "Just for Shan," she said clearly. "The baby, I mean. I don't want anything from him, but Paul ought not to have to support Jim's son."

And then she realized that she had betrayed herself when she repudiated Jim's support for Paul's.

"I mean," she stammered, "I do the cooking and washing and everything."

Mr. Abney took over smoothly and kindly. "Mrs. Shannon, any woman who makes a home for a lone man earns every cent she costs and more too." He grew brisk again, sculling fast for quieter water. "Suppose I write Jim and remind him of his obligation. He could be forced legally, of course, if he was in this state; but until he is, all we can do is write a strong letter."

"When he gets your letter about the will," Paul said, "he's gonna be so mad he won't do anything without being forced legally."

To himself Carl Abney agreed but he only said: "We can take a shot at it, anyhow. Maybe he's had hard sledding these last weeks and we're doing him an injustice."

Jim had not had hard sledding six months ago but none of them spoke of that. It was better to leave it this way for a while, Paul decided: polite and legal without stirring up anything deeper. It might even be Jim who would force the showdown for them. When you had known a girl three weeks and loved her less than a day you were crowding things pretty hard if you started raising issues right away. Because of this funny setup, knowing Mary for three weeks was more than dating a girl for three years but

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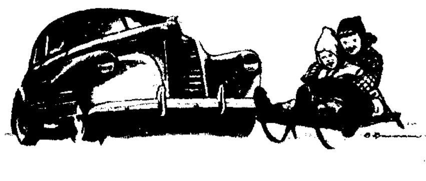

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people might not understand that. They might not know that he had come home perfectly empty and looking for somebody to love; that after four years you got into the habit of grabbing for a thing as soon as you knew you wanted it. Tomorrow might be too late because after four years you learned not to believe too glibly in tomorrow. A lot of guys never even saw the sun rise on it.

Mr. Abney was talking again. "I'll get the letter off right away and let you know as soon as I hear anything. We ought to have an answer in two weeks if we're going to get one."

They went out soberly, wondering what he would accomplish and what they dared to hope for.

"Will it do any good, do you think?" Mary asked.

"We can't tell yet. Jim may have left Frisco by now; if he's mad and knows Mr. Abney's on his tail he may not even tell anybody where he's gone."

"And if he's broke he may try to hitchhike back here and park in—in your house."

He had never heard such cold, contemptuous bitterness from Mary and his heart jumped at it. Mary was through; if he had had the guts to bring up the subject this afternoon they could have asked Mr. Abney about a divorce for her. He was still glad, in a way, that he had not done it; the decision was better *if it was* Mary's own and not one he had shoved on her. He said gruffly:

"Yeah, he's liable to come whining back, all right."

She stopped in her tracks. "Do we have to let him stay there, Paul, if he comes?"

"I don't know, baby. I guess you have to've started some kind of legal proceeding, for separation or divorce, before you can make him stay away." His eyes flickered as he looked down at her. "Want to go back and find out? He might have time to see us."

They stood there on the sidewalk looking at each other, while people veered and walked around them. "No," she decided. "Not right yet. I'd rather give him time to answer Mr. Abney's letter. Maybe it'll make him do the right thing; maybe it won't be the way we think."

"Okay. . . ."

Two weeks. . . . Hell, he thought, I can't live in the house with her like this for two weeks longer. Even aside from that he didn't like any of it: Jim certainly wouldn't telegraph the blow, he would just show up one day while Paul was at work, probably mean-drunk and dangerous.

PAUL saw Mary looking at him. He forced a grin and said, "Let's go to the Rendezvous and have a beer."

"Paul, I ought to be getting back. . . ."

"Why? It's four-thirty and it takes ten minutes to get home. If there's one thing makes me thirsty," he added with pathos, "it's talking to lawyers."

For a few steps he almost had to drag her along by the elbow, then she gave up and went resignedly. "I've never been there in my life," she said doubtfully, but he caught the excitement under her words.

"Time you went, then. You're not getting any younger."

They found a booth and ordered beer, then grew shy and looked away from each other. It was the first time they had done anything together that had no motive and no compulsion except pleasure; it was like having a date for the first time and they didn't know exactly how to behave. He knew Mary's conscience was working on her.

"Now that you've seen the place," he said, "does it look like any hellhole?"

Mary laughed. "I never thought it was. I just said I hadn't been here."

"Well, we know the way now." He waited, but she neither accepted nor rejected the implication. Unless silence in itself was a kind of acceptance.

The beer came and they drank it slowly, wondering what to say next.

"Mary—" He put down his glass and looked squarely at her. "How long since you had a new dress?"

She stared at him and then looked uncomfortable. "I don't exactly know. Does this one look very bad?"

"Hell, it looks wonderful." Emotion always made him forget not to swear and she seemed to be getting used to it. "But fall's coming and I want you to have a whole new outfit—dress, hat, shoes, everything that goes together."

Her mouth began to tremble and her eyes looked half drowned. "Paul, you know I couldn't—"

He forgot where they were, covered her hand with his and almost crushed it. "I said no argument." His voice came out full of sand and gravel. "Listen, baby, will you get it through your hard head that you're—you and Shan are all the folks I've got in the world?"

But that shook her worse than the talk about a new dress and he saw that, game as she was, Mary was about to fold. He couldn't climb around the table and let her cry into his shirt, so he had to pick out another way.

"And if you bawl right here in public the first time I take you out, so help me I'll turn you over and frail you right in—in the Rendezvous. And wouldn't *that* be something!"

It worked. She giggled and the danger moved away. "You crazy fool," she said weakly. "Paul, we have to be going."

"Yeah; I guess so." He signaled for the check. . . .

About two weeks, Mr. Abney had said. We'll give Jim two weeks, Mary said. Paul tried to tell himself that whatever else war had done, it had taught him to wait. When he was working he didn't think about it so much (except when Mary came into the store, pushing Shan in a stroller, and bought their next few meals), but when he came home at night the sense of waiting would begin again, so that he wanted to take Time by the throat and shake it out of its crawling, sidelong gait.

It would have been different if he could have walked over and pulled Mary out of her chair and kissed her until she begged for him.

Instead, Mary sat there sedately, pulling domesticity around her like a nun's habit. Since that afternoon at the Rendezvous Mary had walked on tiptoe.

He threw the newspaper on the floor and stood up, and Mary's eyes were startled because there was violence in his gesture.

"I'm going out for a walk." He quieted his voice because of the look in her eyes. "How about you coming, too?"

For a minute he thought she was going to say yes. There was a pause and by the green flare in her eyes, he could have sworn that she wanted to go with him. Then it died.

"I guess not, thanks. I hate to leave Shan by himself."

HE DIDN'T argue it with her; instead he walked as far as Joe's and won fifty cents playing pool. While he was doing it Charlie Mitcham came in, and the sight of him rang a bell in Paul's mind.

He went over to Charlie.

"You hell-bent on a game?" he asked. "If you're not, I got something I want to talk over with you. Business," he added, because there was a knowing, expectant look on Charlie's face.

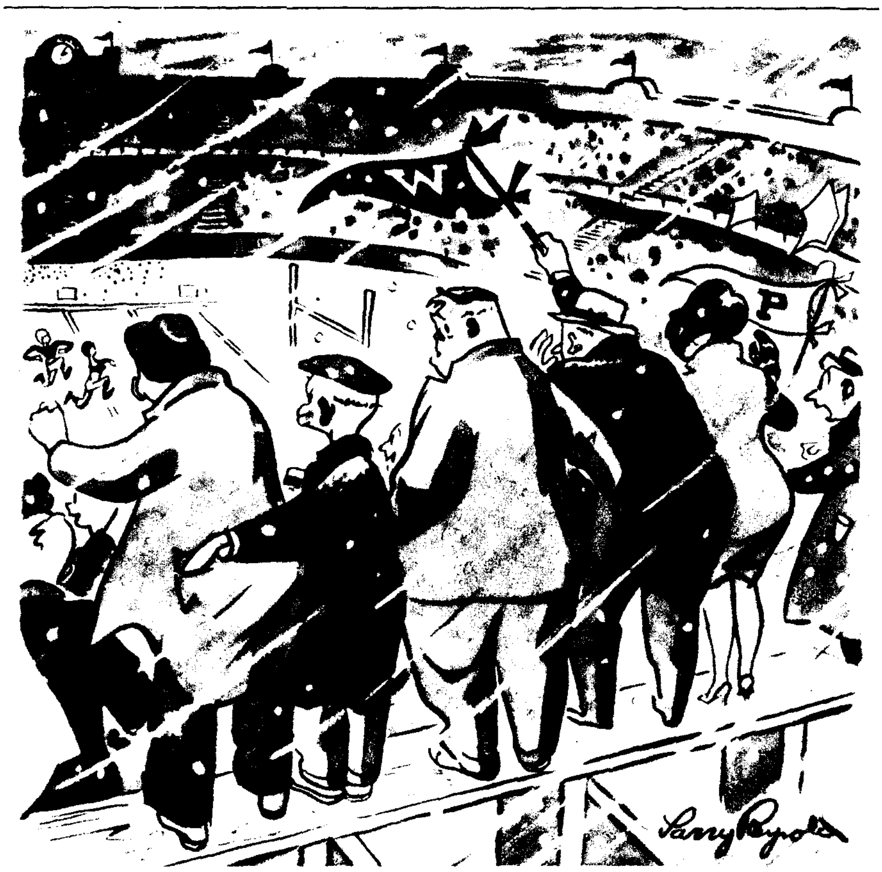
They went to Lottie's, ordered the beer and took a booth. "I just got to thinking," Paul said, "about you having been in the construction game. I want a repair shop built, like I told you, and the way I'm working I can't get the time to see about it. I thought you might be willing to take on the job while you're deciding what you'll do regularly."

Charlie poured his beer into a glass and frowned importantly. You could see the idea working in him like yeast; a solid, tangible thing—besides war and women—that he still knew about. Something he could get his teeth into.

"I don't know," he said finally. "What kinda proposition you got in mind?"

He had had no proposition of any sort in mind until he saw Charlie at Joe's place. He thought fast. "We could work it any one of several different ways: flat

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



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wages, cost plus, or you do like any other contractor. Get your figures together and make me an estimate."

Charlie considered it, growing in stature as he thought. "I don't know about labor and materials—except they're high. How much of a shop you want?"

"Just three brick walls and a roof. Windows, of course, and a stove flue and doors across the front for when the weather gets too bad."

Paul fished in his pockets and brought out an envelope and a pencil. "There's an extra thirty feet frontage; Mollie bought the adjoining lot when she got the station. Way I figure it, we could build the shop around the grease rack that's already there now, and do the grease and wash jobs inside during the winter."

"How deep you want it?" Charlie was scowling in concentration.

"The lot's thirty by sixty but I won't need that much depth unless I branch out later on. Thirty feet square ought to take care of me for a long time to come." He was getting interested, too. "If I ever want to enlarge it I can make an L—" He drew rapidly on the envelope. "Run it to the back of the line and around behind the station itself."

With his eyes on the envelope, Charlie felt for his beer and drank. He nodded several times, like a mechanical man, while his mind leaped ahead. "Tell you what. I'll drop down to Sam Trent's lot tomorrow; he's in the wrecking business and some of the stuff he used to have was a lot better'n what you can get now. Then I'll start checking on labor. Before I left here I coulda told you to the dollar how much it'd cost, but God knows how things are now."

They drank in silence, each thinking about the job, and Paul felt better than he had felt since he came home. Helling around was all right for kids, but two men needed something solid between them. For the first time he was completely comfortable with Charlie again.

"You want to take it on a contract basis then?" he said after a while.

Charlie thought about it, liking the important sound of the words. "Yeah, if I can get the materials and a coupla helpers. But if I did that, you oughta get two-three more bids just to be sure I wasn't gypping you."

"Would you? Gyp me, I mean?"

"What d'you think?"

"I don't believe you would."

Charlie's dark, narrow face broke up in a grin. "You're damn' right I wouldn't. Just to prove it, I'll let you see the figures I get; show you how much profit I expect to make on you. And you can check any of the figures with anybody you want to."

They sat and grinned at each other, then grew embarrassed and looked away. It was the sort of feeling that flowered between men, out there; it was the thing a man missed so desperately when he came home to the people he loved—the people who didn't and couldn't know anything about how it had really been. Charlie knew, but knowing was not enough in itself; not over the long pull of years. You needed both: a shared knowledge of how it had been and a shared interest in what came next.

"Well," Paul finished the beer and pushed back his glass, "I'm a working man and it looks like you're gonna be one, too. I guess I better shove."

Charlie didn't protest. An hour ago he would have been howling: What the hell? The night's just a pup yet— With his mind full of business, he nodded gravely.

"Yeah; I better, too. I'll drop around to the store tomorrow, maybe, and let you know what I found out."

"Swell. You do that." They went out together and separated with exaggerated carelessness.

THE house was dark and quiet when Paul reached it, so he had to wait until breakfast to tell Mary what he had done.

He watched her closely in the telling because he wanted her to see its importance to him. If she understood, it would mean that he and Mary were a lot closer, underneath, than they had let themselves be on the surface.

She listened with her whole alert little face. "Paul, that's perfect!" Then she sobered. "I haven't said anything, but I've been worried because you didn't have time to do anything about it after work, and I knew how anxious you must be to get started and get away from the store."

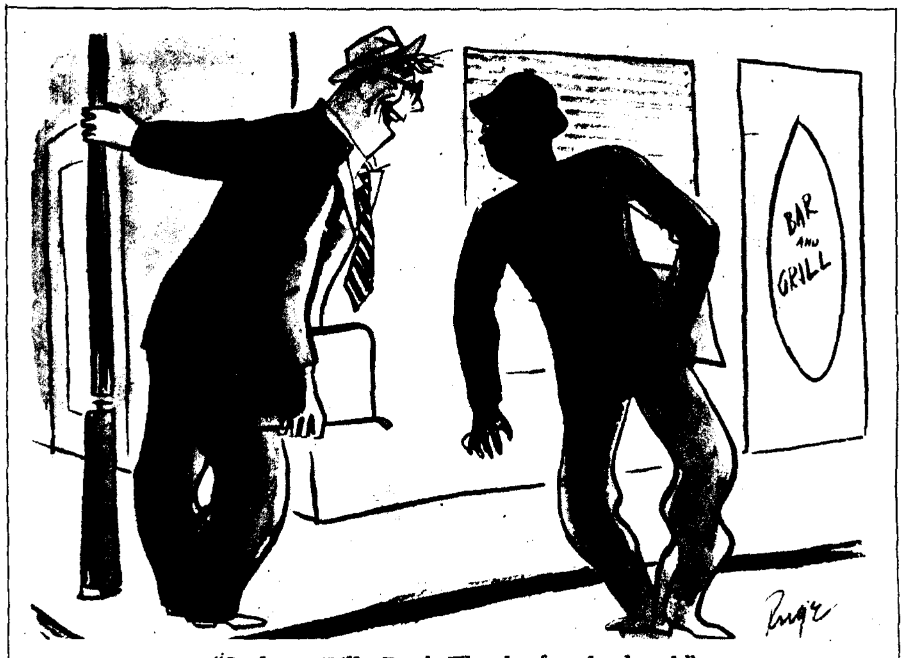
"Yeah." He ate with his eyes on his plate, for fear of what she might read in his face. "A grocery store's no place for me but I haven't cared much because I knew it wouldn't last long."

"It's a swell arrangement all around. Charlie Mitcham could use a steady job and maybe this'll put him in the notion of getting one."

He looked up, surprised by the dry awareness in her voice. "What do *you* know about Charlie Mitcham?"

Mary grinned at him; a wise urchin's grin that made her green eyes sparkle. "What everybody else does, I guess. I bet he's been drunk every night since he came back. And the girls he goes with . . ."

He could feel his face getting hot. Women were beyond him; Mary led such a sheltered life he could have sworn she wouldn't even suspect the truth about



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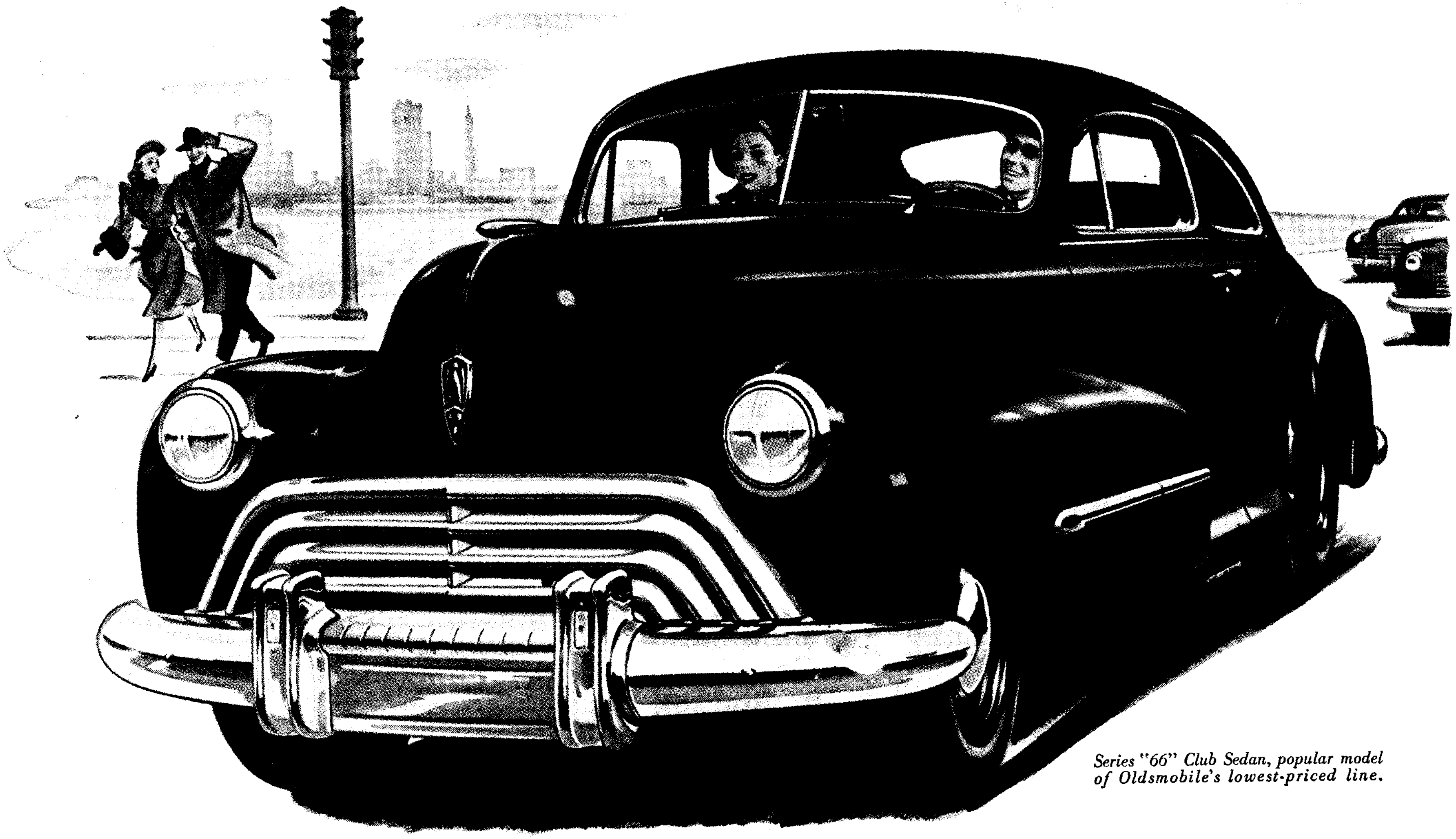

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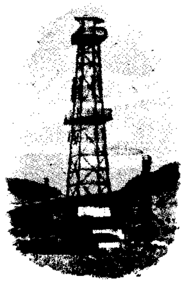

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tramps like Lura and Thelma. Apparently Mary didn't tell everything she heard or thought; not to him, anyhow.

"What girls?"

She named them, still halfway laughing at his surprise. When she included Lura his face began to feel scorched.

"If you think she's like that," he said, "why'd you let her stay with Shan?"

"Because I had to get the girls that live right around here and because she really does like Shan. I made her promise not to have dates while she was here and I don't think she ever did."

Sheltered or not, Mary knew the score. He said, "Look, Mary, I never—I mean about Lura, I didn't . . ." He quit stumbling and left it hanging there.

She was not half as embarrassed as he was. She wasn't embarrassed at all; she was trying to keep a straight face while she watched him squirm.

"It's all right, Paul. It's none of my business anyhow."

"But I didn't!" he growled. "And it is your business, whether you want it to be or not."

That jolted her out of her amused detachment. He had the satisfaction of watching Mary's face get red, too, seeing her big green eyes cloud over with an emotion he couldn't read.

"You'll be late to work; you'd better hurry."

IT WAS funny how quickly a building job could become a community project. Merritt Street had never lacked men of leisure and the new shop was just the kind of activity they liked to observe. They could hurry down after breakfast and sit on the curb, or lean against a pump, or just lean against thin air, and give the job their undivided attention. They were always thirsty, so that Ed doubled his soft-drink order after the first few days and even then the supply ran out. Now and then one of them became so engrossed that he passed tools to a workman or even carried a few bricks, because the work seemed to be moving more slowly than he liked to see other men's work progress.

Charlie was a grandstand player who liked an audience, whether he was cutting a rug or building a shop. Even in his white coveralls he looked debonair, and his words and movements had an impressive air of authority. He also knew enough about construction to swing this simple job and to boss his two helpers effectively. One of the helpers was a middle-aged man who belonged to Merritt Street; the other was a young Negro named Six, also an alumnus of Thomas Construction Company and the armed services. Six had huge shoulders and shiny, rippling muscles in his arms and he sang most of the time; absent-mindedly, in a quiet reedy tenor that made your skin tingle. "My mama done tole me," or the St. Louis Blues or any song that could go flowing on and on, rising and falling like the wind. When Charlie thought to ask him, one day, how he came to be named Six, his grin was half sheepish and half proud.

"I got six toes on each foot."

"The hell you have," Charlie marveled. "Let's see 'em."

Six squirmed. "Aw, Mr. Charlie, I ain't go take my shoes off in fronta all these folks."

"Which toe is it you got two of?" Charlie persisted, fascinated by the idea.

"Little ones, I reckon. Not any way of telling exactly, is it?"

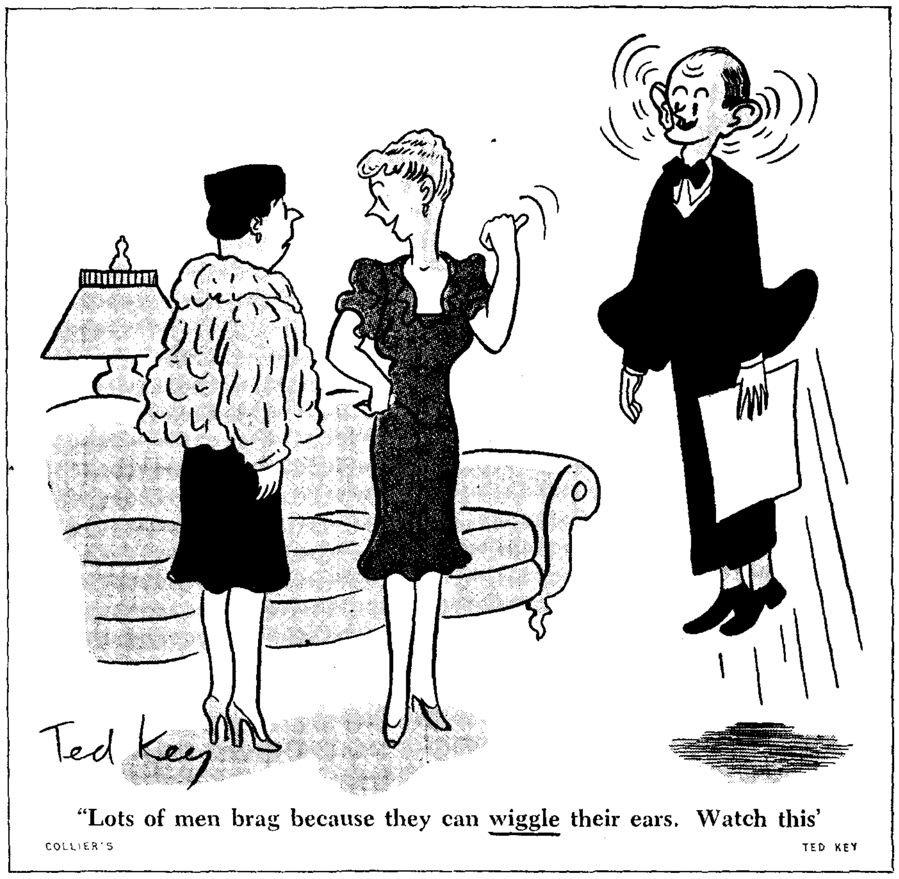
"No," Charlie admitted. "I guess not."

The Merritt Street children stopped on their way to and from school, hypnotized by the churning rattle of the concrete mixer, yearning over the piles of sand and gravel and the stacks of second-hand bricks. The little girls were less of a nuisance because they concentrated on the pungent wood shavings that made such startling yellow curls when they were draped around your face, but if the audience was sufficiently engrossed the boys managed to build elaborate structures with the bricks before somebody yelled at them to get the hell away from there. Ed Simmons caught on fast, and after the first few days they never got much farther than a new foundation before he ran them off.

Mary fell into the habit of stopping by almost daily, pushing Shan in the stroller. She explained to herself that she went because Shan needed the air and because he was so enchanted with the noise and bustle, but there was a glow in her eyes and a softness around her full mouth that were for Paul's achievement.

ON ONE of his afternoons off Paul borrowed Ed's car and drove across the North Side to see Tim Higgins. "I want to tell him what we're doing," he explained to Ed. "If I handle it open and aboveboard he might be willing to give us some good tips."

Ed agreed. In his new respect for Paul he was ready to agree with almost anything Paul proposed. "Sure. By the way," he paused to give weight to his announcement, "I got a line on a real buy in a car for you this morning."



"Lots of men brag because they can wiggle their ears. Watch this'

Paul stopped in his tracks. "The hell you did. What?"

"A two-door '37 model but I know all about it because I been servicing it. Belonged to old man Schultes that died last week, and he kept it in perfect condition and didn't go anywhere in it except to work and to take his wife riding on Sunday afternoons. She can't drive and the kids are married and moved away, so she asked me about selling it."

"Find out what she'll take," Paul said quickly. "If it's a buy, tell her I'll take it. Before everybody finds out and gets to bidding against each other on it." He drove away feeling elated and important.

Tim Higgins had the biggest garage on the North Side; the only garage, really, that was an important and going concern. As he pulled up in front and parked, Paul wondered if Tim was big enough, and prosperous enough, to take a small, well-meaning competitor in his stride.

Tim's garage was several times as large as Paul's would ever be; there were five cars sitting patiently around in various stages of dismemberment and even then the place was not crowded. Tim was leaning over one of them with an air of surgical concentration, his ear tuned to the vagaries of a racing motor, his face satanic in the glare of an electric bulb he held in one hand. He was a little man, sharp and dry-looking, with a reputation for knowing more about automobiles than anybody on the North Side.

As Paul joined him he looked up and squinted, trying to readjust his eyes. "Hi," Paul said, and seeing the groping look he added quickly, "I'm Paul Shannon."

"Well, what d'you know! Glad to see you; didn't recognize you at first."

"I'm not surprised. I look in the glass, I don't recognize myself. How you been?"

"Fine. You back to stay now?"

"Yeah," Paul grinned, making it as wide and frank as he could. "Thought I'd better drop by and tell you to get ready to go broke. I'm gonna be a competitor."

Tim took it fine, the way Paul had hoped he would. He laughed. "Is that right? Mighty white of you to warn me, anyhow. I heard there was some building going on at your place."

"Yeah." Paul stopped kidding. "My mother left me the filling station and I'm putting up a little shop for minor repairs, but it won't cut into your business. I guess most of the people over in my neighborhood take their cars downtown anyhow, and I wanted you to know I'm not even gonna try to muscle in on your territory."

Tim nodded carelessly. "Be all right if you did, I guess. We always got twice as much as we can handle, these days. About killed myself working these last three-four years and even then I stayed covered up." He wiped his hands on a greasy rag and turned away. "Come on in the office. Maybe I can give you a few tips."

Paul was relieved to know that he had guessed right and that Tim was a good egg in spite of his famous temper. They slouched against the overloaded table while Tim poured out advice like a father talking to his son.

"Gonna handle tires?" Tim asked.

"Yeah; if I can swing it."

"Get a hookup with a distributor, then, so you won't have a lotta money tied up in stock. That way, you can carry just two or three of the most popular sizes and get the others on a few minutes' notice."

It went on that way, with Paul grateful and eager, and Tim being generous. When the stream of advice had dwindled Paul pulled himself up. "I've taken a lot of your time, but I sure do thank you. I'm not back in the groove yet and I get scared to death when I think about trying to make a living."

The look in Tim's sharp eyes was close to affection; it threw his face all out of balance. "Listen, son. I couldn't fight in this war, but if I can do a favor to some guy that did, I'm mighty proud to do it. You drop in whenever you feel like it and ask me anything you want to know."

"I'll do that." Paul swallowed to ease the tightness in his throat, and held out his hand. "I appreciate it more'n you'll ever know."

"Skip it. Be seeing you, fella. Might even drop around and look over your layout."

"Wish you would." Paul grinned. "You might pick up some ideas."

He drove back to the station and found Ed almost bouncing with excitement. "I called up old lady Schultes and bought you a car over the telephone. Five-seventy-five, and if that ain't a buy I don't know one when I see it."

"That ain't a buy! It's a holdup!"

Ed moved his shoulders. "She won't starve. The old man left her the first—and the last—dollar he ever made. That's why my conscience don't hurt me. Hurry on over there and give her five dollars to bind the trade."

Paul started the car. "Five dollars, my eye! If she wants me to marry her I'll probably do it."

SOMEHOW he had expected Mrs. Schultes to be little and frail, with one of those high, quavering voices that spelled helpless widowhood on the radio programs; instead she had sharp black eyes, coarse, shiny hair, and a bosom like a ledge of rock.

"Come right in. Mollie Shannon was a friend of mine but I haven't seen you since you were a fresh little squirt too big for your britches."

He grinned and followed her into a room that smelled of furniture polish and lace curtains, wondering as he went if there was anybody in Hartsboro who had not been "a friend of Mollie's."

"My britches are too big for me, now. I just tore myself off a lot of job."

"That's what I heard. That you were getting down to work and no fooling. I might of known Mollie's boy would do that." He thought about Jim, and Mrs. Schultes seemed to read his mind. "Jim don't count. He's his father's son, and not meaning to be hard on anybody, Fred Shannon never was worth killing. Sit down."

Paul sat down, trying to hide his eagerness. The thing to do, of course, was to act polite and indifferent, as if he didn't care whether the deal went through or not.

"I was mighty sorry to hear about Mr. Schultes," he said.

Her eyes softened and Paul looked away from them. Her whole solid body seemed bereft, so that he wondered wistfully if Mary would look like that if he died. "He was a fine man," she said huskily. "Best one I ever knew."

"I bet he was." It was the only reply he could think up.

She came back to the business at hand. "About that car. Of course I know I could get a lot more than five-seventy-five for it."

"Yes'm, I guess you could. But that's all I could afford and I sure would like to have it. I need a car bad in my business."

"Oh, I'm not backing down," she went on, and he breathed again. "I'm pretty well fixed and I'd just have to give most of it to the government anyhow. Besides, I don't want a lot of people hounding me day and night and trying

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to outbid one another; I'd rather let you have it cheap and get rid of it. Do Mollie a favor, kind of, and help a boy get started."

He looked at her and saw that she had gone soft again. He felt all loose inside himself, because there were so many swell people in the world besides all the bastards. "I sure do appreciate it. I—" he laughed raggedly. "Hell, Mrs. Schultes, you're 4.0."

"I try to be—whatever that is." She cleared her throat. "How you wanta pay for the car?"

In his elation he had not even thought about that. He had the money, but he wanted to keep as much as possible in case things broke wrong at first. "Whatever you think is right. Could I make a down payment—say two hundred dollars—and the rest thirty dollars a month? It'd take me," he calculated, "a little over a year that way. You could keep a mortgage on the car, of course, and I'd pay you interest."

She thought it over; not wobbling around in her mind the way you would expect a woman to do. "That'd be all right. You can pay me six per cent—only on the unpaid balance."

She was studying him. "I bet you'd like to have the car right now; take your girl out riding. It'll be all right with me if you do. I make up my mind fast about people."

Her assumption that he was in love embarrassed and pleased him. "I haven't got any girl," he lied, "but I'd sure like to have the car right away."

"All right. You take it whenever you want to."

He jumped up. "I got to get Ed's car to him, then I'll come back." If her hand had been less solid he would have crushed it. "You sure are tops—"

She gave him a friendly shove that rocked him on his heels. "Go on, then, and come to see me sometime. I—get awful lonesome."

It's shaping up, Mary, he thought as he drove away. If you don't want me, baby, get ready to duck.

Oh, brother, he warned himself, I been good ever since I got home, but am I gonna get drunk tonight! And tomorrow being Sunday, I got all day to sleep it off.

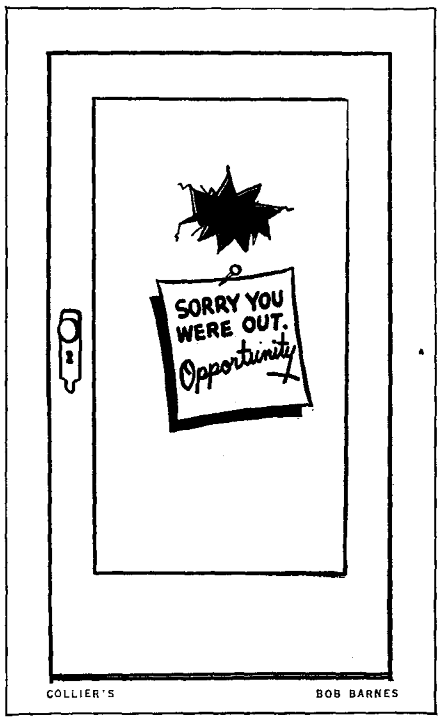
MARY held the letter between her thumb and forefinger, the way you touch a thing because you have to and not because you want to, her mouth curled with contempt. The letter was long and she had read it twice already but she sat stiffly on the edge of the bed and read it again, as if she could find her course charted somewhere between the lines.

It was from Jim, of course. An unfamiliar Jim, ingratiating and facetious. "My dearest girlie . . ." As if she had ever been his dearest after the first few weeks. "I guess you think I have 'kicked off,' but honest, baby, I have been having one helluva time. I got some kind of a skin disease on my hands from the chemicals they used in our shop; a lot of us did, and they like to never got it cured up. Then about the time I got back to work the war ended and they let us all out. I did not have the heart to write you a 'hard luck story,' so I just did not write at all.

"I do not want to come back to that Godforsaken hole which is called Hartsboro, because this is really God's country, sugar, and wages are a lot higher out here. At least they were a lot higher during the war, and when we have shown these chicken-livered politicians that we mean business, we will get a square deal again. Labor is very strong out here and the newspapers are all on our side, which is very different from back home where they will kick you into the gutter and starve you to death if you let them.

"I was awful sorry to hear about Mollie's passing away and I do not hold any grudge against her for leaving me out of her will. She was always partial to Paul even when he helled around the worst, like he used to do and I guess he still does. But it seems kind of unfair with him single and me with a family." Mary ran a cold hand through her hair and whispered one of Paul's epithets under her breath.

"What I have been thinking, honey, is about the house, and I think I have hit on a good sound proposition. You can live in it as long as you want to but we can't get a dime of the money for it, and Paul can't sell it as long as you want to live there. How about you putting it up to him to sell the house and us and him split 50-50? That way, we could all get something out of it where we can't any of us get anything the way it stands now. (You see, I am cutting myself in on it because Mollie left the house that way on account of you being my wife.) Property is high as a cat's back and this is surely the time to sell, then you and the baby could come out here and we could all be together again. Paul being single, he hasn't got any more use for a house than a hog has for side pockets, and he would probably be tickled to death to get shed of it and get a little ready cash. The way things are now, with all the hard luck I have had, I haven't got the money to send for you or enough saved up to carry us till I get a decent job again. I will not take just any old job. A lot of us talked it over and we agreed that the only way to show them we mean business is to let them shut down for want of labor.



COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

"But I would sure like to see you and that boy of mine. I would sure like to hold you in my arms and kiss you. I bet you miss me, don't you, baby? So use the old oil on dear brother Paul and we will have a nice piece of change. And we can go swimming in the good old Pacific Ocean and have ourselves a real time."

He had had the gall to sign it, "Your loving husband, Jim Shannon."

She dropped the letter and sat unmoving on the edge of the bed.

One thing in Jim's letter had exploded in her mind like a rocket: the suggestion that Paul would probably be delighted to sell the house, even if he only got half the money, and be free again.

I never thought about it that way, Mary realized; I just thought he'd be glad to have a real home, with somebody to do for him. Conceited *dope!* She was reviling herself, not Paul.

She twisted her body and lay flat on the bed with her face in the pillow. A "real home" wasn't as important to men as to women; men only submitted to domesticity because they had fallen in love and gotten married. A man wanted a woman—some special woman—and if she was a nice girl, the home and getting married were part of it.

She shivered and pressed her body harder into the bed, thinking about Paul and all the things she worshiped in him. The way he was so *clean,* where Jim had been dirty and careless. Even when Jim had bathed he still smelled of perspiration a few hours later. Jim liked black cigars, and his breath and the curtains always reeked of them, while Paul never smoked anything but cigarettes. Jim was loose-jointed and slouchy; Paul's body seemed all of a piece and he walked as lightly as a cat, without seeming to move his tight, narrow hips. He even kept his fingernails clean, maybe because dirt was associated with all the things he had learned to hate, and his thick, sandy lashes almost met when he grinned at you. . . .

She flagellated herself, thinking about how she had tried to hold onto him without giving him the love he really wanted. She began to cry soundlessly into the pillow.

The only thing to do, of course, was to follow Jim's suggestion and see if Paul wanted to sell the house. She did not fool herself about what could happen if she went out where Jim was; he was entirely capable of spending the money and leaving her stranded out there. The thing Jim didn't know was that she intended to hold onto part of the money if she did go; to keep back enough to get home on. Lie to him about what the house had brought; leave him and come home if she couldn't stand it.

"Oh, God, Paul! she said it into the pillow but she wanted to shout it for the world to hear. "I love you so much. . . . I want to be with you, even if I can't be married to you."

PAUL stopped on the way home and paid through the nose for a bottle of some mongrel whisky. "I never heard of it myself till three months ago," Lottie confessed, "but my customers been drinking it ever since and haven't none of 'em died of the blind staggers."

He started the car and listened to the smooth, sweet tune played by the engine. Ed had been right: The car was in fine shape and as clean and well tended as Mrs. Schultes' house. He parked in front of the house, so that the car would burst on Mary's vision when he brought her to the front door.

Mary looked up from the stove and gave him a stiff, strange-looking smile that he was too excited to read or wonder about.

"Come on out on the porch," he said. "I got something to show you."

"The grits might burn. What is it?"

It was not like Mary to let him down and he refused to be daunted. "Let 'em burn. Come on."

He set his bottle on the table out of Shan's reach and caught her arm. When they reached the porch he gestured grandly.

"Mine." He had almost slipped and said, "Ours."

She stood motionless. He was still holding her arm and it felt little and tough in his fingers. "What—where did you get it?"

He told her, swaggering in his triumph, while she stared at the car with a funny expression that was half wistful and half valiantly detached. "That's swell, Paul," she said. "It's wonderful. Now you won't have to feel so tied down."

The joy went out of him as he looked at her tight, strained face. "Tied down?"

"Yeah. Now you can get out more; not have to sit around here at night." She loathed the words as she said them, but this was the beginning of her retreat. Even if it did make her feel as if she was bleeding to death inside.

His fingers uncurled from around her

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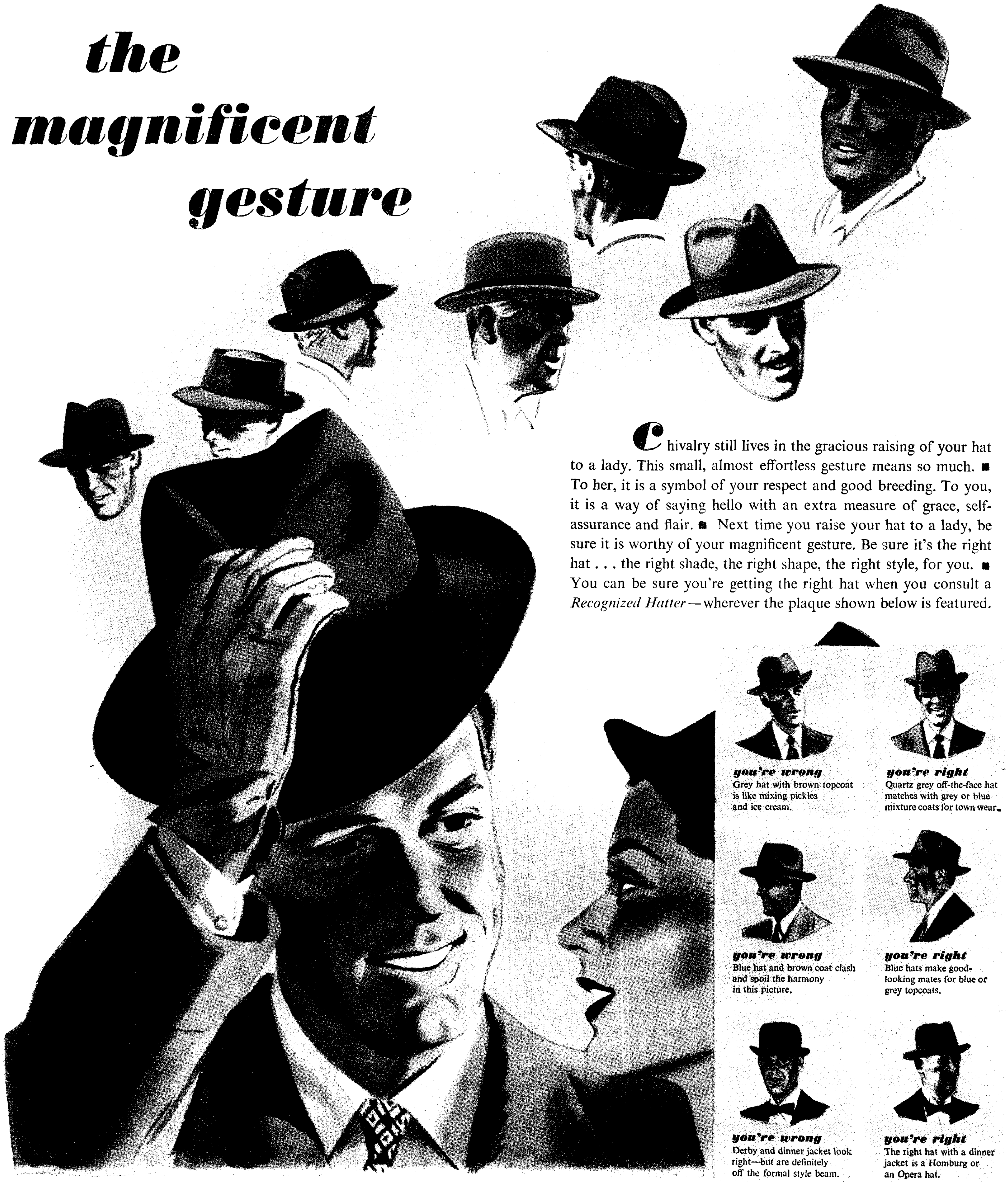

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Grey hat with brown topcoat is like mixing pickles and ice cream.

you're right
Quartz grey off-the-face hat matches with grey or blue mixture coats for town wear.

you're wrong
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you're right
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you're wrong
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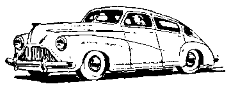

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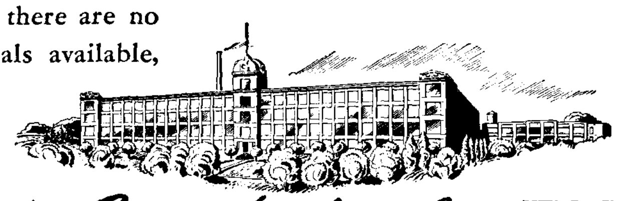

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arm. "I didn't know I was such a nuisance, hanging around here at night—"

Mary's face crumpled. "You're not!" She made a break for the door. "I got to see about the grits."

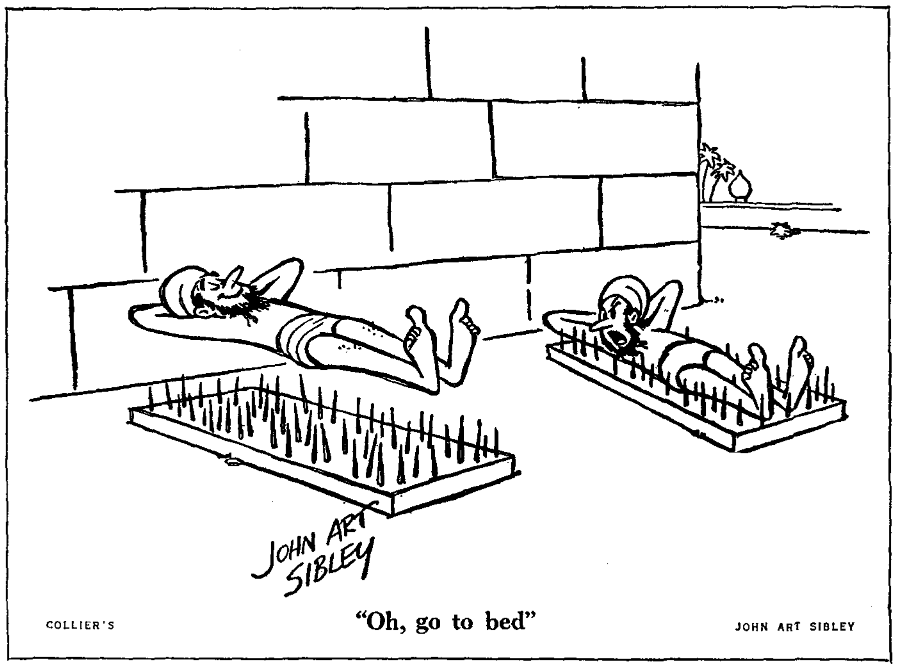
He watched her with a flat, lost feeling, then stumped into the bathroom to clean up for supper. He was bewildered and angry but he washed carefully just the same, and put on a clean shirt. She was put out about something that had nothing to do with him, he decided. The thought filled him with a sharp ache to ease and protect her.

He went back to the kitchen, where the odor of frying ham tickled his stomach. "I bought a bottle of whisky to celebrate." He said it defiantly, daring her to go saintly on him. "We're gonna have a little drink before supper."

She stirred the grits furiously and wondered if Paul was getting ready to try her again. Whisky was supposed to break down your resistance, and the good Lord knew her resistance was always at a low ebb with Paul.

"You go ahead. I don't believe I want one." She could feel his arrested motion behind her and the hurt, puzzled look in his eyes. Then he moved again.

"You got to take one with me, just this once. I had a big day—tell you later—but I'm not gonna drink by myself."



"Oh, go to bed"

"Well, make it real light." If she stayed on guard, maybe a drink would give her the courage she was going to need so badly.

He was reassured. From the edge of her eyes she could see him shadowboxing with Shan, pouring the drinks with a lot of flourishes for Shan's interested gaze.

HE BROUGHT the glass to her and she felt his fingers linger against hers, cool because he had been handling ice cubes.

"Thanks," she whispered.

"Here's to Shannon's Service Station & Garage. And the new automobile. And—and the best cook that ever lived."

She looked at the whisky in her glass instead of at him. "And the new proprietor—" He might not know it, but he owned all three of them.

They drank together but Mary stayed beside the stove and pretended to fuss over the supper, so he went back and began to wrestle with Shan again.

While they ate he told her about Tim and Mrs. Schultes and she lost herself in his affairs, so that her green eyes shone and her lips stayed apart with the intentness of her listening. When her hair kept falling around her face as she leaned forward, she pushed it back impatiently.

"Oh, Paul! You're going to make a go of this. I know it."

"I do, too—now. I got most of my ducks in a row." His eyes drove into hers and she looked away quickly. "All but one or two. . . ."

She pulled herself deeper into her chair. He meant her and Shan, but she was going to settle that last problem for him tonight after Shan had been put to bed. Not because she felt unselfish and sacrificial but because she could not bear to go on living with him only against the day when he would be getting married. If she hung around till that happened—and Paul would be glad to have her on his own terms—she would be just as likely to kill the girl and set fire to Paul's house. She pulled her thoughts back into line and changed the subject.

SHE lingered over putting Shan to bed because she was trying to push back her ordeal a little longer. While Shan squirmed and bounced in her hands she hunted for the best way to approach Paul, the way that would show her how he really felt about the idea.

And after all her searching, she walked into the living room and dropped the letter in Paul's lap. His face tightened as he saw what it was, then he took it without a word and began to read.

Terror spread in her like a cold fog as she watched him, because she had never seen such a look on his face or any other man's. There was murder in it. She wanted to run and could not. Instead she sat pinned in her chair, shrinking as far into it as she could. An automobile horn blew in the street, the paper rattled in Paul's hands, the ticking of the clock beat like a hammer against her skull.

He looked up. "When'd this come?"

"This afternoon." All she could manage was a dry whisper.

"You answered it?"

"Not yet."

He began to tear it in half, then caught himself. "Why'd you bring it to me?"

She cleared her throat and tried to make her voice strong enough to carry across the room. "To see what you thought about his proposition."

"So you could go out there, you mean?"

"So you could be your own boss again." Her courage began to come back. "It's the only way I know of to do that."

"But you'd go back to him if we sold the house?" His voice kept lashing her across the face.

"I—guess so."

"Oh, God Almighty!"

He jumped up and Mary dug deeper into her chair as he crossed the room. He grabbed her arms and jerked her to her feet, then stood there holding her by the shoulders.

"Why d'you think I stayed here?" He wasn't shouting but the words seemed to roll back from the walls like gunfire. "Why d'you think I clerked in a damn' grocery store, and gambled all I've got and more in a job I don't even care about? Stayed at home nights? Didn't even take a drink, hardly? For *fun?*"

There was steel in Mary. She stiffened and jerked her shoulders free. "I know you hate it, you crazy fool! I hated you having to do it but I couldn't see any way to help it. Do you think I *liked* being a nuisance; sponging on you for food and a roof when I wasn't anything but your brother's wife? I hate it as much as you do, and the only reason I gave you the letter was so you could see there was a way of getting shed of me!"

All the blood went out of his face as he stared at her and kept on staring. "Is that the reason why you want to leave?"

She had trapped herself. If she said yes, she would be spreading her hand and showing him how much she wanted to stay; if she said no, he would think she was one of those boneless fools who kept on loving a no-good bum even after he had kicked her all over the place. Her mind darted frantically, hunting a safer answer, but the search itself gave her away.

Paul put his hands on her shoulders again, but they were gentle this time. "I didn't mean to yell at you, baby. What I started out to say was I did all those things because I loved you and wanted to marry you as soon as we could." He felt her body sagging under his hands so he took her in his arms and held her up. "I thought you knew it and felt the same way, and when you threw Jim's letter at me in that indifferent way I went crazy. All I could think of was you still wanted Jim and had just been lying to save your face when you said you were through."

He put his face down and rubbed it against her hair. "You know you haven't been a nuisance, baby; taking care of you is the swellest thing that ever happened to me. I went to work because I *wanted* to look after you, and hung around the house at nights just to be where you were."

She still had not said a word. She leaned against him and shook with relief but she couldn't match his husky, aching revelations until the shaking stopped. He felt around awkwardly for the overstuffed chair, then sat down and pulled her into his arms again.

"Stop crying, baby, and look at me."

She opened her eyes and smiled a watery, shaken grin. "Honest, Paul—do you?"

"What d'you think? I'm not any damn' saint; I'd have left you in a minute if I'd wanted to. I was just keeping my mouth shut because you said to wait and see what Jim did."

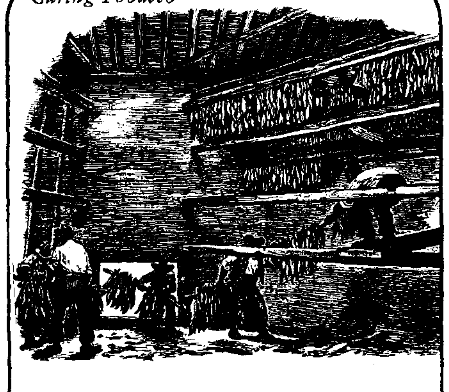
She sighed. "I guess you do. But I was so crazy about you I thought it was too good to be true."

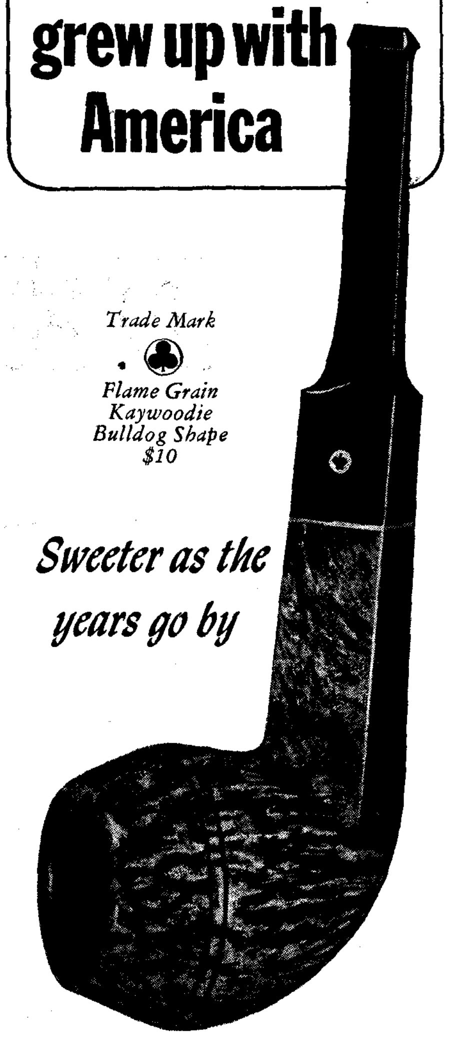
He kissed her then. It began carefully enough, because he was trying not to scare her with all the emotion dammed up in him, then it got out of hand and he heard her moan as her mouth opened sweetly under his. . . . .

THIS was the way they had all dreamed and talked about it out there, only a whole lot bigger; you thought you could imagine how it would be to hold your girl and love her this way, but imagining was a lot different from really having her in your arms giving back all the love you poured over her. Stroking your hair and your face and whispering broken words whenever you stopped kissing her long enough to let her talk.

His breath was rasping. "Mary—I don't have to wait, do I? Seems like I been waiting ten years already."

She opened her eyes and the cloudy, faraway look went away and left fear in its place. "It wouldn't be right, Paul, and you wouldn't have any use for me afterward. You'd decide I wasn't the kind of girl you wanted to marry." The last





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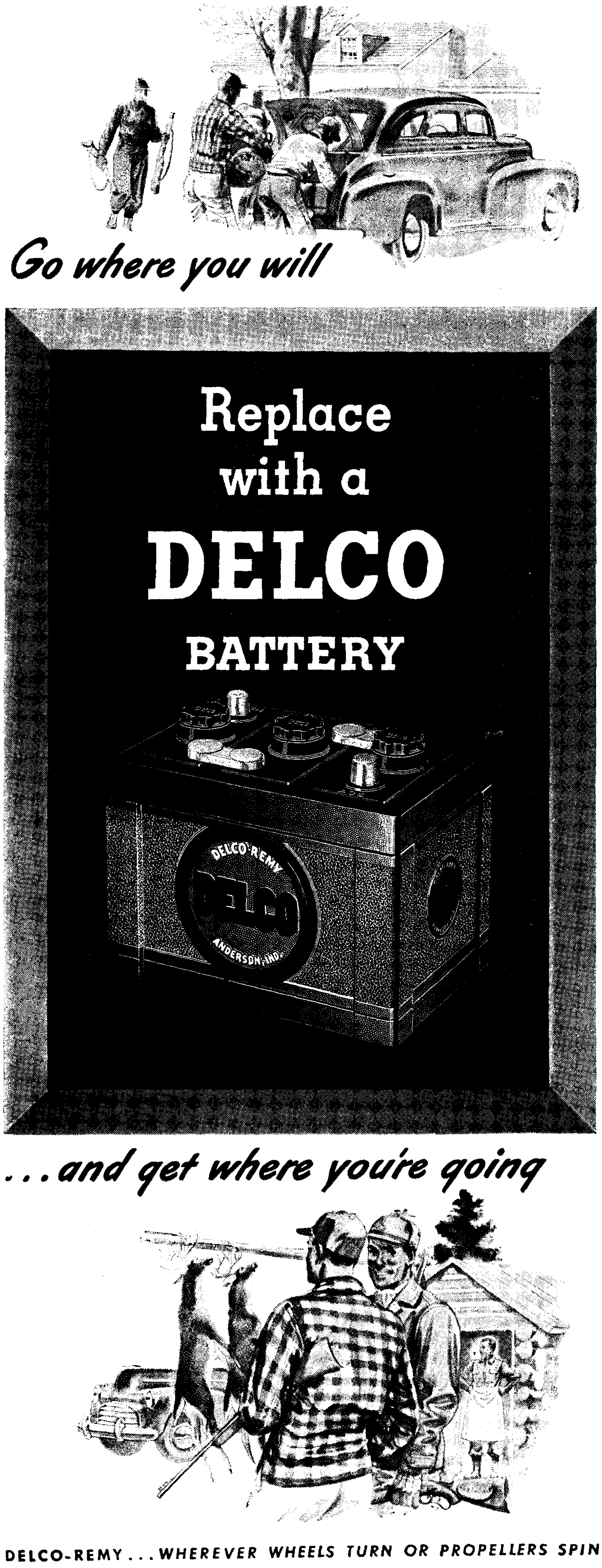
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word was strained through the fabric of his coat.

"That's a lie and you know it. You know we'd be married this time tomorrow if it wasn't for Jim. You're the only girl I've ever even wanted to marry." He whispered, trying to soothe her: "We're married right now, sweetheart, far as you and I are concerned. The rest can wait. . . ."

LATER he lay quiet with his arms around Mary and her breath making a warm spot in his shoulder. "Are you all right, baby?"

"Yes."

"You still think this was wrong? With me, I mean?"

"I don't see how it could be." Mary's own humor flickered. "If it was, then I guess I'm eternally damned like in the Bible, because I'm not a bit sorry."

They grew quiet again, in the quiet, clean little room Mary had kept for him. He came back from the edge of sleep when she moved and tried to sit up.

"What's the matter?"

She kissed him; a quick, timid kiss like a kid's. "I got to go. You were asleep anyhow." She was up and out of the room before he had time to feed his eyes on her.

His conscience needled him when he saw how long he had slept. Ten o'clock and Mary had been up two hours; Shan still didn't know Sunday from nothing. Either Mary had already had breakfast, or she was fasting until she could eat it with him. He hurried through bathing and shaving and made for the kitchen; found that Shan was already out in the yard and that Mary was beating up waffles.

"I'm sorry," he began apologizing from the doorway. "Why didn't you wake me up?"

This was the way it ought to be: Walk into the room and gather her up, while the spoon leaked waffle batter on her clean floor. Not to have to look at her and wish any more; just kiss her until you had to stop to breathe.

"Paul!" Mary's face was burning but you could tell she wanted to laugh. "This is Sunday morning." She pulled away and went back to her waffles.

"Yeah, thank God. If it was Monday, I'd be at work now." He opened the refrigerator and found the orange juice that was always waiting for him. "I bet you're starved, if you haven't already eaten."

"I drank some coffee. Waffles are no good if the batter stands too long, and besides I wasn't hungry."

Busy as a bird dog, he thought fondly. Looking like some kind of flower—a morning-glory, maybe—in her clean blue dress. Except that her face with all that shiny brown hair around it was more like one of those vivid, alert little faces you sometimes saw in pansies. It was going to be hard to keep his hands off her but he would have to learn how.

"Look," he said when they had begun to eat. "We got to do something about Jim, but quick."

She shivered, as if a rabbit had walked over her grave. "I know it. Where d'you start with anything like that?"

"Mr. Abney, I guess. You talk to him before you answer the letter."

She looked at him uneasily. "Will you go with me to see him?"

"God knows I want to." He did want to; he hated not being able to stand between her and any unpleasant thing that menaced her. "But I wonder how it'll look if I mix in this too much."

For himself, he didn't care if the whole world knew his stake in it, but Mary had to be protected and this was one time when protection might mean letting her seem to walk alone. That was what a sense of guilt did to you, except that he couldn't feel guilty.

She considered it and nodded slowly. "I hadn't thought about it that way. I guess this is something I got to do by myself."

"Just where the public's concerned, baby. I'll always be waiting around to grab you when nobody's looking. I wish to God I could handle the whole thing for you."

"No. I got myself into it and it's up to me to get myself out if I can."

That was too much for his resolutions. He kicked back his chair and came around the table to kiss her.

Mary could keep her head better than he could. She gave him a healthy shove. "Eat your breakfast, Paul. I think the waffle's burning."

"You and your waffles!". . .

Mary sat rigid in the green leather chair with her eyes fixed on Mr. Abney's face. She had stopped being afraid, now, because he was a comfortable little man with a precise, soothing voice; a voice that took their discussion out of the realms of personal anguish and made it just another professional matter.

"There are only two grounds for divorce in North Carolina," he said. "Adultery and two years' separation. Since it would be almost impossible to prove an adultery charge on your husband in California, that leaves us only the second cause."

Mary calculated swiftly. "But that means I'd have to wait more than eight months before I could even begin to get a divorce from him!"

"I'm afraid it does." As he studied her alert, interesting little face, Carl Abney decided that the situation had crystallized since her first visit; she and Paul had found out about being in love and they wanted to marry. Although he always tried to maintain a personal detachment from his cases, he often failed to do it, especially in a case like this one. Two decent, hard-working kids who ought to be ideal for each other, if he could judge character, and the law was defeating them; forcing them into a position which might tarnish or even destroy something unique for them both. He sighed.

"You mean," Mary said in disbelief, "that him deserting me and not supporting me and the baby isn't enough to get a divorce on?"

He wondered whether she could grasp the intricacies of a divorce action. "Abandonment and nonsupport is a criminal as well as a civil action, and if your husband comes back you'll have the recourse of law. But in spite of that, you can't divorce him until two years have elapsed. We can swear out a warrant—if we get hold of him—and force him to support you and his child or go to jail, but that's all at present."

"But I don't care about that," Mary protested. "I just want to get clear of him."

SHE was clear of him now, Mr. Abney reflected, in every respect but the one that really mattered to her. Her admission confirmed his suspicion and deepened his regret. "I wish to Heaven you could, if your mind is made up."

"It's made up, all right," she said. "I was through with him before he ever left here, and so was he, but I was going to have a baby, and all. . . ." She sketched a despairing gesture with one hand.

"Then you wouldn't consider going out to live with him even if he sent you money and indicated his wish to establish a home for you?"

She nodded at Jim's letter, that lay on the desk. "Does that sound like he's ever going to do that? If he didn't support me when he was making good money, do you think I'm likely to go all the way to California now?"

"No, and I certainly wouldn't advise it. I just want everything settled before I answer his letter."

She looked up quickly. "You're going to answer it for me?"

"If you want me to."

"Oh, mercy, yes."

"Let's talk about it for a minute, then, and you can tell me whether this is what you want said. I intend to tell him that you have no intention of urging the sale of the house, since it's the only guarantee of a home for you. He's done nothing to indicate his willingness to take care of you and his child (he doesn't even mention having received my letter about contributing to your support) and that you won't consider making the trip to California under those circumstances."

"That's right." Mary nodded several times before she added bitterly, "Or any other circumstances."

"We won't say anything about that." Mr. Abney's voice was dry. "If he got another job and sent you railroad fare and you refused to go, he might be able to use that as a defense."

"You mean . . ." Mary's eyes were enormous with anger.

"It could weaken your legal position." He went on hurriedly: "I'll also tell him that unless he sends you money, he'll face a warrant for abandonment and nonsupport if he comes back to North Carolina." He continued to study her as she wrestled with his words and tried to understand them. She was a valiant little thing, he thought sentimentally, but she was growing angrier as every new aspect of the problem unfolded.

"It all sounds sort of crazy to me," she said finally.

"A lot of laws sound crazy until you've examined every contingency they have to cover. And a lot of them," he smiled wryly, "sound just as crazy after you've studied the contingencies." He took off his glasses, polished them and squinted through them. "I've always felt that our laws had the wrong slant concerning divorce and marriage. It ought to be extremely difficult to get married and comparatively easy to be divorced; instead, they put the stumbling blocks at the wrong end of the bridge." He moved an ash tray aimlessly and avoided her eyes, because she was looking at him as accusingly as if he had made the laws himself. "I wouldn't worry too much about Jim's coming back. When he gets my letter, I imagine Hartsboro will be one place he'll want to avoid."

"I hope so." She sounded unconvinced. "But he's the kind that when he gets mad he forgets everything but trying to get even."

"Let's don't look for trouble," he said. "Half the time, it never shows up."

She rose, knowing that the conference was over, and stood twisting her brown cotton gloves. "Mr. Abney—don't send the bill for this to Paul. It'll take me a good while to pay you, but if you don't mind me paying a little at a time . . ." Economizing on the grocery bill was a bitter way, but better than asking Paul to pay for a thing like this.

He made a gesture of protest. "There's no bill for this, Mary." He saw the suspicion in her eyes and smiled. "When the time comes for your divorce I'll charge you the regular fee, but there's no fee for advice like this."

She regarded him gravely and decided that he was telling the truth. "Thank you then, a million times. . . ." She hurried out because she was so close to crying.

EIGHT more months before she could even begin to get a divorce, and anything could happen in eight months. Paul could feel, after all that time, that there was no use in bothering to get married; the bloom could wear off and he could get to thinking of her as a cheap woman, living with him in sin. It was all new and wonderful now, but in eight more months. . . . She rubbed a hand angrily across her eyes and walked down Market Street to catch the bus home.

She slipped off the bus at Merritt Street and slowed her pace as she walked past Mr. Hammill's, hoping for a sight of Paul. She saw him briefly, with his yellow head bent to learn the wishes of a fat woman in a shapeless black sweater, and the glimpse made her knees feel weak. One more week and Paul would be through with this; even if he had to wear coveralls and get his hands calloused and dirty, it would still be a job that fitted him better.

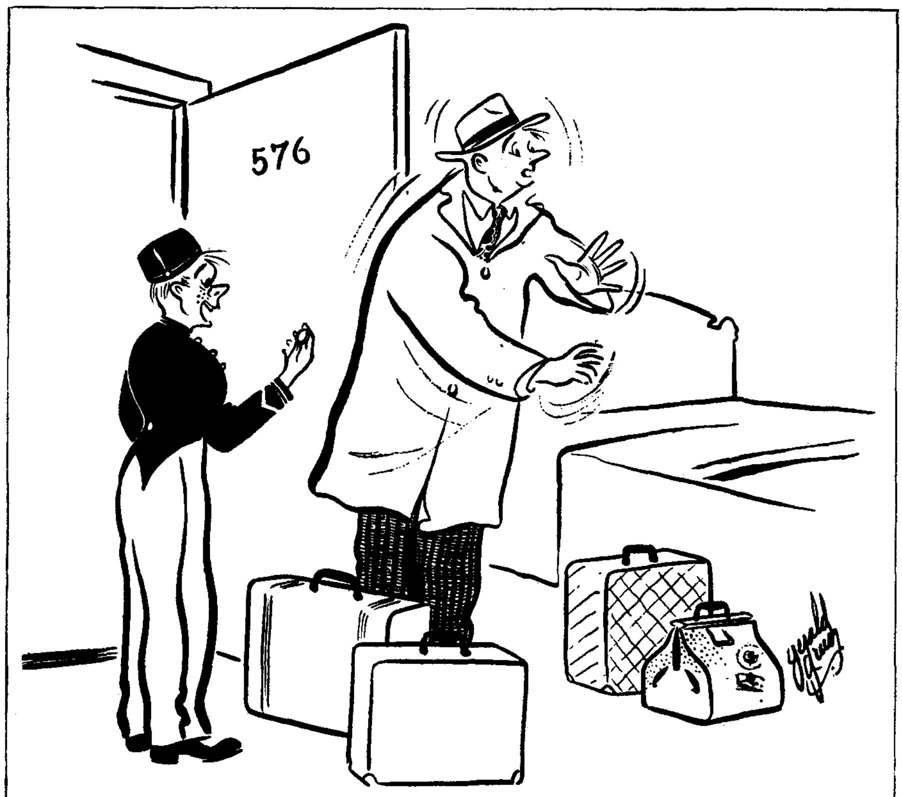
Five-thirty. Mary took off her good dress, washed her face and remade it carefully, even though Paul wouldn't be home until seven.

She cooked Shan's supper and fed him, then left him in the high chair while she made ready for the coming of Paul. When Paul's car slid past the kitchen window and nosed its way into the garage she swerved to face the door, immobilized by her worship.

"Hi, there." His grin made her skin ripple.

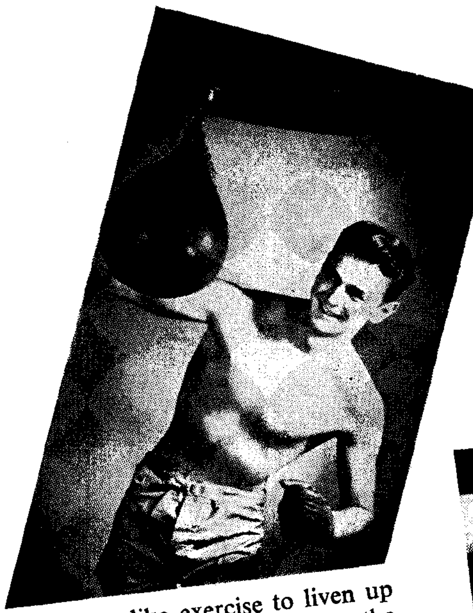
"Hi, yourself. What you got?"

"Lettuce and stuff. Mr. Hammill said they'd be too wilted by tomorrow at the

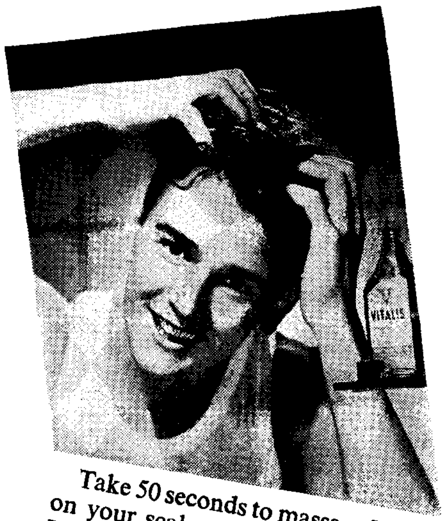


COLLIER'S "A nineteen-thirteen Liberty-head nickel—gosh, they're worth three thousand, seven hundred dollars" GERALD GREEN

Give your hair that Vital look



Nothing like exercise to liven up a man's looks. And nothing like the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" to give him hair to match! For this famous Workout makes your hair look vital, alive . . . your scalp feel tinglingly refreshed. Want a *vigorous*-looking head of hair? Here's the recipe . .



Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp . . . to set it *tingling*. You prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, even check excessive falling hair. Next, 10 seconds to comb. No, your mirror isn't fooling. That's really *you!*

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store, but that if we stuck 'em in the refrigerator they'd be okay to use."

He put down the sack and came toward her, his eyes glowing, and she took a step backward. "No, Paul. Not with the shades up and the lights on."

"Okay," he said. "I'll pull down the shades."

"We can't. They always stay up, and pulling them down would mean we had something to hide."

"Oh, hell." He nodded toward the hall. "Come out here, then; I'm not going to wait till bedtime to kiss you."

I wonder if I'll ever get enough of this, she thought, feeling his hands move flat and hard over her body. I wonder if *he* will. . . .

"Miss me?" The sound was muffled because his face was against her hair.

"I thought the clock had stopped."

He laughed and spanked her.

PAUL brought her a highball and wrapped her reluctant fingers around it. "Don't worry; this isn't going to be a regular thing. But I want to know what Mr. Abney told you and I got a feeling I'll need a drink to be cheerful about it."

"I guess you will. Come to think about it, I guess I do too." She looked squarely at him. "I have to wait over eight more months—till two years is up—before I can get a divorce."

"Oh, Lord."

She told him about it as briefly and accurately as she could, and for the second time she was frightened by the look on his face. When her voice faded he saw the dread in her and smiled.

"Well—that's that. Don't take it so hard, baby; actually, it don't make a damn."

"Yes, it does!" She turned back to the stove and began to dish up the supper. "We'll talk about it later and I'll tell you the rest of what he said."

They had fallen tacitly into that habit even before they had begun to love each other. Shan couldn't understand and would never remember, but he was a source of distraction; you needed all your mind for the things they had to talk about. While they ate, he told her instead about the shop and about his day at the store.

"Honestly—that country-club crowd gives me a pain. They think they're the Lord's anointed and that Mr. Hammill ought to save 'em all the scarce stuff just because they come over the railroad tracks to get it. One of 'em came in today with a note from some big wholesaler she'd played bridge with last night—or maybe slept with, for all I know—a guy Mr. Hammill buys from. It said to give her two bottles of salad oil, and she passed it over the counter grinning like an ape."

"Did she get 'em?"

"I'll say she didn't. Mr. Hammill told her his stock was on the shelves and that it was first come, first served. She switched out mad as a wet cat."

Mary broke off a fragment of biscuit and put it into Shan's clutching paw. "I'm glad he did. The trouble is, that's been going on all during the war—besides the black market, I mean."

Paul cursed softly. "Yeah, we heard about that, and we used to hope to God the wise guys would outsmart themselves. Sometimes I wished I could get a coupla toes blown off and come home, but I guess it's a good thing I didn't. I'd've landed in jail sure as the devil."

"I guess you would've; it wasn't any place for anybody with a temper." She changed the subject abruptly, because the memory of his recent lethal anger was too sharp. "How'd the building go today?"

"Swell. Charlie's done a swell job. It ought to be finished by the first week in the month, then I'll need a few more days to get the equipment placed and get set up for business."

"Then no more society women with notes to Mr. Hammill." She had not been happy about them from the beginning; she had been in the store once or twice when they came in, in their tweed suits and handmade blouses, and she had seen how personal a transaction they made of buying groceries from Paul.

"No, thank God."

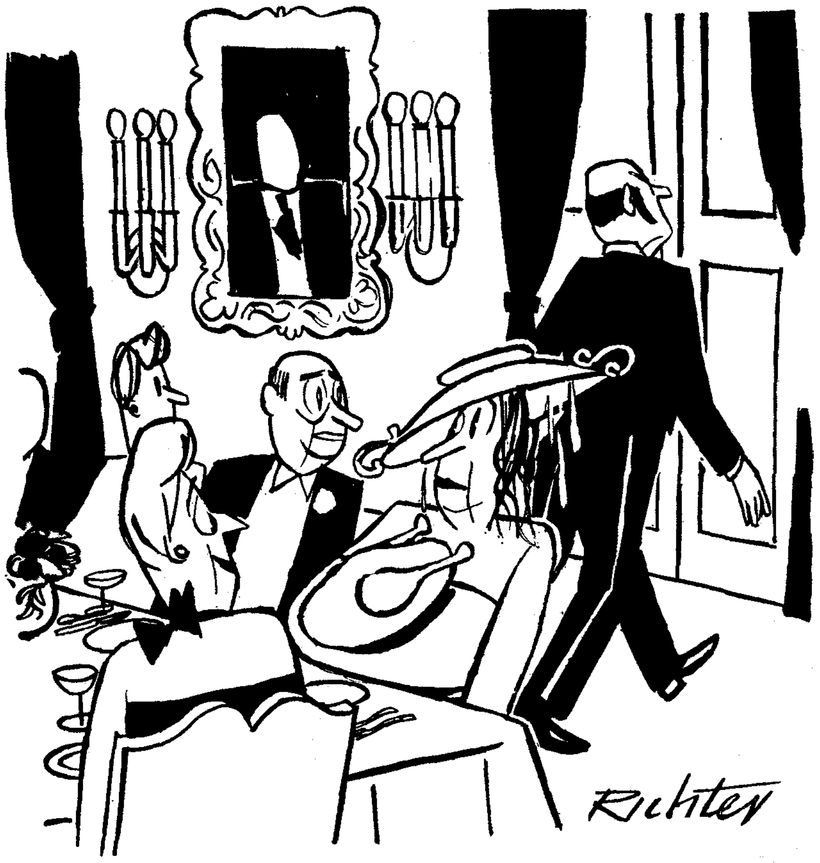
He pushed back his plate and brought out a package of cigarettes, and when he had lighted one for each of them he looked at her through the smoke. It was a slow, deeply intimate look.

"It's nearly eight o'clock," he said. "Why don't I take Shan on while you're washing up? Or you stow him away and I'll wash up."

"You take Shan." Washing dishes was no proper job for Paul.

"Okay." He held out his hands and Shan began to bounce as he stretched his own hands to meet them.

"And don't roughhouse and get him too excited," Mary warned over her shoulder. "If you do he'll never get to sleep."



"Did you *have* to attack the British loan in front of the butler?"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

"Don't worry. He'll sleep if I have to conk him."

He was reading the Ledger when she came into the sitting room so she sat down primly and reached for the section he had finished. He grinned at her; the shameless, intimate grin that always stopped her breath.

"Don't start on that. I'm sleepy. Besides, I thought you wanted to know what all Mr. Abney said."

"I do; I'm gonna hear it all later."

Paul stretched out his hand toward the lamp, there was a click and darkness moved into the room. She sat still in her chair, listening to the quiet sound of his moving toward her, then feeling his hands on her and his breath against her face. She made a last frantic effort.

"Paul—wait till we've talked about it," she pleaded. "It makes everything different."

"Nothing makes it different, baby, unless you do."

"This does. I don't think we ought . . . I think we . . ."

"Tell me about it later, baby. I can't listen now.". . .

If he just didn't know how to make you love him so awful much, she thought later; if he just didn't know how to make you forget everything else. . . . He had taught her how to make love and laugh at the same time, so that nothing else in God's green world mattered until afterward. She kept her eyes shut against his shoulder.

When they began to talk again, Paul said, "Begin back at the beginning and tell me every word Carl Abney said."

"I can't even remember it now."

"Yes, you can." His arm tightened and relaxed. "Any possible loopholes in that two-year deal?"

"Not any, unless we could prove that he'd been—unfaithful. I guess I wouldn't do that, even if I could."

"No." His voice was thoughtful. "I don't guess you would. The rest of it—all that happened before I came home, I mean—that don't help any?"

"Just in getting the law to make him support Shan."

"The hell with that."

"No." She stirred and his arm tightened again. "It's important, most of the time. If I didn't have you, it'd be important to me."

"Well, you've got me, so it's not. And try to get rid of me."

"As if I ever would. But, Paul—"

"Yes, baby."

"I've been thinking about it ever since Mr. Abney told me. About the eight more months, I mean. I think we ought to go back to the way we were before and wait till—"

"What the hell?"

"No; wait." If she was just sitting in a chair with her clothes on, maybe she could explain it better. She raised herself on one elbow and went doggedly on. "I mean—where we are now, it ought to be afterward. Living this way for a week or even a month might not be so bad; but for so long—Paul, I'm afraid."

He was very quiet. "Afraid of what?"

"All that *time*. You getting used to me; tired of me. I think I ought to go off somewhere—only I can't think of where—and wait and see how you feel when it's all over."

He had stopped touching her; even in the dark she knew he was lying on his back staring at the ceiling. The silence stretched out long and thin.

"I don't get it," he said finally. "Are you afraid you'd see too much of me and want to change your mind?"

"Oh, Paul." Her voice tore in half. "Paul . . ."

"Then what is it, Mary? We can't get married, but what difference does it make to us? We've already got everything. Hell, you're already Mrs. Shannon without even having to change your name."

"But suppose you changed your mind? If we were married you might not think anything about it, but if you had all that time to get used to me, bored with me. . . ." She saw that she had made him really angry.

"That's a swell thing to say to me. What else do I have to do to convince you?"

He was right; everything he had done in these weeks was a reproach to her doubting. "I know you love me now," she persisted, "but you see, Jim loved me too, when we got married. At least he made like he did, and he changed so soon."

That brought him all the way back to her. "I get it, baby. You don't trust me on account of already being hurt once. I told you I wasn't like Jim; it looks to me like you ought to know it yourself, by now."

"I do! Nothing about you is like him. That's why I can't stand for you to be pulled into something where you might feel like you wanted to get out and you'd be too good to do it. You said you'd leave me the way he did, but you wouldn't; you'd stay whether you wanted to or not."

"Oh, Christ." The words came from between his teeth. "I'm tired of this because it's all malarkey. You're mine and you're going to stay mine from here on out. As soon as the law says we can get married, we'll *get* married, but I can't see where it matters. We couldn't have another kid now, anyhow; Shan's too little and we couldn't afford another one yet, even if we were the tightest-married couple in Hartsboro. I don't even want another one for a while; Shan's mine a lot more'n Jim's. So will you forget it," his mouth began to hunt for hers, "and remember, you're Mrs. Paul Shannon instead of Jim?"

THERE was one more thing. She hung onto her sanity long enough to bring it up. "Yes, I'll remember," she promised. "But, Paul, there's one more thing you ought to do."

"Just one?" His voice was dry.

"One big one. You got to go out at nights sometimes, so people won't guess how it is with us. You ought to have dates sometimes."

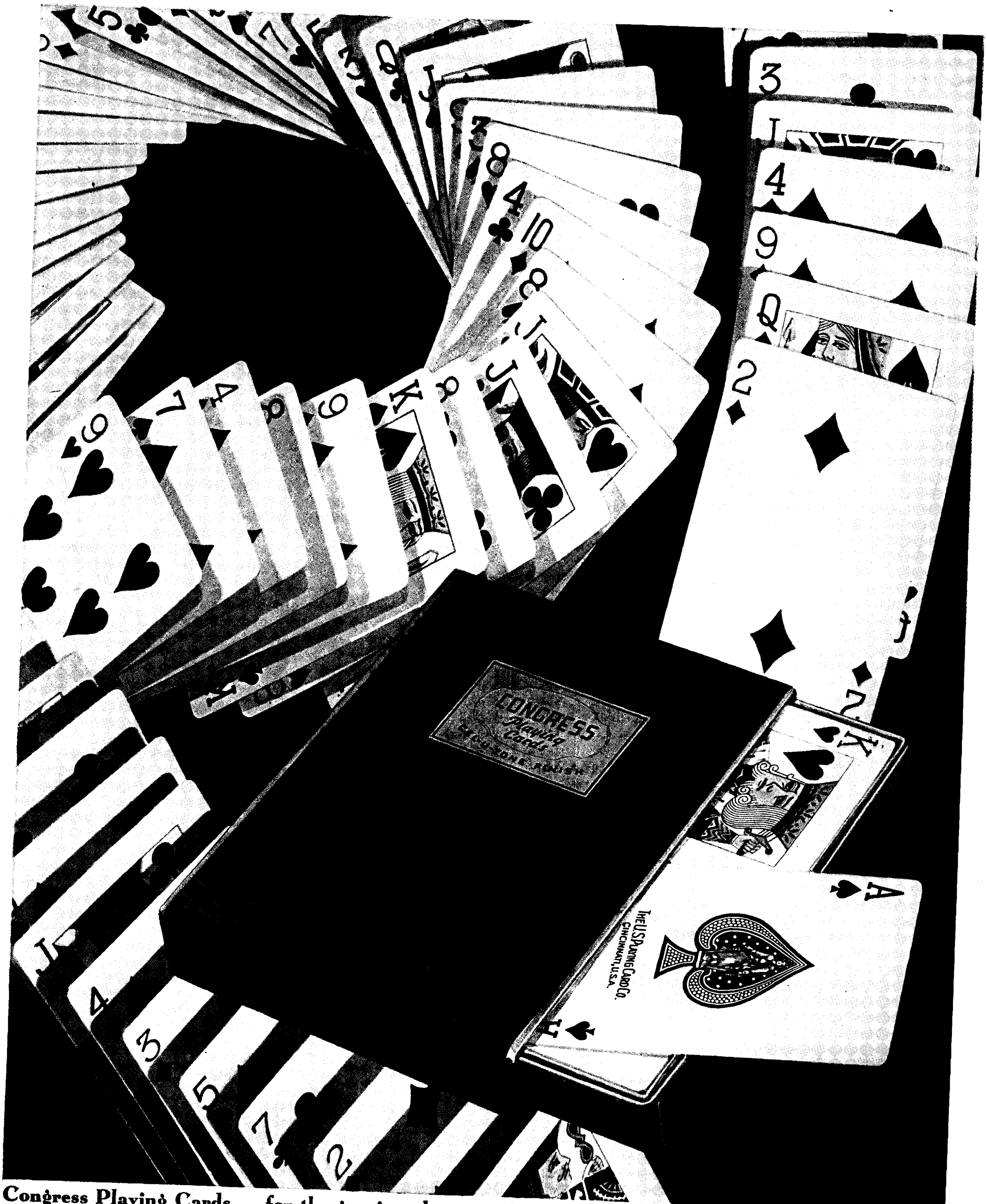
There was another icy silence. "What d'you want me to do—pick up a tramp somewhere and parade her along Merritt Street?"

She winced. "Please don't talk like that; I can't even stand to think about it. But I don't want people to say you came home and I hooked onto you before you knew what was happening. When Shan gets big enough to go to school I don't want kids saying anything that'd make him feel ashamed of us; things they heard at home. Kids do that, Paul; they don't have any mercy. I want it to look right when it does happen."

She began to cry in short dry sobs that made him weak with tenderness.

"Okay, sweetheart," he said. "We'll keep it that way. Not here at home, because I can't get along without you now; but outside. Once every week or so I'll paint the town bright red, with a different skirt every time, until I've got people beating their gums. And you'll know it was all an act." He stopped. "Or will you?"

(To be continued next week)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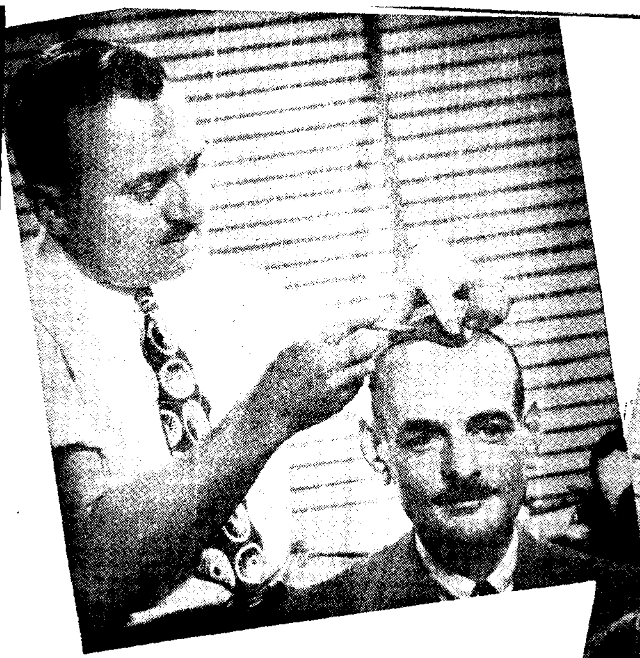
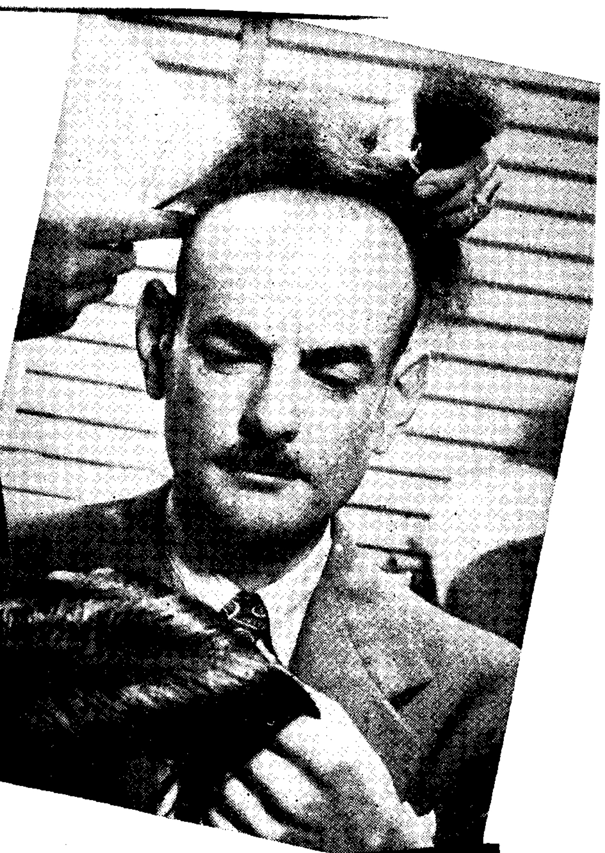
This man should be having fun at Nicky Blair's Carnival, but he's too conscious of his baldness





Deciding to do something about it he visits Fifth Avenue's John & Co., where John Salla, Jr., measures the bald area

Upper right: Customer examines sample toupee while different shades of hair are compared and blended on his head

Right: Harry Savitz inserts and knots individual hairs in the netlike base. This job takes a minimum of six weeks

GONE TODAY HAIR TOMORROW

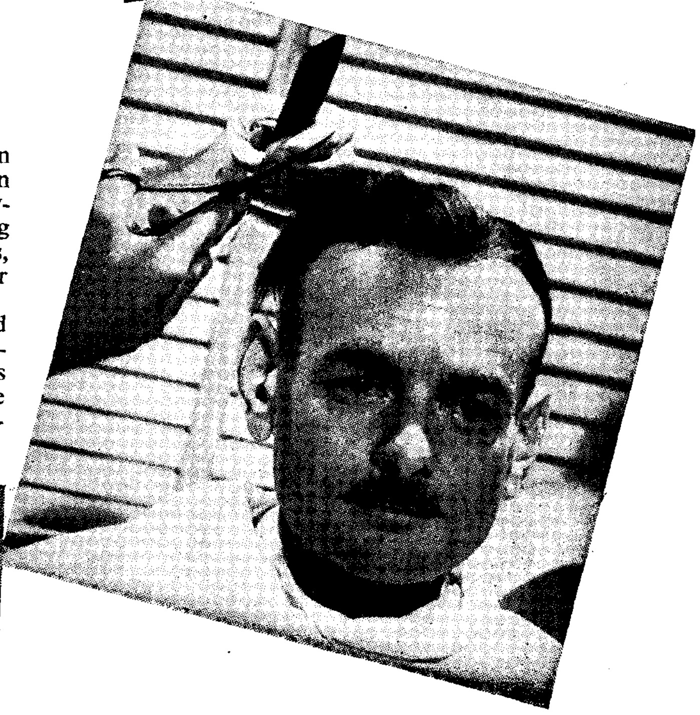
The old-fashioned toupee that fitted like a bearskin rug is out; today you can get a new head of hair so perfect that even your wife can't tell

BY E. A. WELCH

IF THERE'S anything more tragic in the life of a man than losing his best girl, it's losing his hair. Often one follows the other. Psychologists are becoming more and more aware that, of the many factors causing nightmares and inferiority complexes in the male animal, loss of hair is one of the most important.

Of course, it is also true for the female of the species. But while men suffer in silence, their former ribs go out and do something about it. Most trusting males would quickly lose faith ideals if they knew how many of the gorgeous "crowns of beauty" they see on the fairer sex were bought on Fifth Avenue, or in a dime store. Many women have very thin hair, and even none in spots. However, they cover up by growing long hair, wearing curls or flounces, or by purchasing artificial patches, wigs, curls, braids, bangs, or "rats" to stick on their heads.

Hair was the secret of Samson's strength, and Charles Boyer refuses to appear on the screen without it. But the average man is supposed to take loss of his locks, in whole or in part, with no more action than a forced grin at the many crude at-



Double adhesive patches hold completed toupee firmly as strands are trimmed to blend perfectly with side and back hair

Left: His inferiority complex is gone. Toupees must be bought in pairs since they require cleaning every four weeks

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

Early

Smart

—and gets it early too—because, w

“Prestone” anti-freeze available than

1941—there's still not quite enou

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WHATEVER you drive—a slick '46, or something older—you'll want to guard against freeze-ups this winter as never before. With “Prestone” anti-freeze, you're *safe*—and you know it. One shot lasts all winter . . . it doesn't boil away or foam off. And it prevents rust and corrosion too.

It's better to get this positive protection early. For, despite all production effort, there won't be quite enough “Prestone” anti-freeze this winter for everyone. At the first sign of frost, see your dealer—and drive without worry *all winter long*.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
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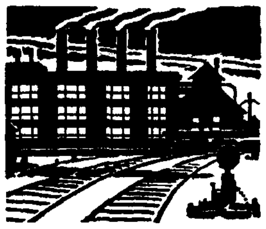
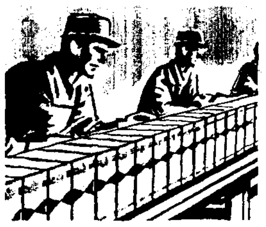
The words “Eveready” and “Prestone” are registered trade-marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

Here's why there's still a shortage of America's favorite anti-freeze:



1 “Prestone” anti-freeze, like most other products, depends on the utilization of raw materials and equipment drawn from many fields. Recent industrial dislocations have affected our ability to acquire and construct the new facilities necessary to meet all needs. This plant-expansion program, not authorized during the war, has of course been planned for years. It is well advanced, but the real benefit will not be felt in 1946.

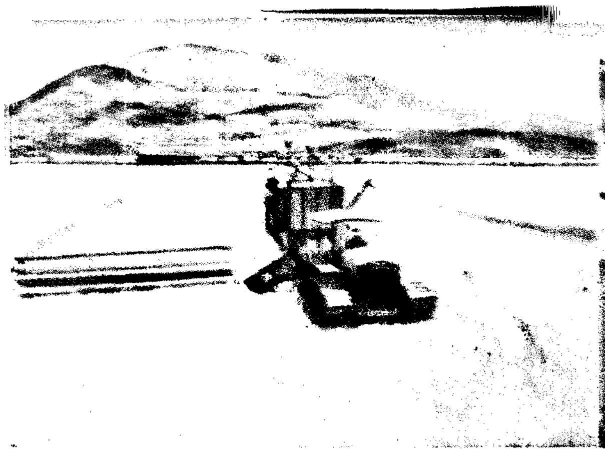


2 “Prestone” anti-freeze must be produced and *packaged* many months in advance of cold weather. Last spring and summer the world-wide food shortage diverted packaging materials to the need of starving millions. So your dealer may be selling “Prestone” anti-freeze from 5-gallon cans in addition to the familiar 1-gallon cans. This shortage of packaging materials also adversely affected our ability to meet 1946 requirements.

PRESTONE ANTI-FREEZE

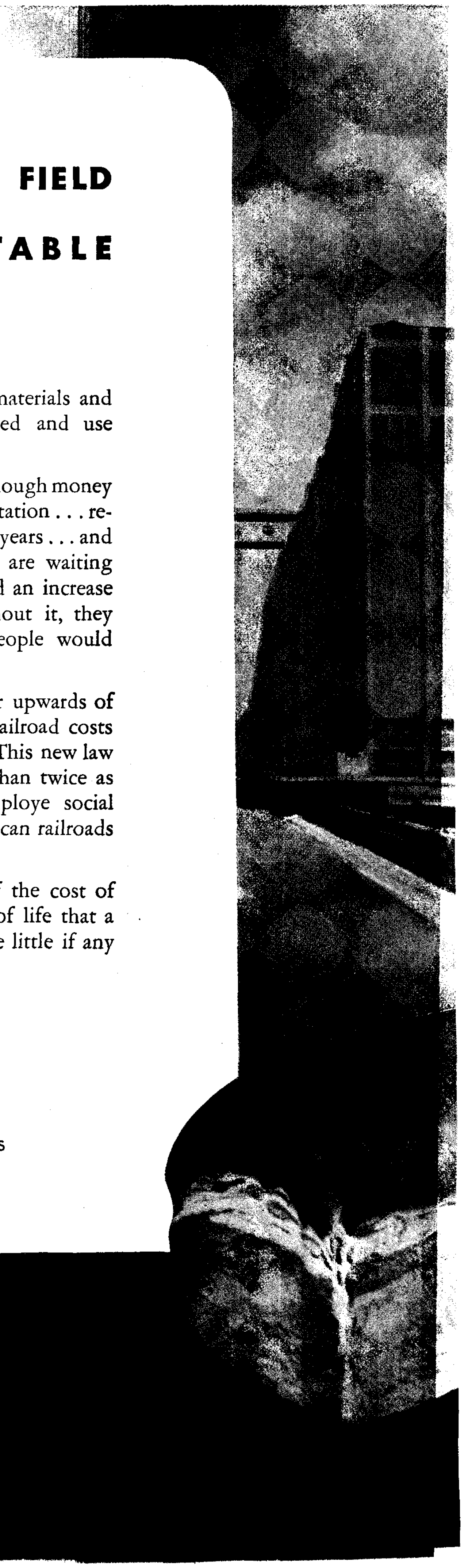
TRADE-MARK

“YOU'RE SAFE AND YOU KNOW IT!”—ONE SHOT LASTS ALL WINTER

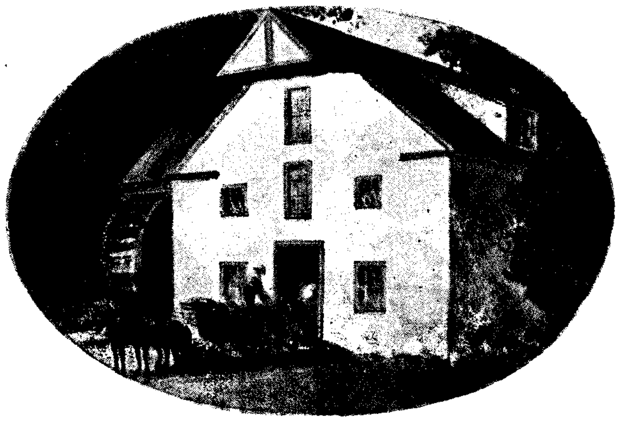


REAPING THE GRAIN! Most bread grains are raised in the western states—a long haul to eastern markets.

LOADING THE CARS alongside local elevators for shipment east to great mills like that pictured to right.



Bread — FROM FIELD TO TABLE



Before the Pennsylvania Railroad was born, in 1846, it cost $4 to haul a barrel of flour over the Alleghenies between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh.

The Pennsylvania Railroad performs the same service today for 46c.

However, like every individual and every business, the railroads are feeling the effects of rising costs. Increased railroad wages since 1939 mean an *extra* $1 billion, 451 million a year for railroad payrolls. Increased costs of materials since 1939 mean an *extra* $503 million a year for railroad materials and supplies. Everything the railroads need and use costs more.

Prewar freight rates could not bring in enough money to continue to provide better transportation . . . rebuild roadways worn by the traffic of war years . . . and produce those fine, new trains people are waiting for. That is why the railroads requested an increase in freight rates averaging 19%. Without it, they could not go ahead and do what people would like them to do.

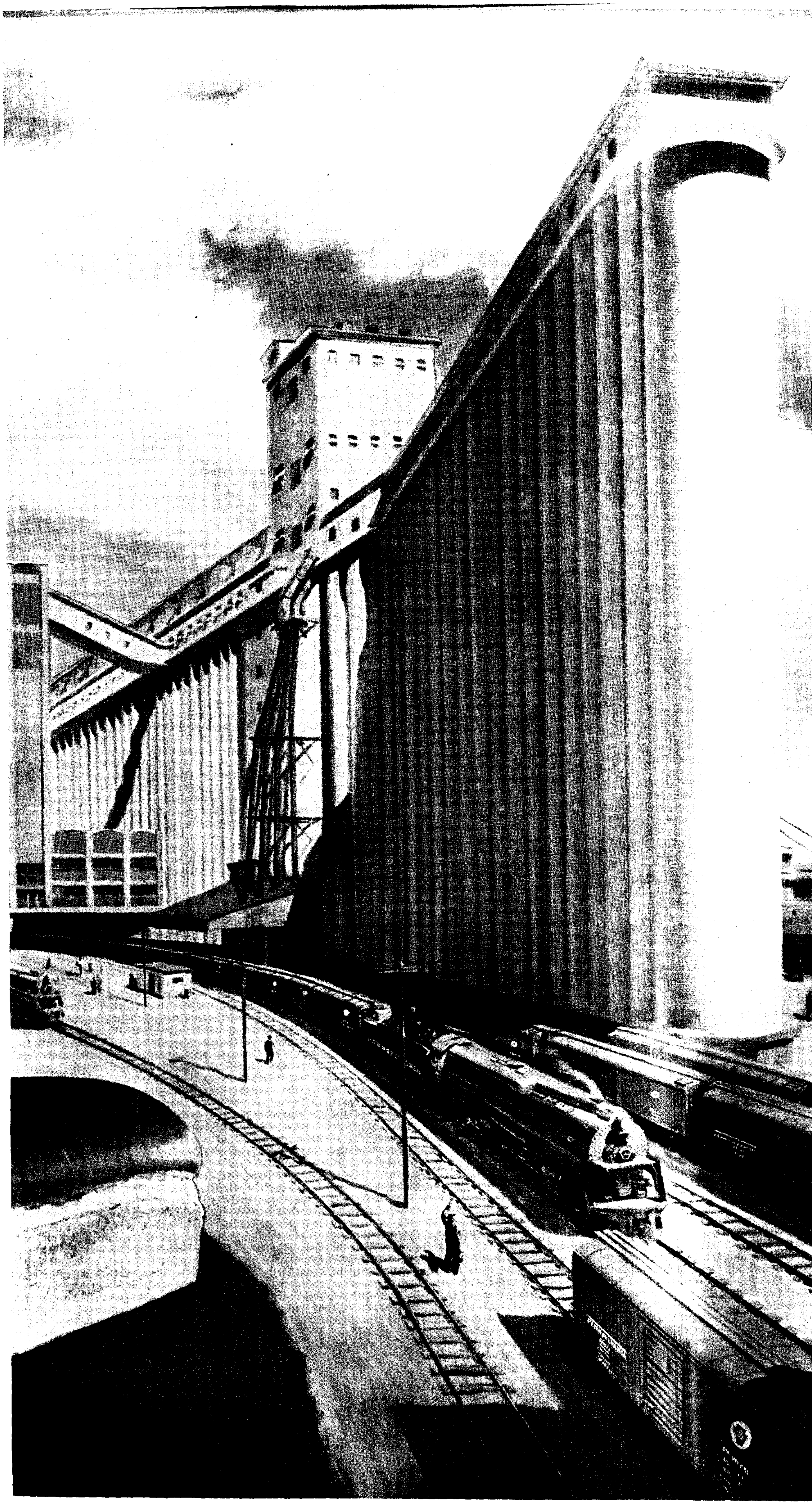
In fact, 19% will not now suffice. For upwards of $85 million a year has been added to railroad costs by recent passage of the Crosser Act. This new law singles out the railroads to pay more than twice as much as any other industry for employe social security. Only through increased rates can railroads meet such costs.

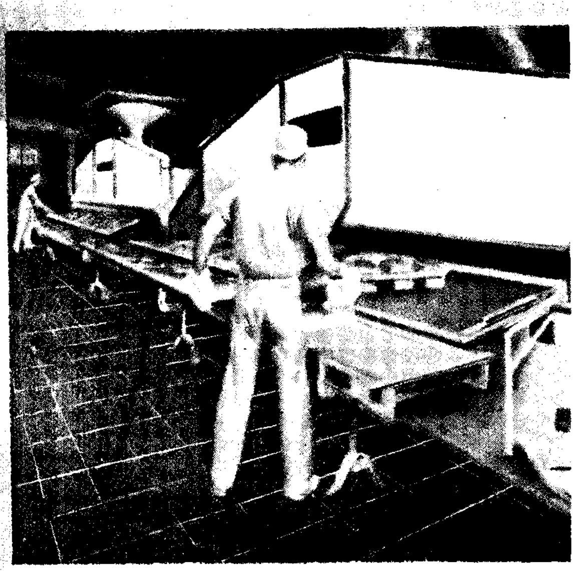
After all, freight is so small a part of the cost of items like bread and other necessities of life that a fair increase in freight rates could have little if any effect on their prices.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

1846 *1946*

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TRANSPORTATION PROGRESS





GOLDEN LOAVES from modern baking machines. The flour is brought by train from the mills.

DAILY DELIVERY by truck to stores and homes—bread fresh and crisp, sanitarily wrapped.

FOR YOUNG AND OLD—The mainstay of life! Americans eat 40 million loaves a day.

Cocktails in 1/4 time!

You can always beat time with Heublein's.

There isn't a faster way of getting a cocktail, or a better. Whether you prefer a really dry *Dry Martini,* a smooth, mellow *Manhattan* or one of our other fine cocktails, you have only one thing to do—*just add ice and serve!*

Made for you from the finest liquors, by men who have mixed more cocktails than anyone else in the world.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS

AT YOUR LIQUOR STORE
Manhattan, 65 *proof*
Dry Martini, 71 *proof*
Old Fashioned, 80 *proof*
Side Car, 60 *proof*
Daiquiri, 70 *proof*

Pronounced HEW-BLINE'S

tempts at humor that his baldness provokes.

If a man loses a bit of hair and a bit of his ego with it—as just about all men do in the course of a lifetime—why should he let some old-fashioned ideas or corny jokes keep him from remedying the situation? There are several hundred thousand who don't. But there are still a great number who seem to prefer the nightmares and inferiority complexes.

The factor that is bringing this masculine bugaboo to the attention of psychologists today is the plight of many veterans, who, through any one of the many misfortunes of war, have lost all or parts of their hair. We stepped into a place the other day where they guarantee to put hair back onto a man's head so expertly that not one person in a hundred would be able to tell it isn't his own. We learned that, at this establishment alone, more than three veterans are fixed up daily. The Veterans Administration and the Navy have gone to the extent of purchasing new heads of hair for men who have lost their own in line of duty.

Helping a Battle-Fatigue Case

If you don't think such things mean a lot to these young men, you can take the word of an Army major for it. He said it helped a man of his who was suffering from battle fatigue more than all the drugs and other treatments put together.

Another veteran called up from out of town. He had lost every strand of his hair, and he was suffering plenty. He refused to go home, and he refused to call at the office in person. He was told to send in a few photographs and measurements. From these, a new head of hair was made and sent out to him. Only then was he willing to come and call in person—to offer his heartfelt thanks for the transformation.

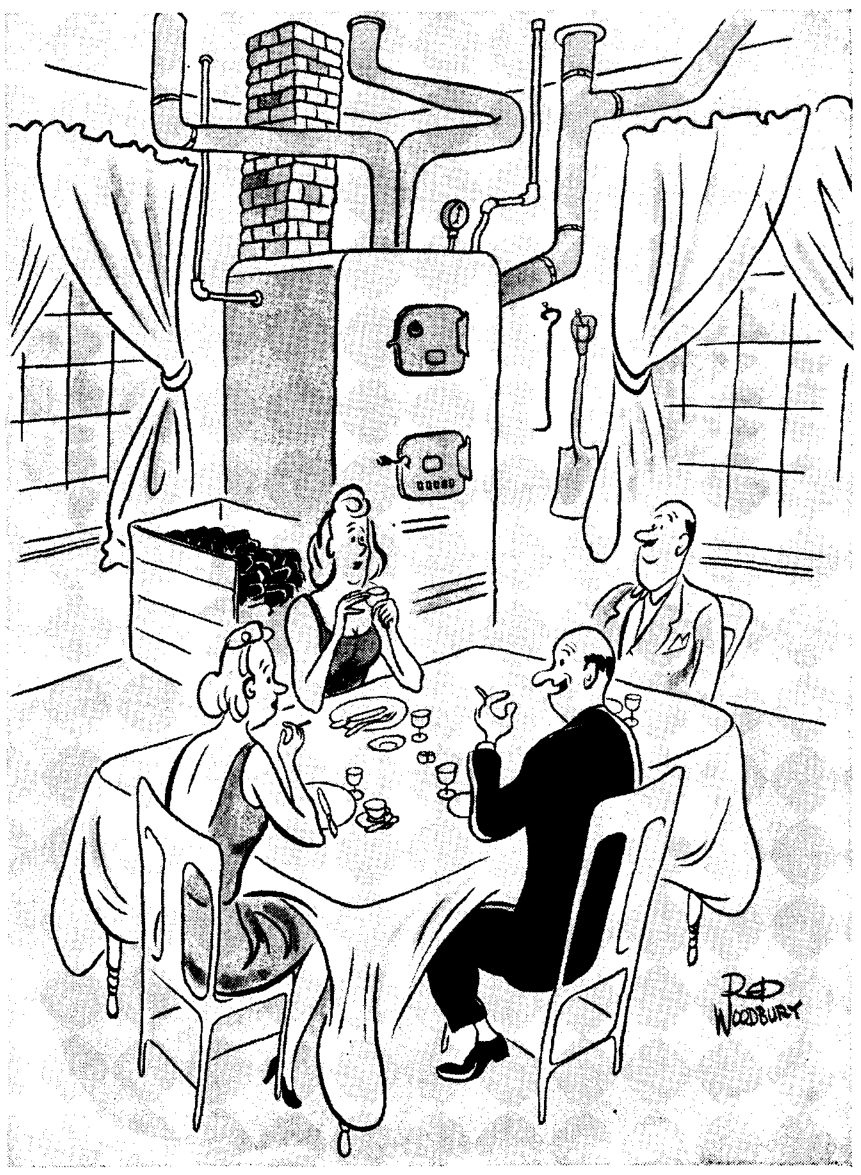
Before we go further, we want to make it clear that we are not talking about ordinary hair pieces. We're talking about modern works of art. Painstaking, individual creations that become a part of you. No wind can blow one off. You can wear one out in the rain, and go to bed with it on. You comb it just as naturally as you ever combed your own hair. You can get one to cover anything from the whole head to a tiny spot where things are thinning out a bit too much for comfort.

The old-fashioned toupee fitted one about as neatly as a bearskin rug. The modern creations not only fit so snugly that they are practically undetectable except to an experienced eye, but they can often make you look better than your original hair. The hair line of many men is out of harmony with the shape of their heads and faces. A practiced, discerning creator of the new head of hair can often make it so it leaves you better looking than you ever were before.

A full new head of hair will contain about 140,000 individual strands. A partial one—used where your sideburns and back hair are still intact—contains from 40,000 to 70,000. Smaller ones, of course, contain proportionate numbers. At present it takes from six to eight weeks to have one made.

At one of the places where new hair is created—John & Co., on Fifth Avenue, New York—they tell how ill at ease most men are when they come in. They hedge and they fidget. Many come up to the shop by the stairs, instead of taking the elevator, in the hope that nobody will see where they are going.

But John Salla, Jr., who with his father has been in the business for forty years,



COLLIER'S "After dinner, folks, I'll show you the neatest game room ever installed in a basement" RED WOODBURY

When you celebrate your Silver Wedding ...will Your "Unseen Friend" be there?

Today, and all through your life you can enjoy the beauty and warmth of gleaming silverware...yours at moderate cost, thanks to a "silver wedding" that took place many years ago.

For it was the marriage of a coat of pure silver to a Nickel alloy that brought handsome, durable, silverware within the reach of millions.

Yes, it's Nickel silver, an alloy of Nickel, Your *Unseen Friend*, that provides the smooth, uniform foundation to which pure silver adheres without flaking...without peeling.

Nickel also adds to the hardness and stiffness, to keep your silverware from bending or denting.

And...because Nickel furnishes a corrosion-resistant base that is ever silvery in color...it blends with your silverplate's gleaming luster, despite a lifetime of polishing and use.

Thus, again Nickel is Your *Unseen Friend*. "Unseen," because it is usually combined with other metals to make alloys such as Nickel silver, Nickel bronze, stainless steel and Inconel...to add beauty, toughness and other special properties.

In these, and countless other ways...from the Nickel in giant power plant turbines to the Nickel in your electric iron...this versatile metal is Your *Unseen Friend*. It's as much a part of your daily life as the home in which you live.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
New York 5, N. Y.

INCO TRADE MARK **Nickel**
...Your Unseen Friend

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People whose success depends on writing know they can depend on Scripto Pencils

"Scripto Pencils meet my unusual requirements"

BEATRICE DAL NEGRO
Secretary to Hector Chevigny who, despite the loss of his sight three years ago, is one of radio's busiest writers and author of "My Eyes Have a Cold Nose" published this fall, and "The Angels Look Upward."

Miss Dal Negro must be ready to write when Mr. Chevigny starts dictating. No time to sharpen a pencil or replace lead. Naturally, she depends on Scripto Mechanical Pencils.

With its long 4-inch lead, the Scripto Pencil is always sharp. It averages 22,000 words without refilling—many more words in shorthand. Its dependability has made it the choice of successful career people in every field. Get one tomorrow and see how completely Scripto performance meets your requirements.

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SCRIPTO MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA. Makers of the world's largest-selling mechanical pencils. Also no-smudge erasers and quality leads in 10 degrees of black and 17 colors

is a hard man to feel ill at ease with for long. He is earthy and very realistic. The first thing he does when you come in is to talk *against* your getting a new head of hair. He tells of the trouble of having it cleaned periodically, and of how expensive it is. So naturally you start to argue for it. At that point he will get out some of his ready-made affairs and try them on you, to show you how different you look.

By then the little thing you've been mulling over in secret for so long is pretty well settled. You're sold.

The first step in making a new head of hair, or a patch, consists of forming a basic foundation out of buckram. This is shaped to your head, and a papier-mâché impression is then made from it. A lacelike net of human hairs is fitted over this form, and human hairs are attached to the net. The hair is chosen by taking several strands from your head and matching them with the samples. Several are taken, because your hair contains many slight variations of color, and they are all put into the final article, making it match your own hair perfectly. Each strand of hair is cleverly tied, one at a time, to the foundation net. An adhesive is applied to the bottom of this net, and the whole thing adheres firmly and closely to your scalp.

Rising Costs of Hirsuteness

Since the war, the price of these creations has gone up 50 to 75 per cent. Toupees—a partial head of hair—start at $125; wigs—a full head—at $150. This is because practically all the tools and hair used are imported. Buyers used to go through France, Germany and Czechoslovakia, buying the long hair of peasant women who grew it just for that purpose. Some is now being imported from Mexico.

You can purchase your wig or toupee either in person or by mail. The results are just as good.

Mr. Salla has customers ranging in age from five to ninety-three years. A customer usually buys two at a time, because they have to be cleaned about every 4 weeks, and this gives him a spare to wear during the cleaning period. If kept in good condition, the two will last about two years.

Mr. Salla has one customer, now twenty-seven, who has been a client for twenty-one years. He fought through four major campaigns and has always been active. Yet he says that in all these years of wearing artificial hair only a handful of people have ever guessed it was not his own.

Then there is the story of the bald sergeant who ordered a new head of hair before going into service. He had been in two years when, on being lined up for inspection one day, his superior officer ordered him to get a haircut.

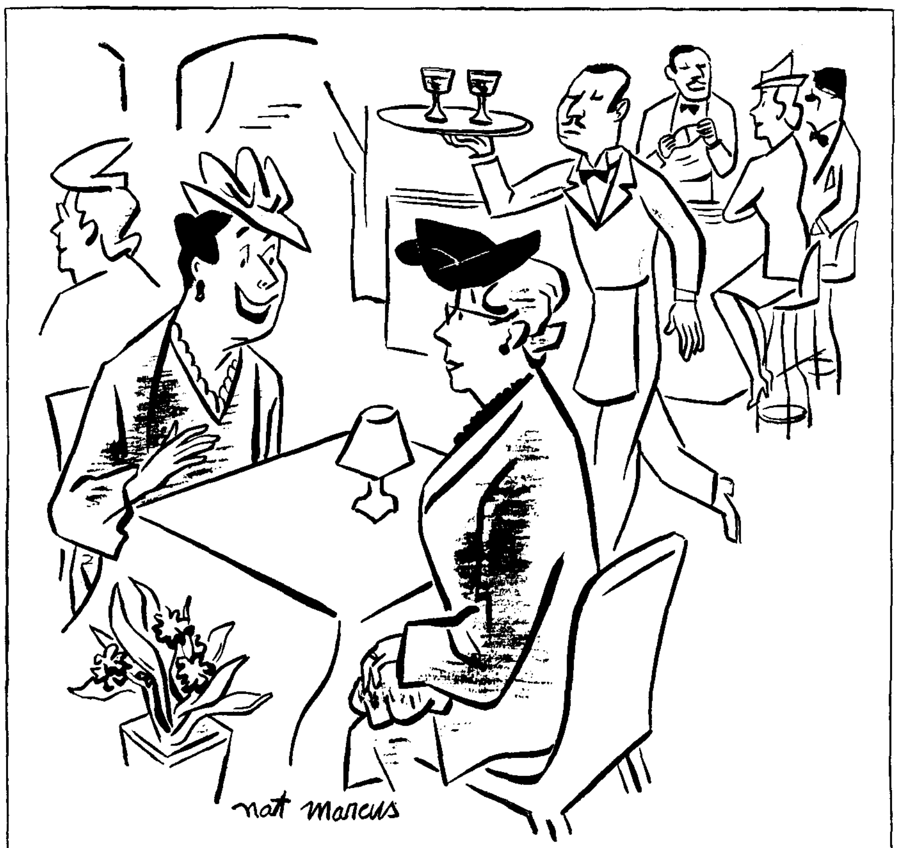
Mr. Salla takes his work very seriously. He has had much experience with the complexes that men can have from baldness. He has seen college professors who have lost all their poise with the advent of baldness. He's seen businessmen who have added years of efficiency to their lives by getting new heads of hair and appearing young once more. It especially helps the egos and the effectiveness of salesmen.

The hardest part of the job usually is to convince the man who has been bald for many years to do something about it. The man who is just beginning, who has only a little spot or so missing, is not hard to convince. But the other fellow has many friends, all of whom have been unable to miss the fact that he was very much bald. And he knows that, for a while at least, he would have to take quite a ribbing if he suddenly appeared with a new head of hair.

Pure determination is about the only answer for such a man. He'll just have to make up his mind to take it for those first few weeks, just as he constantly takes it for his baldness. Either that or he has to move to another town and get new friends.

The fellow who is just going bald is not so hard to sell. He can either cover up gradually or do it all at once. If he does it gradually you can be sure that very few people will notice it, much less comment on it. Even if he does it all at once he can take advantage of the fact that very few people are one quarter as observant as you think. He should pull some other radical change at the same time, such as growing a mustache, or having one cut off. Or suddenly going in for very loud clothes, neckties, or glasses. You'd be surprised how easily the trick will work.

THE END



"Wait till you see the interesting way they serve olives here"

COLLIER'S NAT MARCUS

Donald Randolph . . . star of "LIFE WITH FATHER". . . Broadway comedy hit at the Bijou Theater

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
A COFFEE EXTRACT COMBINED & POWDERED WITH ADDED DEXTRINS, MALTOSE & DEXTROSE
NESTLÉ
NESTLÉ'S NEW YORK
PREPARED BY MILK PRODUCTS, INC. U.S.A.
NET WEIGHT 4 OZ.

DONALD RANDOLPH

just adds hot water . . . gets roaster-fresh coffee

Roaster-fresh because in Nescafé all the fresh flavor of newly-roasted coffee is sealed *in* by added carbohydrates

YOU'LL BE DELIGHTED, TOO! For Nescafé offers you the *peak* in coffee enjoyment . . . because Nestlé's knows *the* way to give you *all the flavor—all the lift*—of really fine coffee! First, we make an extract of choice coffees fresh from the roaster—*then instantly seal in the wonderful flavor!* To *release* this flavor, simply put a teaspoonful of Nescafé in a cup and add hot water. No bother with a coffee maker. No grounds to dispose of. No waste—you make exactly the amount you need—and just the strength you like. A teaspoonful makes a cup—for about 1¢. Ask your grocer for Nescafé *today* . . . it's the *sure* way to coffee enjoyment.

★ AVAILABLE, IN UNITED STATES AND CANADA, in limited supply. We're stepping up production as fast as we can. In the meantime, if you can't buy Nescafé, may we ask your patience, please?

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another famous Nestlé's product

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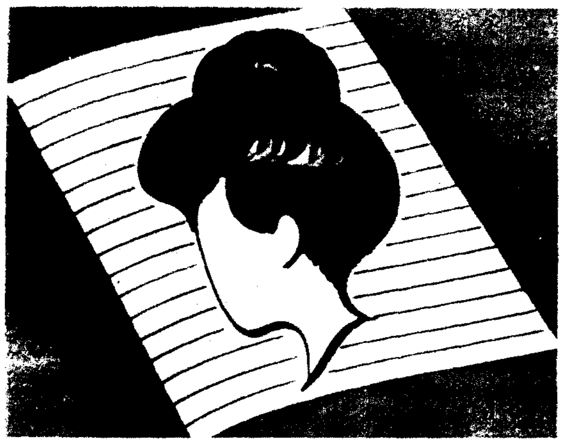
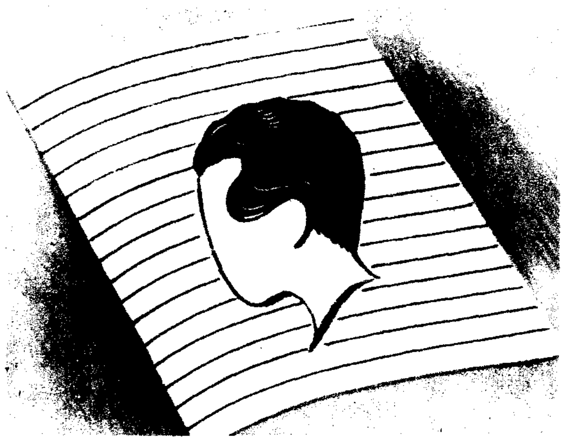
NESCAFÉ (PRONOUNCED NES-CAFAY) IS NESTLÉ'S SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT, COMPOSED OF EQUAL PARTS OF SKILLFULLY BREWED SOLUBLE COFFEE AND ADDED CARBOHYDRATES (DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE) ADDED SOLELY TO PROTECT THE FLAVOR

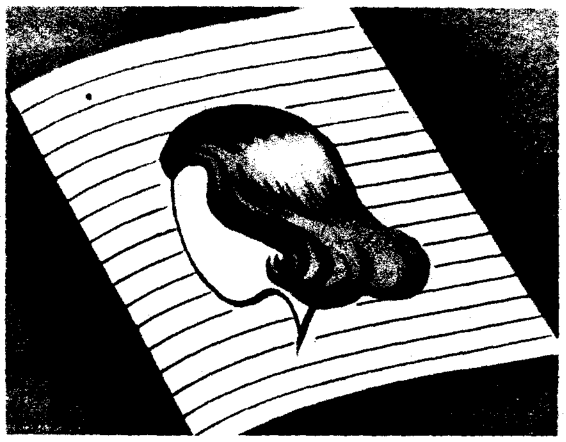
Man's-eye view of hairdo's



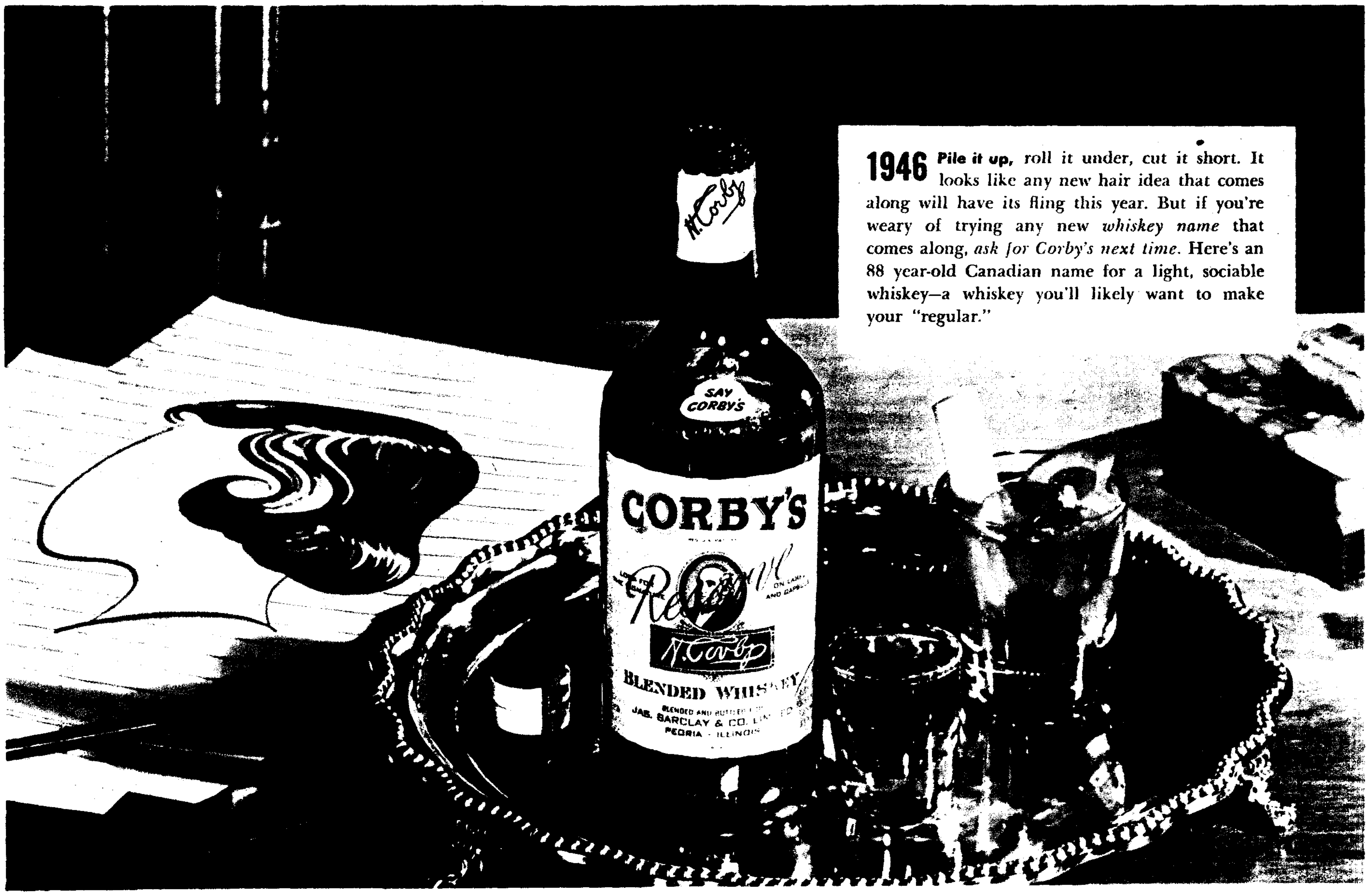
1900 **To bob or not** to bob—that is the question. Women's hairdo's (ways of doing up hair, to mere males) have set a dizzy pace since the piled-up style of 1900, when Corby's had been a famous Canadian name for 42 years.



1925 **The "flapper" days** brought in the short mannish bob—a complete reversal of previous styles. Blonde, brunette and red tresses disappeared like magic, as the streamlined hairdo matched straight-up-and-down dress lines in Corby's 67th year of Canadian renown.



1937 **And now more** feminine again, the style of the moment was a "dipsy-do" version of the middle-length hair cut, 79 years after the name Corby's came to Canada. This looked like hairdo's had hit a happy medium, but a hairdo is seldom either happy or medium.



1946 **Pile it up,** roll it under, cut it short. It looks like any new hair idea that comes along will have its fling this year. But if you're weary of trying any new *whiskey name* that comes along, *ask for Corby's next time.* Here's an 88 year-old Canadian name for a light, sociable whiskey—a whiskey you'll likely want to make your "regular."

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

WAIT TILL YOU HEAR

Continued from page 11

will hear the doorbell ringing." She spoke each word separately, carefully, as though to a child. "Someone wants to get in, Charles. Maybe it is only the superintendent to tell us the house is on fire, but we can at least thank him for the information. Charles, I'm dripping wet, I can't go. Please."

Charles dropped the book on the floor and finished his drink. On the way to the door he kissed Amy's damp face, murmured against it: "It was turning out to be such a wonderful evening, too."

His wife stood, half concealed and curious in the bathroom doorway as he answered the bell. Through the hall she saw that the bell ringer was a young girl. A perfectly beautiful young blond girl, Amy admitted, with a perfectly wonderful figure. Amy made a small mouth of distaste over the clothes the girl wore. The white dress was sprinkled with red cherries and the wide-brimmed white hat had a red band on it. But, thought Amy dispassionately, her mother might have made her forego red gloves and red shoes.

Amy could imagine Charles staring at the apparition.

"Hello, Charles," the apparition said brightly, "aren't you going to ask me in?"

"Sure," Charles said agreeably. "Take off your hat and come right in. You're not by any chance from the fire department?"

He closed the door and leaned against it, facing the flaming vision, facing Amy too. "Income tax collector?" he asked. "Or is this another raid?"

"Oh, Charles," the girl said sharply, "don't you remember me? I'm twenty years old and I was born on the Fourth of July . . ."

"Oh," Charles said, "you're a firecracker. Of course. How stupid of me."

Amy and the girl made identical small sounds of exasperation. The girl wanted to tell her story and Amy wanted to hear it, if only Charles would shut up.

"Charles," the girl said unhappily, "you *do* remember me? You must . . ." Her voice faltered and then she went on. "You're just pretending, aren't you? I sat on your lap *hundreds* of times. Charles, you used to say I was your best girl . . ."

Amy thought she caught a hint of tears in the girl's voice.

"I said that to *you?*" Charles said, completely oblivious of the girl's emotion. He stared at her and grinned. "And what did you say to me, honey?"

"Oh, Charles," the girl breathed, "I was in *love* with you. Don't you remember *anything?*"

CHARLES stared over the girl's shoulder at his wife, found her staring at him. There was, even at this distance, a glint in Amy's eyes which made a deep well of laughter inside of Charles.

"Everything must have gone black," Charles said, suddenly enjoying himself immensely. "Maybe I'm not the right Charles. This is apartment 5-B . . ."

"Of course you're the right Charles, Charles Redfern. You come from California and you enlisted in the Army four years ago . . ."

"That's me all right," Charles said.

"Well, come in and sit down," Amy said to the girl calmly. "It sounds like old home week and we might as well make it as cozy as possible."

The vision whirled and took in Amy. "You two had better sit down," Amy said finally, "while I dry my hair, and then I'll make you both a drink. You *do* drink, Miss . . . uh?" Amy's voice was so gentle that Charles choked.

"Who are *you?*" the vision demanded when she had found her own voice.

"I always thought I was Charles' wife, Amy Brooks Redfern," Amy said. "But these days you can't be too sure. The things you read in the papers. Some returning soldiers have had three wives, you know. Why, only the other day . . ."

"Oh!" the girl said, her eyes widening. "You're not . . . you couldn't be the Amy Brooks Redfern who wrote that wonderful article in—"

"The same," Amy interrupted bitterly, "I should have broken both arms first."

"And you're Charles' wife, too?" the girl wailed. "Oh, that's terrible!"

"Funny . . . I kind of liked it," Amy said. "Up until now. But just hold everything a couple of minutes until I do something about not catching pneumonia. I love mystery stories and I don't want to miss any of this one." Amy retired behind the bathroom door.

"What article were you two babbling about?" Charles asked curiously.

"The one called Women Are to Blame," the vision said. "It's about women who don't try to hold their husbands. Amy, your wife, says it's a woman's own fault when her husband goes off with another girl."

"Oh, yes," Charles grinned. "Amy almost got lynched for that one last week at the Hampton Women's Club. It seems that some other wives didn't think along exactly the same lines . . ."

"Well," the girl said defensively, "All the girls at my school think it's simply *terrif!*"

AMY made a grimace as she came out of the bathroom with her hair tied with a blue hair ribbon.

"So the campus kids thought it was 'terrif'?" Amy said. She stared at the pretty young girl more closely now and remembered that she had said she had sat on Charles' lap a hundred times. Amy couldn't help feeling a rising twist of jealousy. Even fashion-wise Amy had to admit to herself that the girl's flashy getup didn't entirely detract from her undeniable beauty. And, Amy thought, with the proper ensemble to sheath that perfectly luscious young body, a man with more control than Charles would catch and hold his breath. And no doubt fall flat on his face.

Charles felt a moment of curiosity at what might be going on inside Amy's sleek, dark head, but she seemed to be enjoying herself as she stood cool and competent-looking beside the hot, bright effervescence of the young girl.

"Now," Amy said brightly. "Now suppose you tell us who you are. We're dying of curiosity."

The young girl turned pleadingly to Charles.

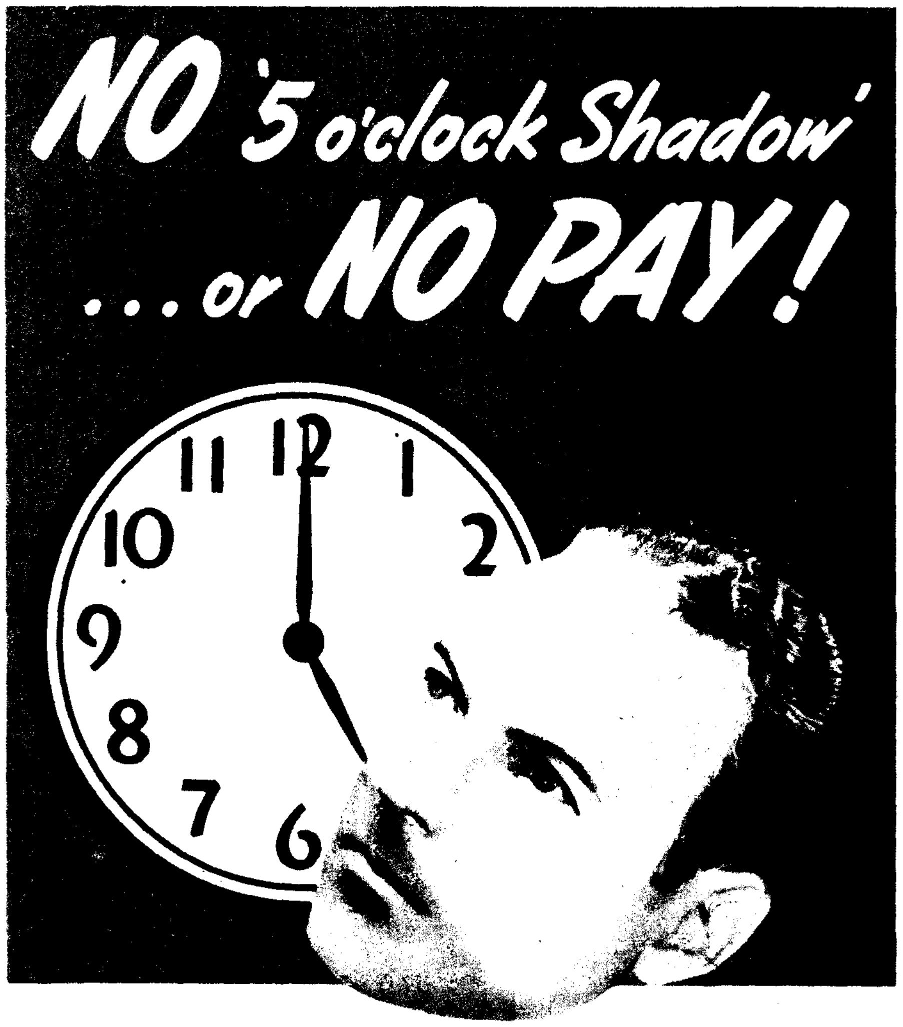
"You see, dear," Amy intruded firmly, so that the girl's eyes had to swing back to her. "You see, ever since Charles was in the Army, he has had a habit of getting drunk and wandering away and strange things happen to him and he just doesn't remember them. Usually, I am along, but—"

"Oh, sure," Charles said, straightening up in his chair, "I take dope, too." He turned to the girl. "Honey, we're fresh out of guesses today. Who are you?"

"Wait a minute, here's something you'll remember, Charles," she said suddenly. "You gave me this ring and I kept it for four years and didn't even tear it." Open went the huge red bag, and out came a paper cigar band. "See," the girl said, triumphantly, first to Amy and then to Charles. "See? Of course it's silly, but it's sentimental, too . . ."

"Great Scott!" Charles said. "Little Betty. My second cousin Guilford's child, from California. I told you once—"

"Ooooooh yes," Amy said. "*You* told



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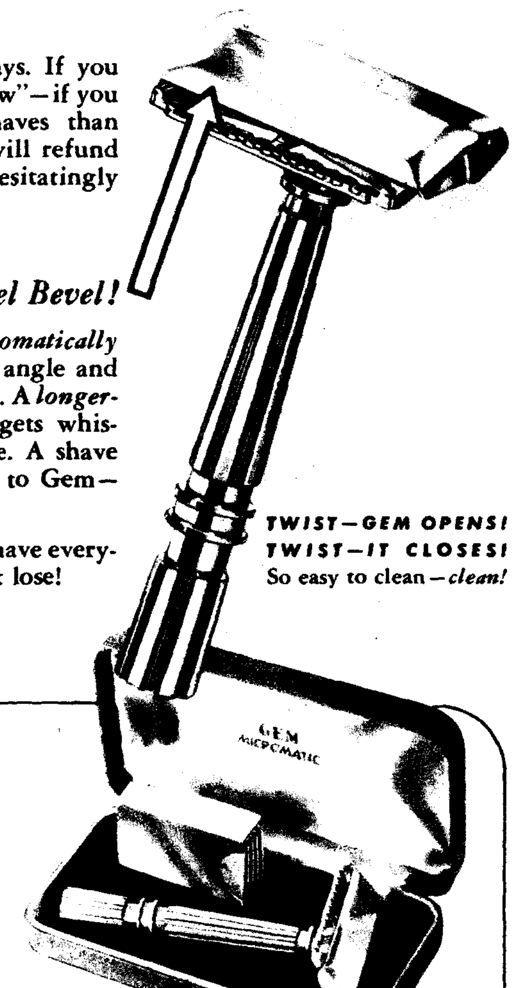
No Other Razor Has This Skin-Level Bevel!

Gem's Skin-Level Bevel *automatically* finds your one best shaving angle and gives you a new kind of shave. A *longer-lasting* shave because Gem gets whiskers right smack at the base. A shave that has converted millions to Gem—*wherever it has been tried!*

So try Gem at our risk. You have everything to gain—and you can't lose!



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GEM "PEERLESS"—Gold-plated razor in richly lined case with 5 Gem Blades . . .

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–thrill to CHEVROLET'S BIG-CAR quality [illegible] its smooth economical performance

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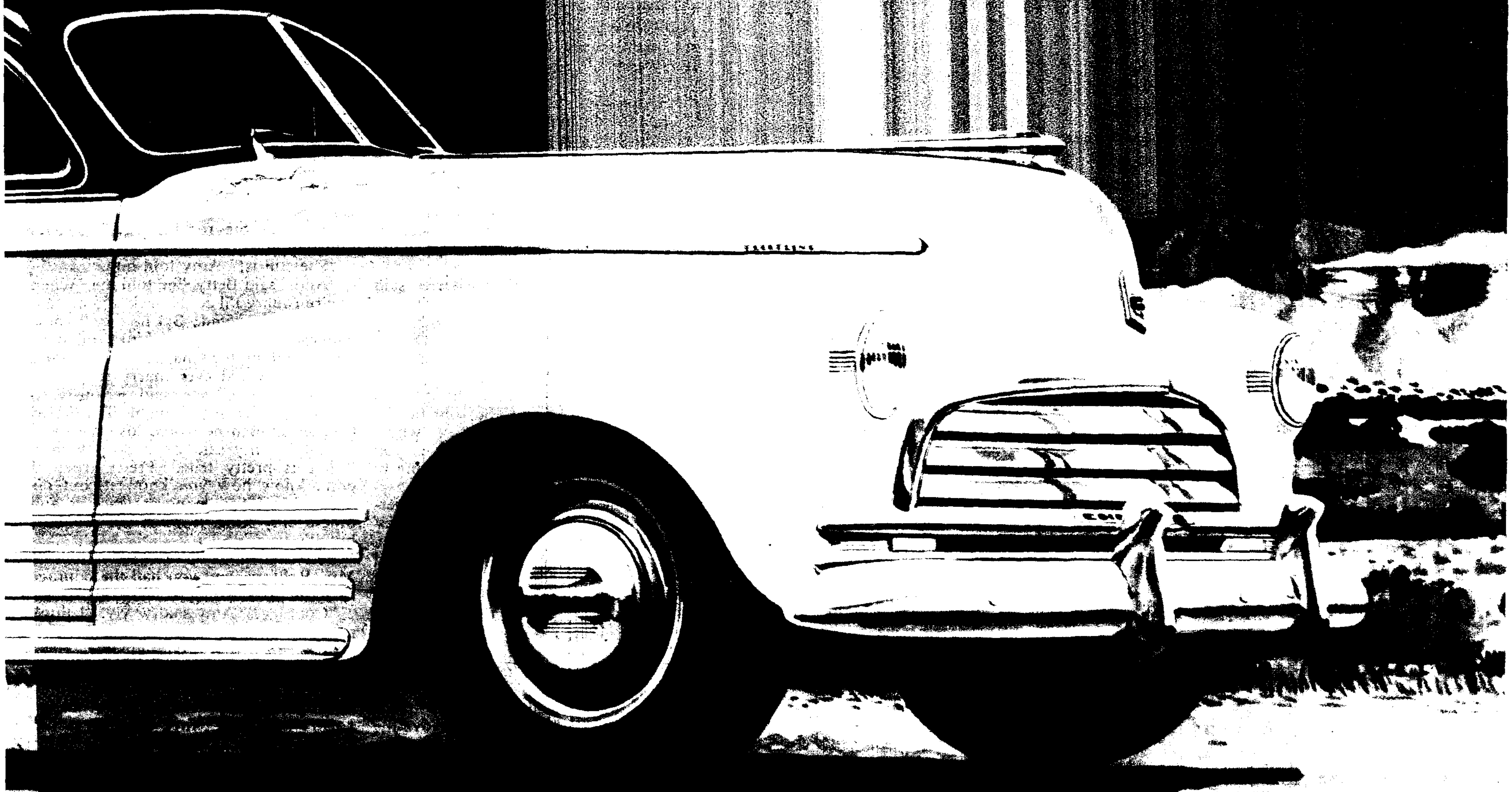
Sp oney it saves you to ENJOY IT MORE!



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broadcast the Yankee-Giant
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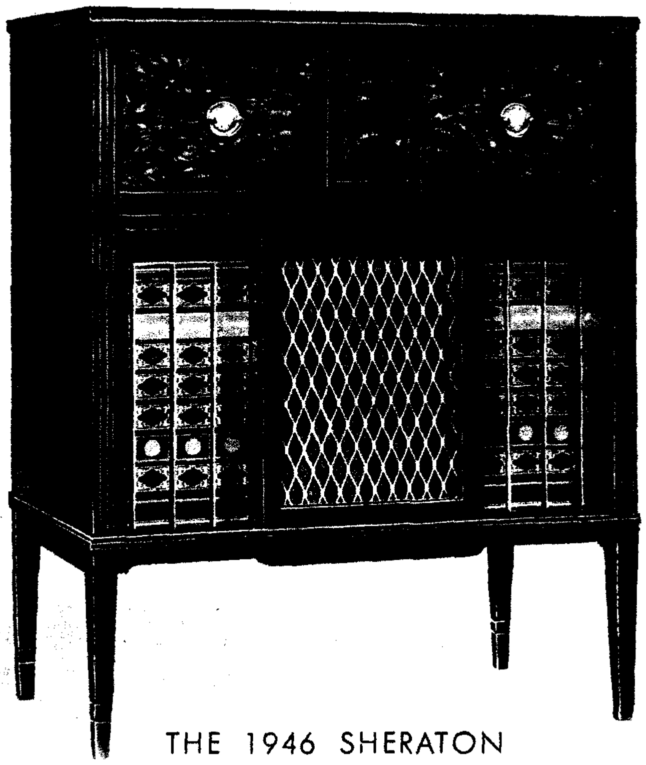
Out of our recent war work, have come many new and important electronic developments. The Garod radio that you buy today is a reflection of 24 years of intensive research and experience in design and production. The Garod of today is the radio that you can recommend to your best friend.



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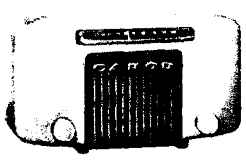

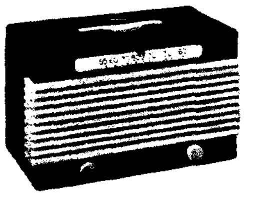

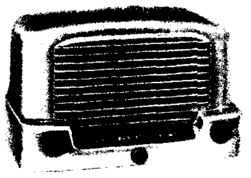

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me, Charles. So this is little Betty."

Little Betty, thought Amy, has a lot of dignity. She kept her eyes on Charles and did not deign to hear Amy.

Amy broke the long silence. *"You* say grace, Charles," she said softly, "while I mix some drinks." Charles, watching her mix the drinks, could tell by the fact that she made them all Scotch without asking, and quite strong, too, that she was a little annoyed.

Little Betty looked directly at Amy, over whom she had the advantage of some four inches and some fifteen pounds.

"I hope you don't mind," she said to Amy, "but I have always loved Charles, since I was six years old. Always. I suppose you think I'm very fresh . . ."

"If you're serious," Amy said, "I think you have a lot of courage."

"I'm very serious," Betty said, "I always loved Charles and"—she blushed—"I guess I've always waited for him to come back."

"Tsk, tsk!" Amy sounded off sharply, "since you were sixteen, you've been waiting. Well . . . suppose I leave you two bobby-soxers alone. You must have a lot to say to each other." Charles didn't like to see his wife leave the room. Now, it didn't seem so funny.

"How is your father?" Charles asked, grinning inanely.

"Oh, he's fine, fine . . . and Mother, *too...* Everybody is in perfect health," Betty said quickly and impatiently. "They let me come to New York to see if I could get on the stage. If I make it before September, I won't have to go back to college. Listen," she went on, lowering her voice to a whisper, "listen, Charles, I didn't come to New York to get a job. I really came to marry you!"

"But I'm already married," Charles said, feeling idiotic.

"I know," Betty said. "It's terrible, *isn't it?"* Charles was startled at the sudden emotion in her voice. "You think I'm young and very silly," Betty went on earnestly, "but I'm not. I'm grown up and I know what I want. The war has taught us all to know what we want and not to be afraid to try and get it—but, oh, Charles, why did you have to marry *her?"*

CHARLES thought of what the war had taught him, and wondered if his cousin's child was crazy. Where do they get it from, Charles wondered. Even the movies don't go this far.

"It seemed like a good idea at the time," Charles said gently.

"But I saw you *first,"* Betty pleaded. "I believed you when you always swore I was your best girl."

"Well, you know me," Charles said with embarrassment, "the restless type."

"You aren't taking me seriously," Betty said.

"I trust you don't want me to," Charles said. "But, if you insist—look, baby, you make me feel foolish. I'm practically old enough to be your father. But Betty, Betty . . . if I must . . . why I never even wrote to you, I've given you no reason—" Charles was beginning to feel a little desperate.

The girl must have sensed the desperation. She dropped herself into Charles' lap, put her arms tightly around him. "I am going to stay right here," she told him, "until you promise to take me out tonight. It is only fair, after all the time I waited. And if your wife is as modern and confident as she says she is, she has nothing to worry about."

"But, Betty, I'm so much older now—" Charles protested.

"I don't care. You're still the handsomest man I've ever known. I love the gray in your hair, it only makes you look more distinguished. Oh, I've always loved you, Charles!" she planted a big, soft kiss on Charles' stiff mouth, and she started to cry.

Charles stood up and placed Betty firmly on her feet. He was confused. The proximity of the pretty girl, the faint sweet perfume, the kiss, all had confused him, but tears were too much.

"Amy!" he called sharply.

Amy wasn't quick in coming. She had changed to a sheer black dress and was clasping pearls high on her throat as she came in the room. She looked different to Charles, who was already too disturbed to realize that she had combed her hair in a new, severe way, and that she looked exactly her thirty-two years, though a very attractive thirty-two.

"Why the hell don't you come when I call you?" Charles said, and thought he must be going crazy to say such a thing to his wife.

BUT Amy wasn't angry. She took in the situation, the tears, the position of the two, and she patted Charles' arm as she passed him.

"Betty," she said firmly, "don't cry. Crying makes Charles cross."

"I suppose you love him, too," Betty said through her tears.

"Oh, no," Amy said, "I just married him for his money." Charles felt relieved. He always felt relieved when Amy talked like that.

"He took me dancing the night he left for the Army," Betty said.

"In California was this?" Amy asked. "Not that that makes it any less legal."

"Yes," Betty said, "and I saw him to the Westwood Station." Charles wondered how women managed to carry on such conversations, as though out of these unimportant facts they got some special information, some important exchange.

"He didn't have to enlist," Betty went on. "But he did. He was so brave."

"Well, he has grown a little chickenhearted these days," Amy said. "Speak up, you brave creature you," she said to Charles, who was stretched out in the big chair, perfectly happy again.

He said: "Don't expect me to intervene. To the victor belong the spoils. I am the spoils."

"Well, Betty," Amy said, ignoring Charles, "one consolation you have. He never took *me* dancing. For my money," she went on, "he is the worst dancer in America."

"No, he isn't," Betty said passionately. "Why, we danced and danced. And he took me out to the boathouse at the club to look at the moon, only there wasn't any, and he kissed me."

"Sixteen?" Amy asked, staring at Charles.

"She was big for her age," Charles said happily.

"She still is!" Amy told him.

"And," said Betty, "he told me, 'When you're twenty I'll come back and do that again.' So I waited. But he didn't come back and I had to find him. I'd have done anything for Charles. But I didn't dream he would ever marry somebody else. You see," she said seriously to Amy, "you see, I thought if I loved Charles enough he would love me too."

"Yes," Amy said on a deep breath. "That is pretty true. Pretty true. I don't know how *you* know it, but it's true. Most people never learn it and others only learn it when it's too late, but it's true."

Betty sighed. "You're awfully modern, Mrs. Redfern, and you had the courage to write that wonderful article—"

"Courage?" Amy said wryly, "I think now I was a little foolish—"

"Oh, no," Betty said quickly, earnestly. "I think you're the wisest woman I've ever met. I didn't come here to steal Charles. Believe me. But listen: I can't help it if I love Charles, can I? Well, all I mean is: If Charles really loved me, I really think you wouldn't stand in his way. Anyway you said that in your article."

For a moment Amy hadn't a thing to say. She turned her hands out slowly in a kind of appeal to Charles, but Charles was enjoying this. He had always told Amy that someday her strong-minded articles would boomerang on her.

"Betty," Amy said, looking off toward the window, so Charles knew she was really thinking now, "I'm not sure whether you are serious, but suppose we assume that you are. That lug Charles won't speak up, so I have to. I would much rather you settled this with Charles. But suppose you come with me and we'll fix up your make-up and maybe get a little better acquainted . . ."

"Hey," Charles said. "Hey, wait a minute—" But the two women were gone from the room.

LEFT to himself, Charles felt a little uneasy. He had that wary sense that some men have: that if you leave two women alone they will, between them, fix your wagon, rather than each other's. Charles didn't want his wagon fixed. He fixed himself another drink, and shook his head. "Women," he said once, aloud. He saw his own face in the round Empire mirror over the mantel and he found himself grinning from ear to ear.

Handsome, he thought. Distinguished. He touched the hair at his temples and smirked at himself. That little kid, he thought, she remembered me all those years. That kiss must have been good. He shook his head some more. He even laughed out loud. This is good for Amy, he thought, she's never had a thing to worry about. He thought back to the night, over four years ago, when he had taken little Betty to that dance. It had been at her mother's plea, because, the mother had said, Betty was too shy and if Charles took her to this dance and acted like her beau, the younger boys might get interested. Well, Betty isn't shy any more, Charles reflected.

A young girl's first crush, he thought complacently, imagine me being that. It pleased him. And it wouldn't hurt Amy any either—this episode. Charles had always been a little annoyed by all the young men his wife had to work with. She said they bored her, but sometimes Charles wondered. One in particular, a Robert Saint-Simon, whom Amy insisted looked exactly as Charles must have looked when he was younger, was a constant source of irritation to Charles. In Charles' mind all men must be in love with Amy, and this Saint-Simon was no exception. So maybe it would be good, Charles thought with a kind of confused pleasure, for Amy to see how it feels. By the time the two women came back into the room Charles was feeling quite proud of himself.

"Well, it's all decided," Amy said gaily, "now it's just where to go. Betty would probably like Eddie Condon's club, but there's a good hot band at Café Society, too. It's up to you, Betty."

"Oh, it sounds wonderful," Betty said. "I've heard about both of them. Maybe we could drop in both places, could we, Charles?" Betty had washed her face and renewed her make-up and she looked dazzlingly artless.

"Maybe you could," Amy said briskly. "Now, Charles, you'd better freshen up a bit. I think Betty should have her chance with you and I think—Betty and I think—something like this is only fair."

Just like women, Charles thought bitterly, nobody asks what *I* think. Suddenly a terrible suspicion assailed him.

"Aren't you coming with us?" he asked loudly.

Amy shook her head.

Charles said something crude at that. He took his wife's arm and pulled her into the bedroom.

"Listen," he said in a low, urgent voice, "don't do this to me, Amy. I don't want to go to one night club, let alone two, but if I have to, you have to come along. You have to."

"Oh, no," Amy said sharply, "I do not. I didn't ask that child to wait for me, or give her that cigar band."

"Oh, for God's sake, Amy," Charles said, "you aren't sore, are you?"

Amy debated with herself.

"Oh," she said gloomily, "I guess not. Anyway, I couldn't go if I wanted to. Saint-Simon is coming over with some layouts and stuff for me to go over."

Suddenly Charles was furious.

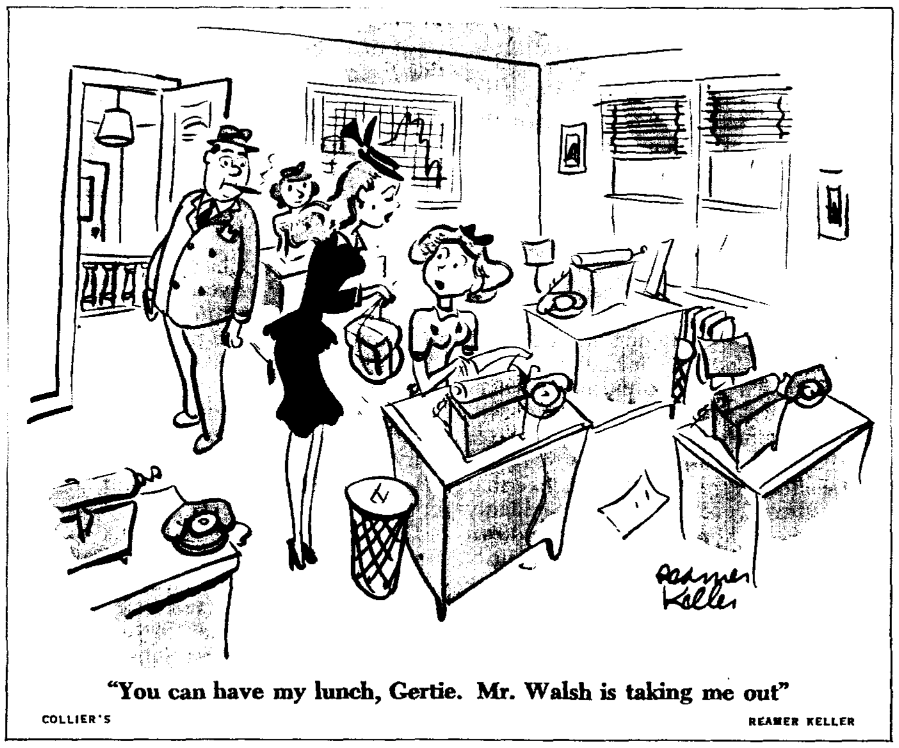
"Oh," he said coldly, "that's why you're being so generous. Sending me out with this kid, while you and Saint-Simon . . . oh-oh!"

"Don't be vulgar, Charles," Amy said loftily, "Robert Saint-Simon is much too young and I assure you he isn't interested in me . . ."

"That's why the black dress and the pearls, eh?" Charles was mad.

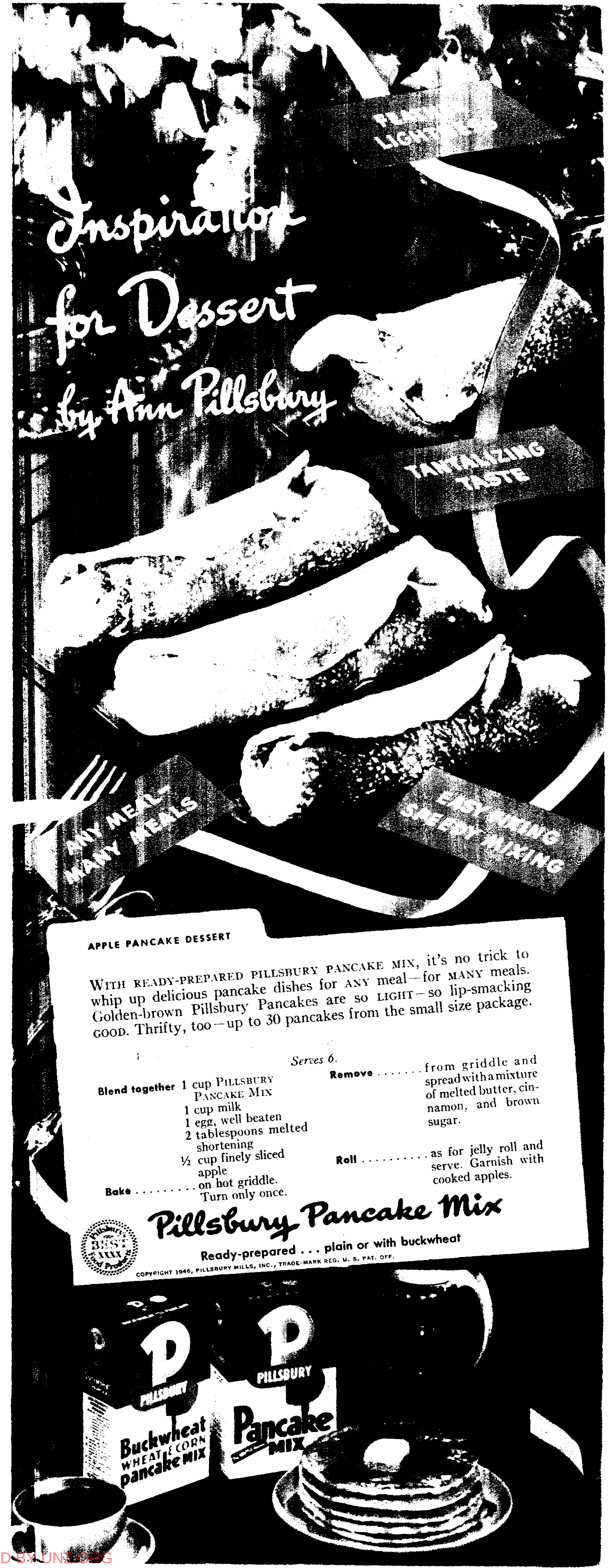
"That's right," Amy said, angry now herself. "And if you will please lend me an old cigar band I'll do the whole routine for you. It's a wonder you didn't land up in San Quentin or someplace. Corrupting minors."

"You're not doing so bad yourself," Charles said, "with that Theda Bara getup." Amy glared at him. But after they were gone she looked in the mirror. She decided she looked tired and pale, maybe, but not like Theda Bara. She went to the kitchen and made herself some coffee and fixed up a tray and took it back to the living room with her. The coffee, she thought, might pick her up a little, but when she spilled some on the



"You can have my lunch, Gertie. Mr. Walsh is taking me out"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER



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beige carpet, she knew she was in for a bad time.

A persistent ring at the doorbell was an echo in Amy's head of the earlier ring. And Robert Saint-Simon's brash, boyish grin was suddenly irritatingly youthful.

"Where's our Charles?" Saint-Simon asked.

"Out," Amy snapped. "If you want a drink, Robert, you can fix it yourself."

Saint-Simon nodded amiably, and began to do just that.

"It's pleasant for a change not to see Charles' suspicious face. You know," he added confidentially, "he always acts as though I had come to steal the family jewels."

AMY ignored this. "I never felt less like working, so the sooner it's over, the better."

"No work, Madam Redfern," Saint-Simon said. "The Teresco pictures were killed at exactly 6:15 this evening. Over the telephone." He put his hands up to stop her questions, "Let me talk, Amy. First our beloved boss, Mr. Belden Brown, called me and said the spread was to be dropped completely and I was to ask you if we couldn't use that story on New Mexico that we had in the works. Can we?"

"Yes, sure," Amy said, "but why, why . . . Teresco's stuff was wonderful. I'm going to call Belden Brown right this minute."

"Uh-uh," Saint-Simon said, "I wouldn't if I were you. Mary Kane called me a few minutes later and told me the whole business. She was at the party when it happened. It seems Buster Brown found Teresco kissing his, Brown's, wife . . . or something like that."

Amy sat down in a chair.

"My God," she said hopelessly. "It must be in the air."

"What is?" Saint-Simon asked. "Hey, why the gloom? Is anything wrong between you and Charles? I hope?"

Amy sighed. "Remind me to make an appointment tomorrow. I'm going to have my head examined."

"Why?"

"I sent Charles out dancing with another woman."

"A maiden aunt, I suppose," Saint-Simon said.

"A maiden cousin," Amy said, "twenty years old and what my mother used to call 'a tearing beauty,' and mad about Charles. Just mad about him. Seems he kissed her in a boathouse in California once . . ."

Saint-Simon was laughing.

"It's no laughing matter," Amy said. "You'd know if you saw her. But, of course, Charles isn't exactly a fool . . ."

"Of course not," Saint-Simon said gravely.

Amy shot him a sharp glance.

"Tell Papa the whole story," he said. Amy did.

"You're wonderful, Amy Redfern," Saint-Simon said. He came and sat on the edge of her chair. "I never heard of such a damned fool thing to do, but if anybody can get away with it, you can. Of course, you know, it's your terrific ego that made you send them out together."

"My ego?" Amy wailed. "I haven't got any ego left. I just sit here feeling rejected and middle-aged and—oh, you know." She looked up at Saint-Simon just as he leaned toward her and suddenly she was being kissed and a warm glow spread through her and involuntarily her hands reached out and tightened on Saint-Simon's arms. Alarm raced through her and she shoved the boy back.

"What did you do that for?" she gasped. She thought she must be blushing.

"I wanted to find out something," Saint-Simon said.

"Well, you just stop it," Amy said, trying for dignity. "I'm not . . . What—what were you trying to find out anyway?"

"I wanted to find out if age makes any difference," Saint-Simon said, but he was grinning. "It doesn't."

"Maybe not to you," Amy said bitterly, "but to me . . . and . . ." she was going to say Charles, but thought better of it. "What business is it of yours, anyway?" she asked, instead.

"You might as well know," Saint-Simon told her; "Charles suspects it already. I'm in love with you, Amy. I'd be very happy if you'd run away with me. I'd marry you, of course."

"That's very handsome of you, Saint-Simon," Amy said. She was quite pleased. She stared gravely at the young man for a few moments and then a smile spread across her face. "I'm awfully fond of you, Robert," she said softly.

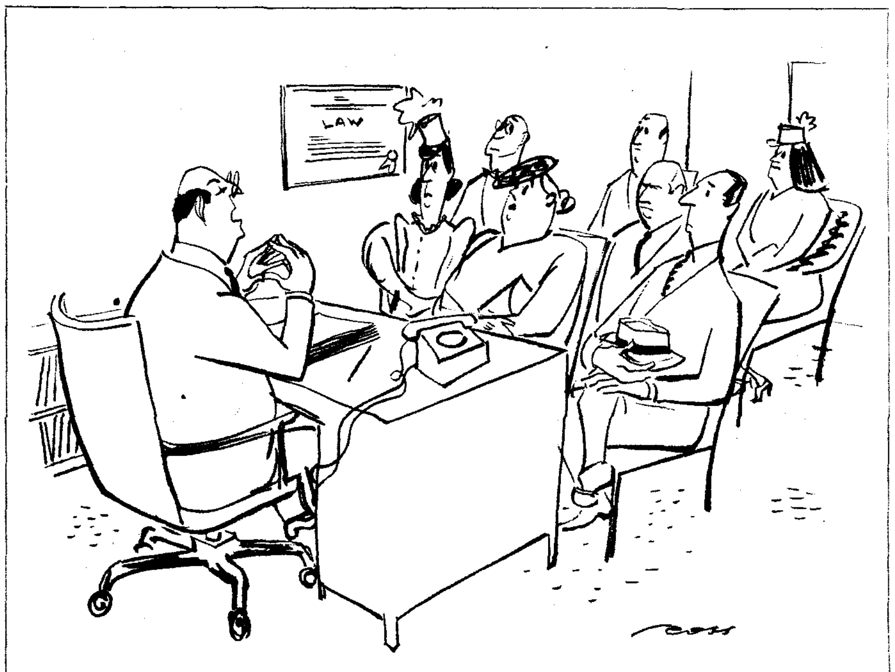
"Thank you, Amy," Saint-Simon said, "I was afraid you'd laugh at me."

"But I'm almost ten years older than you," she said.

"Don't kid me," he said, "when you're in love everybody is the same age. That's what I found out."

Amy got up and walked across the room and turned around and faced him.

"That's right, Robert," she said, "but I just happen to love Charles."



COLLIER'S "Briefly, he left you. Period" AL ROSS

"Well," he said, "I sort of gathered that. And if Charles has any sense at all—"

"Never mind," Amy said hastily, "I don't want to talk about that any more. And you'd better go now, too. And, Robert—"

"Yes?"

"Thanks," she said. "Thanks for the perfectly beautiful compliment."

AFTER Saint-Simon had gone, Amy got ready for bed. She stared at her face in the mirror before she creamed her make-up off. I can't be so ancient looking, she thought, and suddenly an idea struck her. She took the pins out of her hair and began arranging it in a long bob, the way Betty's hair had been. The result horrified her. I look like a witch, she said, and laughed out loud at herself. Then she bunched it up shorter to see how she would look with a short haircut, but the effect for her was rather like that of an attractive chimpanzee. Suddenly she felt utterly hopeless. She threw down the comb and brush and went furiously about the business of cleansing her face and when that was done she went into the bedroom and crept into bed. She thought of Charles with the beautiful young Betty and she began to cry.

When she awoke, she sat up straight in bed, startled. There was a light on in the bathroom and by its faint rays she could see that it was almost two o'clock. Curiosity won out over anger and hurt pride. She got up and pattered to the bathroom, and looked in. She couldn't see him at first. Then she saw him. He was sitting on the edge of the bathtub, and he had his legs swung over the side, inside the tub. Amy thought for a moment that he was drunk, but at a small sound from her, his head turned and his dark eyes were serious and a little angry.

"My feet," he said grimly. "I don't know how you can say you love me, Amy, and then send me off dancing. You know I hate dancing, since the Army. That girl has more bounce than a new jeep. She's crazy. We danced every dance. It's a wonder you didn't have to cut my shoes off."

Laughter bubbled in Amy, laughter and relief, and love, and pity.

She knelt on the bath mat at his side and put her head on his leg, and Charles lifted her hair off her shoulders and smelled it.

"It always smells so good, your hair," he said drowsily. "Oh," he went on, "I am so damned tired. I'm sorry I was rude about Saint-Simon. I realize after being out all night with Betty that he's just a kid, too."

"Yes," Amy said quickly, "he's just a kid." She crossed her fingers and told herself that tomorrow would be a better time to talk about Saint-Simon, if ever.

"I went off thinking you just wanted to be alone with Saint-Simon," Charles went on. "I was furious. And that girl, she *is* crazy. She talked her head and my head off. She ate two club sandwiches, and drank three glasses of milk. Imagine, *two* club sandwiches. Milk. And she danced until I was ready to kill her. I don't know how they bring up children these days. When I was her age . . ."

"Never mind, Charles," Amy said, "never mind. We were both wrong. I guess I was most wrong. How about a nice double Scotch to put Papa to sleep. Poor old Papa," she said, love and relief mingling inside her.

"Poor old Papa is right," Charles said, gruffly. "Listen," he said, gently, "I think I'm quite a guy, Amy, quite a guy, but it's only when you're around. When you're not there, I feel old and tired and lost. I've forgotten how to talk to anybody but you. I couldn't think of a thing to say to that child. But that didn't stop her. Wait till I tell you what she asked me to do . . . wait till you hear."

Amy thought of Saint-Simon and suddenly giggled. "Don't tell me," she said. "Don't ever tell me. Just let me guess."

THE END

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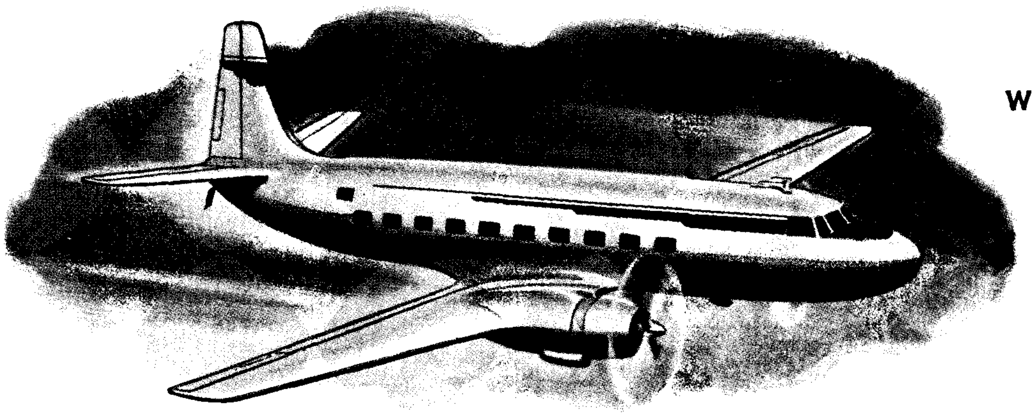

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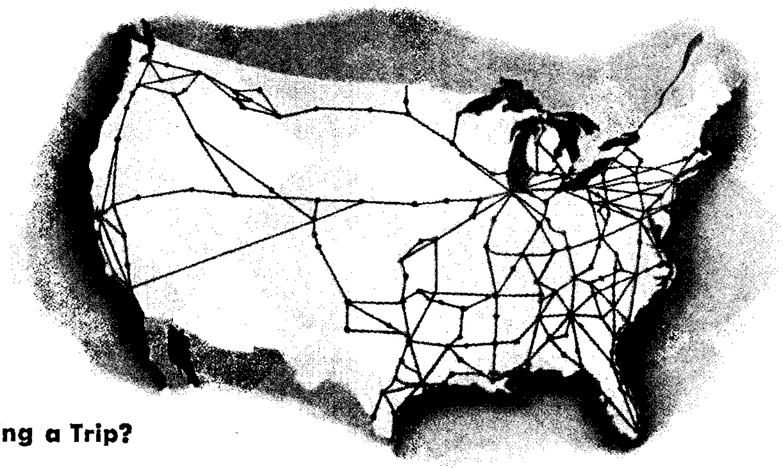

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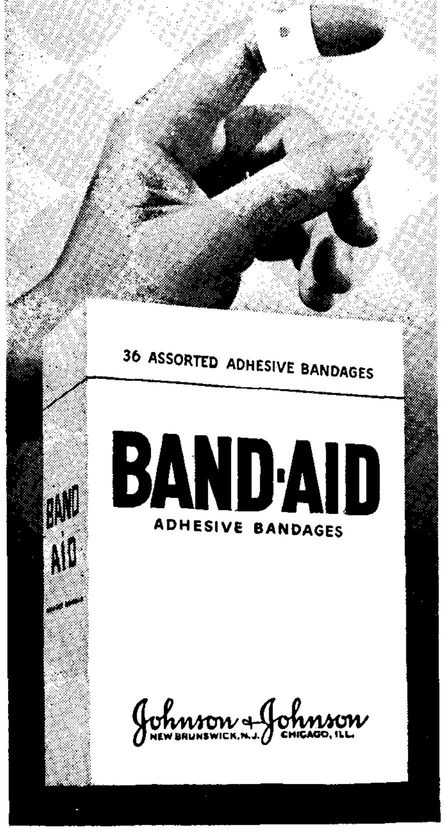
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WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN

Continued from page 17

For a moment, following his words as they came from his lips, I did not understand that it was an invitation. It was my first invitation. My pause was long enough to make him smile again.

"If you have a date—if there is a Sunday-night girl—"

I shook my head, hard. "No," I said, too loudly. "I shall be happy to come."

He nodded and turned away again.

"Professor Harrison." I hated to ask, but I did not want to go unprepared. "What is it? A bull session?"

His smile threw itself up into a broad grin. "Nothing to worry you, Jon. We sit around and—and shoot the bull." He walked quickly down the corridor. The library door swung with a creak behind him.

Uncle Lars didn't know, either, when I asked him. I did not want to question any of the boys. When I stood on the porch of Professor Harrison's home, I was nervous to be going somewhere outside of school with these American people. But I was more curious about the bull.

THE light ran widely out through the windows and left me in the shadow. The door opened. A new stream of light joined the others and hit against my face.

I took off my hat. "Professor Harrison?"

The girl who stood in the doorway was outlined by the lamp behind her. Light pulsated around her and circled the bright of her hair, a halo of gold. Her dress was dark and plain and long. Her face, her hands, and the smooth round of her collar shone pale and blurred. I knew an intensity of longing to have her turn, to have the brilliance thrown upon her so that I might see what she was.

"Do come in." She reached out one hand and caught the sleeve of my jacket. With the other, she pulled the door closed behind me. "The boys and Jack are in the study. Here, let me have your hat." She took it from me. Then she turned. The light was full on her, as I had wished.

I stood still, looking down. For the first time I was glad of my tallness.

"You're new here, aren't you?" She smiled.

I cannot tell you of that smile, except that it was as though red velvet curtains pulled tenderly aside, and the tenderness slid gently to the curve of cheek, to the edge of dark dreaming lakes. That is a young and foolish thought. But it was mine. I treasured it, for once in a small and self-conscious life, lost completely in another person.

It must have been long that I stood thus, because finally the smile deepened, and a gay small noise came from her throat. "You look struck dumb, lad," she laughed. "What is your name?"

"Jon Halsey," I managed to say.

She put one of her hands out toward me. "I am Sara Harrison," she said. "And happy to know another of Jack's boys."

I am not one of Jack's boys, I thought. I did not say it, because her hand came into mine. It was soft and cool and felt the way apple blossoms look. After a time it went away. I found myself crossing the threshold into the crowded study.

The confusion came toward me, a loud and cheerful fog. I turned my head. She was gone. I took another step.

It was like something back home, that room, except for the boys who sat on the chairs, on the window seat, and on the floor about the small coal grate. There were books piled on the desk, holding their breath against one another in the great bookcases, stacked neatly on the two tables. I was glad that they were worn, warm books. I knew a stirring of desire, the wanting to discover what was in them.

I looked about for Professor Harrison, and saw him propped on the floor, double cushions behind his broad back, a pipe moving like a baton in his hand. His great head moved forward and back. His mouth pushed eagerly at the words he spoke.

Nobody noticed me. And there was no bull.

I found a place to sit and pulled my long legs up as neatly as I could. The talk raced around me, a dog after its tail. My thoughts were still in the hall. I was still in the hall, looking down at Sara Harrison. Even then, I knew that part of me would be caught always, seeing her for the first time. It was a part of me that would never go from there, nor change, no matter how long I lived.

I became aware of silence, a big silence that extended from Professor Harrison across the heads of the boys, to touch solidly against me. An unheard question hung in the air. The many eyes pointed at my face. Warmth ran up my cheeks and beat in my temples.

I swallowed. "I am sorry, Professor. To me did you speak?" I was getting better at the English, you understand, but in moments of stress . . .

His laughter was big and strong, like his teeth that shone when he threw back his head. "Daydreaming, eh, Jon?" He laughed. "I knew there was a girl."

I shook my head furiously, a lost gesture in the chorus of laughter.

He sobered. "It's nothing, Jon. Don't take us seriously. All I asked was if you'd brought a gun to shoot the bull."

The laughter rose again. It made me angry. Not at Professor Harrison who inspired it, though. At the boys. "No," I said loudly. "I came to watch the killing of the bull. I am no professional at such sport. That is for you who know so much more than I."

I stood up and turned toward the door. I stopped suddenly. Sara Harrison was there, between me and escape.

"Now I remember," she said gladly, as though it were something important she had been seeking. "You are the boy from Norway whom Jack told me about." Her hand was on my sleeve. "Pay no attention to these louts, Jon. They just think they're funny."

IN SOME strange manner she managed to tell me the teasing provoked her, too, that she understood. She turned me around. Professor Harrison was in the doorway, too.

"Sorry, Halsey," he said lightly. His eyes rested, like that which comes home, on her. "Have you met my wife?"

The last two words went slowly into my ears and slid down inside of me, heavy and to be digested later. The two of them moved me easily to the center of the group. I found myself on the floor beside Professor Harrison.

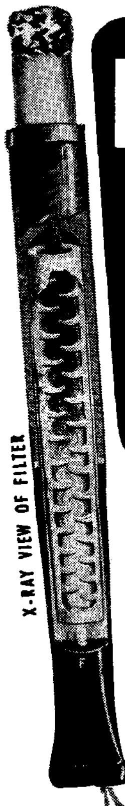
"Now, Pete," he said in his classroom voice, "I want you to tell Jon here exactly what a bull session is."

Pete was a fat boy with an earnest red face and glasses that circled out beyond his round cheeks. "It's when a bunch of guys—well, they get together, see? Like this. And they chin and shoot the—what I mean—they get gabbing about—well, about life. All in good fun, see?"

He looked at me eagerly. I did not see, exactly. The room waited for me to think. "It is like," I said slowly at last, "like that gathering for ladies back at home. They gossip and talk until they sound like parrots caught in one cage. They call it a '*Kaffee-klatsch.*' "

The laughter lifted high. Only this time it was completely friendly, and shut me in, there in the center, beside Professor Harrison. . . .

That night, in the sloping room in the



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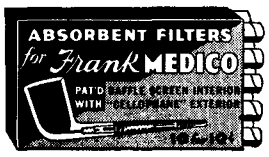

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back of Uncle Lars' gray house, I sat for a long time by the window. It was a high, still night, with dimmed white clouds and polished stars. I thought of Sara Harrison. I carried the thought of her to bed with me at last. All night it wandered through my dreams, a small golden ghost.

The first time then, is so clear it is now to me. Then there was the swimming together of the days, until the second thing comes sharp into focus.

Winter it was, with hard, crunchy snow that clung to my heavy shoes in noisy lumps, and touched the hairs in my nostrils so that the breath became something to feel with pain and delight. Like Norway it was, and I took with me through my busy days, through the long nights, a faraway nostalgia for my country. It had no hurt, only the wistfulness of music remembered long after its singing has been sung.

ON ONE such evening voices came up the stairs to me, pushing aside the words I was learning. Uncle Lars called. I went down. Professor Harrison sat in the best chair with the tatted tidies. A small glass of Uncle Lars' wine turned slowly in his fingers.

"Professor Harrison has something to say to you, Jon," Uncle Lars beamed.

That good, hearty smile came out. I smiled back. The loveliness of Sara Harrison came to me, as it always did when I saw this man who was her husband.

His voice was hesitant for the first time that I had heard it so. "Jon," he said, "something has come up at home that makes me come to you."

A fear climbed quickly into my throat. I choked it back. No man can know another's thoughts, I told myself. How could he know how I have watched the door, have turned the corner, have waited hidden in shadow, so that I might see her for an unseen moment?

His smile was tentative like his voice, as though the thing he was to speak was a shy and close thing. "We," he swallowed, "Mrs. Harrison and I are—well, we are going to be blessed as parents."

Uncle Lars beamed. Aunt Katechy clucked. I matched Professor Harrison's swallow with a deeper, more hurting one of my own.

"As you may know, during the winter months, with my extra classes and the special faculty sessions, I am forced to be away from home for long hours. There are things to be attended to. The furnace, the walks. Cinders so that she doesn't slip. Wood for the fireplace. Coal for the grate—"

I could see myself moving quickly and interestedly about her house, doing those things with my hands and my back and my heart, to help her. It was as if Professor Harrison had brought me a gift.

My face must have shown my feelings. Uncle Lars laughed. His voice rumbled, "But see, you don't have to ask him twice. He is eager to work for you."

Professor Harrison looked pleased. "When can you come, Jon? How can you arrange your hours?"

I thought for a moment, watching the big red knuckles that slid under the skin of my clumsy hands. "I could come in the morning, before breakfast is served at the dorm. And again about four-thirty, after classes and the library."

"Good," he said. "Fine. And perhaps, sometimes, if Sara's friends are not there, you would come and sit in the study to do your work, so that if she should call, there would be you to answer?"

The heat of his fireplace seemed to be on my face. I could feel the weight of the book in my hands, the clear black print against the white page. Above all, I held the knowledge of her, alone with me in the quiet house, resting and safe because she knew that I was there.

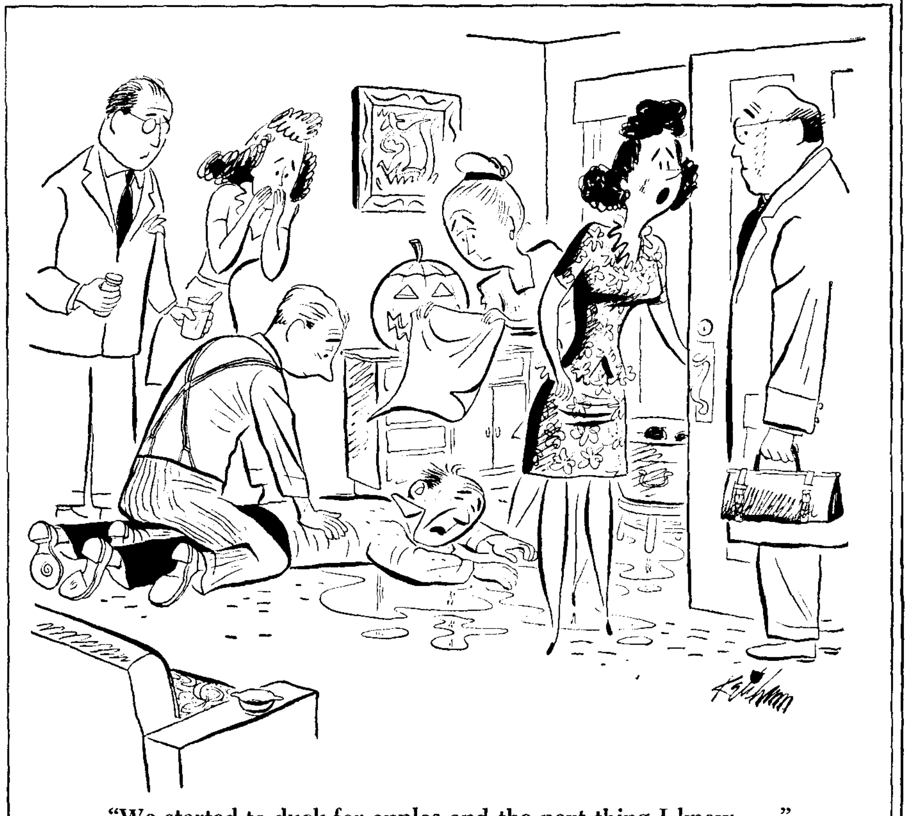
"Yes," I said. My voice caught on its own harshness. "I could easily do that."

Everybody stood up. Professor Harrison walked toward the door, turned, put his warm hand around mine. "I'm infinitely obliged to you, Jon," he said. "I can't pay you much. But I do want you to know that you are the only boy I would consider. In some ways you are much older than your seventeen years."

I watched him go out the door and down the steps. He had put words to a thought which had long been mine, ever since the night I looked down at Sara Harrison. She could not be more than twenty-one or -two perhaps. And I was old for my years. Why I thought it, why it interested and comforted me, I had never asked myself.

The first morning, the next morning, there was so much aliveness in me that I crackled like the ice on the tree limbs, the sparkling morning. Sara Harrison herself came to the back door when I knocked.

"Jon," she smiled. "Good morning and come in. Are you frozen? Isn't it a silvery day?"



"We started to duck for apples and the next thing I knew . . ."

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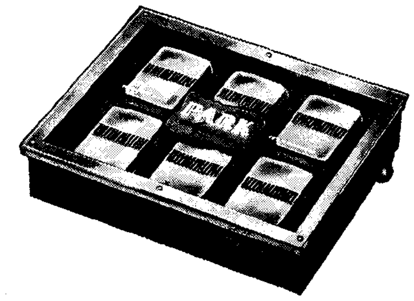
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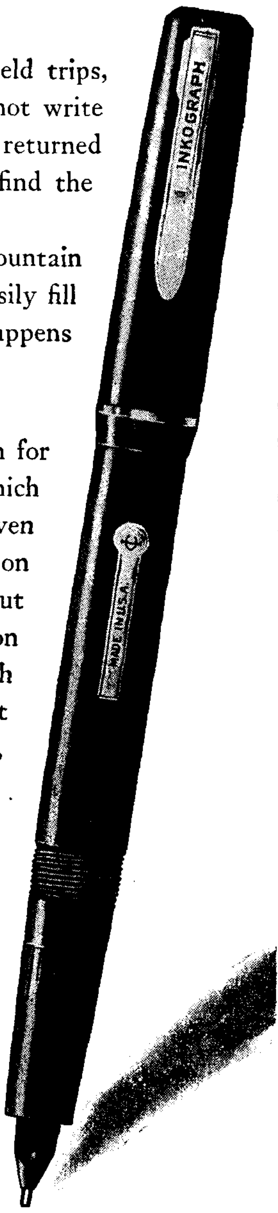


She is happy about this having of a baby, I thought. It shone from her eyes. It caught in her hair.

The kitchen was filled with good odors and the heat of the big range. "Have you had your breakfast?" she asked. "There are popovers."

I nodded quickly. I had not eaten, but I knew that I could not, with her. Not yet. Besides, popovers were new and strange.

I shifted from foot to foot. "What shall I do first, Mrs. Harrison?"

She laughed. "Jon, Jon, I don't know. The whole thing is Jack's idea. I'm quite capable of taking care of myself." Her voice lowered to intimacy. "Personally, I think it's for his own sake. He's an utter failure with a furnace. And shoveling snow brings out the worst in him."

Professor Harrison's voice came running down the stairs, pushed by its own annoyance: "Sara, for the love of Pete and little fishes, what the devil did you do with my blue tie?"

I looked toward the living room. My fists in the red mittens doubled tightly. I glanced quickly at Sara Harrison. The smile was still on her face, deepened, more amused.

"See what I mean, Jon? Helpless. Absolutely helpless." She gathered her skirts in her hands and ran lightly toward the stairs.

Anger lifted in me; that he should speak so to her; that he should demand of her, as though she were a servant, instead of smoothing a soft and safe path before her feet.

I walked quickly out and started shoveling the heavy snow which had piled in sun-glazed brilliance across the walks and over the yard. I did not go into their house again that morning.

THE winter went by. I remember nothing about my life with Uncle Lars and Aunt Katechy. Even the school, the studies, the things I learned, escape me. Throughout the balance of that white and shining season, I lived only in those hours I spent at the Harrison house.

The days had a rhythm and a routine. In the morning I went early, cleaned the walks, shook the furnace to golden life, stood for a treasured moment inside the kitchen door and listened to Sara Harrison. The tone of my day was set by her face. There was always the bright smile. But sometimes the cheeks were pale. Delicate lavender ringed her eyes. Those days I could not settle to my studies.

In February a fine thing began to happen. When I had finished the afternoon furnace stoking she called, "Jon, I have chocolate and cookies ready for us in the library. Come up when you are through."

It was while we sat before the fire, the hot cocoa mingling with the warmth that was already in me, that I began to play the game. A childish pretending. But so real it was that sometimes, hearing Professor Harrison's key in the lock, listening to his hearty voice, his heavy steps, I turned to him as to an intruder.

It became part of me to think of him as the outsider, of myself as the one belonging with her, watching the firelight on her face, seeing the new gentle swelling of her body, her hands always so busy with the knitting or the sewing. Even after I had pulled myself from the imaginary sanctuary and was pacing my way home, it was as though I had been forced to leave her, for a short time only. I would return. Tomorrow we would sit before the fire. Once again she would tell me of her dreams and her plans.

WHEN you are seventeen you make yourself believe many things. I managed to put a thick curtain between myself and the way she lifted from her chair to his arms. Or the way her head tilted back for his kiss. I listened carefully for his words, and read into them a callousness. "My chubby wife," he called her. I told myself her smile was forced; that it was unkind to remind her that so short a time before she had been slim and quick.

I remember the day she said to me, "You are good to talk to, Jon. You've been a sort of safety valve for me this winter. Perhaps it's not right that I should be so frank." Then her smile, and it hurried my heart. "But I don't agree with these old fogies who think a baby is something to be hidden and whispered about. Do you?"

I shook my head. You get choked with tenderness when the miracle of birth is newly realized, when its aura surrounds a woman whom you can't see clearly for the emotion she evokes.

"If I had a family," she went on. Wistful, she seemed, sad, alone, so sweet. "It would be different. Or if the professors' wives were young." She giggled. I felt a sympathetic tickle in my own throat. "You should hear the stories they tell me. So pompous with their own grown families. I'd rather be alone. Or talk to you. Really I would."

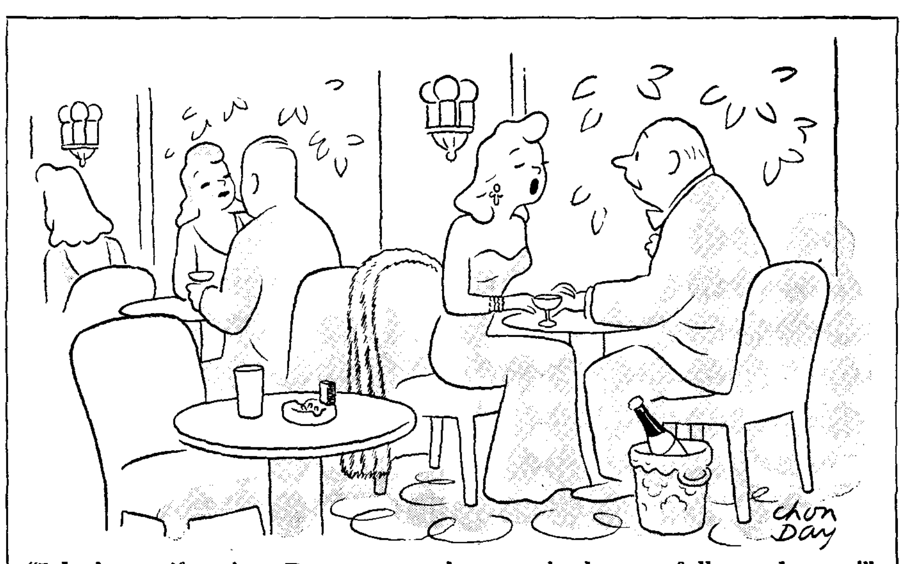
Those words I carried in my mind for a long time.

There was the night I came in the back door unexpectedly, and found them quarreling. Professor Harrison's voice filled the house.

"Damn it, Sara, of course I'm glad about the baby. But I'm a little fed up at looking at fine stitches, and oohing over the ruffles on the basket, and listening to symptoms. Can't we talk about anything else? We used to have conversations around here. Now it's just baby talk."

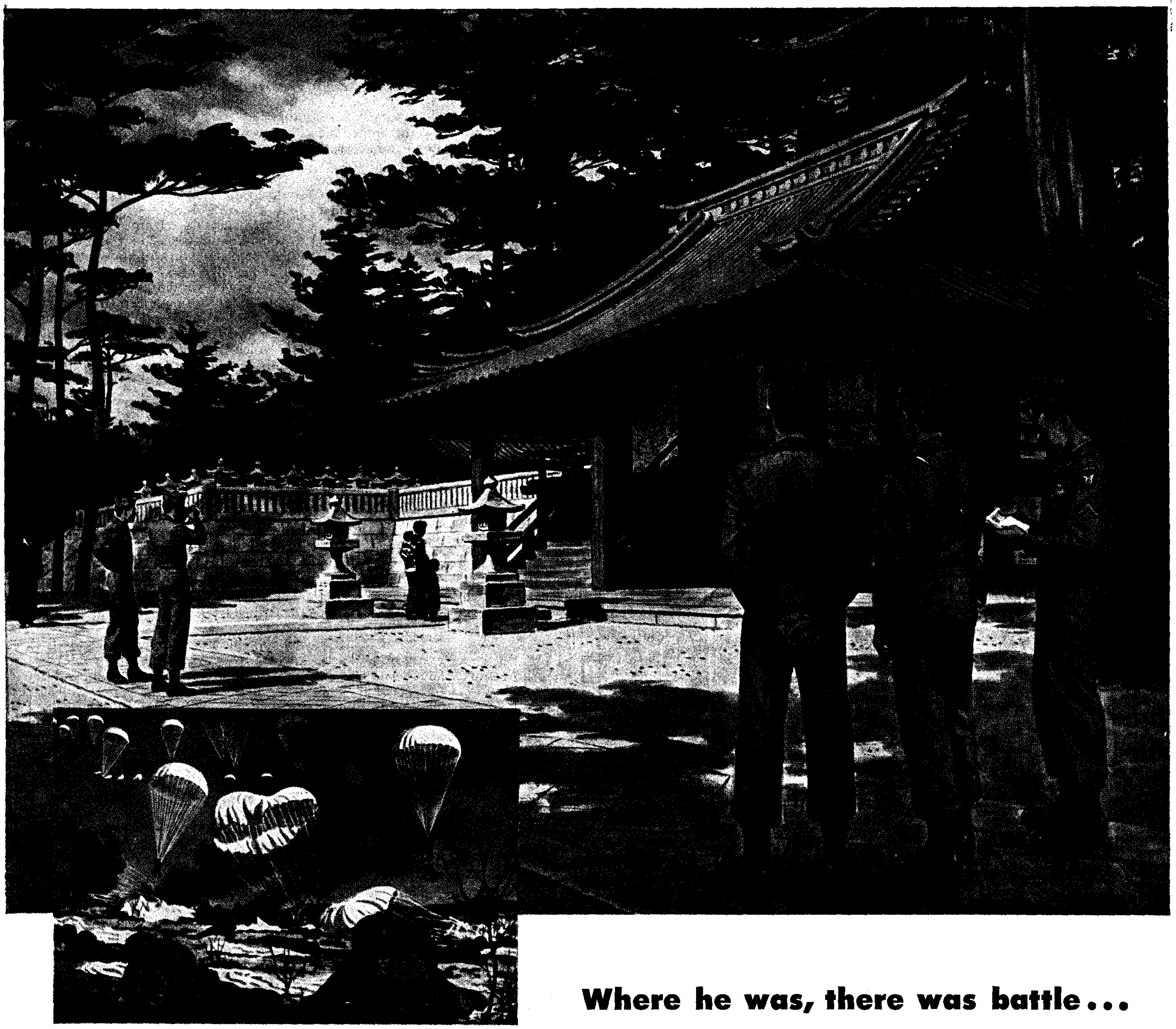
I hardly recognized her voice, so thick with tears it was. "You ought to be thrilled—you ought to be—" Sobs stopped her words.

There was murder in my mind. I couldn't see the door I staggered through. I walked in a red haze of words for a



"I don't care if you're a Democrat or what—you've been awfully good to me!"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY



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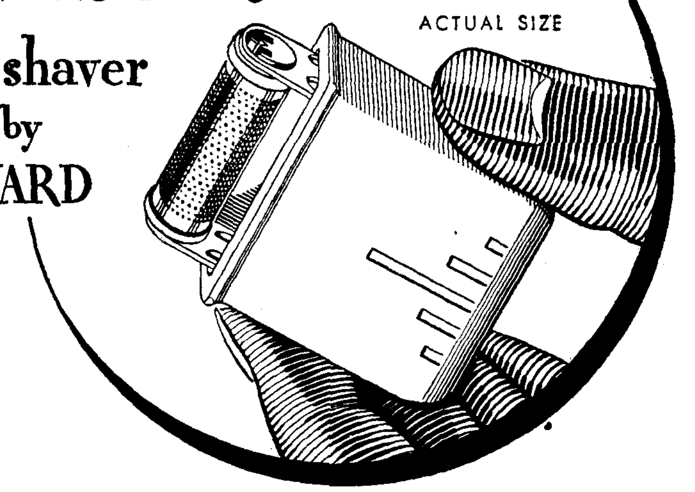

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long time. The unfeeling, cold, hard, selfish, conceited fool. I hated him. That she should face what women must face, for love of an oaf who did not understand tenderness. For days I sat in Professor Harrison's class, sulky, cold, and would not answer when he called on me. . . .

The snow went away somewhere. Overnight it vanished. Spring lighted the skies to a more delicate blue, and carried overtones of gentleness in its breeze. A fear began to grow in me. The furnace was no more. The shoveling and cinders and ashes were no more. What could I do for her now?

One day in April, Professor Harrison stopped me after class. "Jon," he said, "looks like your job is done. We both appreciate it and thank you."

He threw his wide, white smile at me. I did not return it. To keep my lips steady was all I could manage. A small boy, sent home from a party. Or denied Christmas. Or Lucifer, I told myself, cast out from heaven.

He glanced at my face, then turned his eyes to the papers on his desk. "I've—been a little worried about you, anyhow, Jon. You used to be one of my best students. But lately"—he coughed—"you show no interest at all." Another up and down glance. "Oh, I'm not blaming you. It's spring. You're a growing boy. Perhaps your extra jobs are too much."

I shook my head furiously. I swallowed. "I like to work," I said.

He nodded, not looking at me. "I know. But you don't have any—fun. You need to know more boys. To go out with them. To have a girl. A girl your own age."

THAT turned me on my heel. There were no campus paths I hadn't covered before I returned to Uncle Lars' late that night. I still did not know how much he meant by "a girl your own age." Even a hearty open man like Jack Harrison might have a sensitivity which would not let you hide the thing you must.

There was a faculty meeting the next night. I knew it. The knowledge laid a sense of guilt on me as I walked the familiar way to the Harrison home. She was a long time answering the door. When she did, her eyes were sweet with sleep and her hair was mussed and curly against her smoothing hand.

"Jon." Her voice, her smile, welcomed me in. "I was sitting in the chair, sitting, mind you. And I fell asleep. Exactly like a doddering old grandmother."

I stood just inside the door. "I am sorry to disturb you," I said stiffly. "I came to bring you this, for the baby. And to wish you well. And to say goodby."

I pushed the small package, the tiny silver spoon, into her hand. It was at once a defense and an excuse.

She looked down at it. Her voice was quiet and thoughtful. "Come in, Jon. Come in and talk to me."

She walked, in her new, slow way, to the study. A small breeze ran its finger through the curtains of the open window. The lamplight threw a golden circle around her when she settled back in the big chair. She smiled, direct, warm. My heart hurt.

"Now what is this about goodby? About wishing me well, as though you were taking off for a trip to the moon?"

This I had not planned on. To stand tall and brave with renunciation in her doorway, yes, that I had planned. But to sit like this, closed in by the light and the breeze, awkward, my hands hanging foolishly between my knees, hunting for the things I had never allowed myself to say—no, that I had not foreseen.

She waited. The quality of her silence drew the words from where I had hidden them. They came to life, scrambled and small and worried. The first time I had seen her. The nights sitting by the window, thinking of her. The privilege of being allowed to become a part of her household. The close moments over hot chocolate. The talk. The feeling. The lovely, riotous, gentle feeling that stirred and ached within me when I was near her.

After a long time, like listening to somebody else, the flyaway words stopped. They stopped on the sentence, "If you were happy, I should never have spoken so."

I could not lift my eyes to look at her.

Her voice came to me at last. It sounded different from what it ever had. Full of breath. Jerky.

"Jon," she said, "I am so happy that the best I could wish you in the world—is that someday you will know happiness like *mine*—like ours." She gasped a little. "And you should know—you really should—that you have brought me happiness, too. You have such clear, shining eyes, Jon. You are such—a—fine boy." Her voice thinned to a sigh. Then her breath threaded sharply in her throat. "Jack," she cried, loud and clear.

I looked up, startled. Her face was white as the tidy behind her head. Her hands were clenched tight. I was kneeling beside her before I could think. My arm ran its own way around her shoulders. I heard myself murmur, "Sara. Sara."

She pulled impatiently away. I did not recognize her voice, with its quick, desperate commands: "Run, Jon. To Doctor White. To the faculty meeting. Run as fast as you can."

"But you," I cried. "I cannot leave you alone."

"Do as I tell you," she said sharply. "Hurry."

I ran out the door. The doctor first. My big feet covered the rough sidewalk, not knowing that they touched it. After two blocks the breath came painfully through my chest and out my nostrils. I ran up the steps of Dr. White's house and pushed frantically at the bell. Perspiration ran down my forehead.

After centuries the door opened. Dr. White, his eyes peering nearsightedly over his glasses, calmly coughed. "H'mmm?"

"Hurry." My voice cracked. I did not care. "It's Mrs. Harrison. It's the baby. She's alone. Hurry."

Dr. White pulled the door wider. "Well, now," he said. "That's just what I was hoping for." He reached to the clothes tree for his wrinkled coat. "Who are you, sonny?" he asked, jerking it onto his round shoulders. "What you so all-fired excited for?"

"Hurry," I ordered. "I'm Jon Halsey. Look. I'll start back so she won't be alone. You come right along. You will, won't you?"

He picked up his bag from the corner. Even through my haze of fear the twinkle in his eyes touched me. "You hold your horses, I'll ride you back. First babies ain't in a great rush, you know."

I hated him. I could have shaken him. This is no ordinary baby, I wanted to scream. This is Sara Harrison's child. It's Sara who is suffering.

I WAS out of the doctor's old car almost before it stopped. I ran in the front door. She was where I had left her. Sitting quietly under the warm lamplight. There was a very small smile on her face. When she heard my steps she turned quickly toward me.

"Jack—darling—" she cried. Then, flatly, "Oh, Jon. It's you. Where is he? Did you get him?"

"Right here, Sara," Dr. White spoke behind me.

She stood up slowly. "I want Jack. What has happened to Jack?" She looked at me accusingly.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing. I just stopped to see—I'm going—" I ran out the door again. The well-known way to the campus was miles long and nightmare slow. I burst into the faculty room, blinking in the light. The faces switched toward me, open mouths and staring eyes.

"Professor Harrison," I cried. The words were sharp in my own ears. "Come. Come quickly."

He was beside me in a moment. He was ahead of me by the time the lights of the building faded behind us. I raced, with my worn-out breath, to keep up with him. It was a losing race. By the time I reached the house, Professor Harrison was halfway up the stairs, carrying Sara lightly in his strong arms, kissing her neck, laughing. Both of them, laughing.

I stood at the foot, looking up. They did not see me.

Dr. White called down, "Get up here, you two crazy galoots! You think having a baby's a picnic? And if that little boy's still there, send him around to Bond Street for Nurse Emmett."

I ran out again before they could turn their heads to me. I ran more slowly to Bond Street. I was no athlete. I was no Mercury. The doctor's words kept ringing in my ears: "That little boy."

I was lagging behind the big, sure body of Nurse Emmett when we once more reached the house. She paced firmly ahead of me and shut the door decisively behind her. I did not try to follow. I let myself down, painfully, like an old man, onto the top step.

The night went by me. I do not remember what thoughts held their place in my mind. I remember that I listened for footsteps in the house. That once, late in the night, the breeze turned cool and a slow, brief rain cried its way to earth.

The sky was graying when the door opened and closed behind me. The doctor came out. He stood for a moment beside me. I did not look up. How could I explain my presence?

There was a kindness in his words. "It's all over, sonny," he said. "A fine, bouncing boy." He walked past me down the steps, slowly, tired, but somehow triumphant.

I knew that I must go. But I could not lift myself from the porch. I was still waiting. I realized why, when I heard footsteps and felt Professor Harrison's hand on my shoulder.

He sat down beside me. "Jon," he said, "it's a boy."

I nodded. I tried to pull the question up through my tight throat. It would not come.

He knew. "She's fine, Jon. Fine and happy."

I was shocked at the sob which tore itself from me to the air. I slid my eyes quickly to Professor Harrison. He did not seem to notice. His head was lifted. His rumpled, bright hair raised a little in the cool morning breeze. I sat very still. After a while his calm, his contentment, began to reach inside of me.

When at last I stood up, my hands, my feet, my wristbones, seemed to fit firmly in place as they never had before.

"Congratulations," I said. My voice sounded deeper, steadier. "Congratulations to both of you."

He looked quickly up, with his wide white smile. "Thank you, Jon. And thanks for your help. I'll see that you get a cigar in the morning."

I smiled down at him. He put out his hand. It was big and warm around mine. I walked, conscious of my height, my strength, down the path and out into the sidewalk. . . .

YES, tonight I am again seventeen. It is a thing I would not have believed possible. The years are so full, the people so many who have crowded my life between then and now. For a very long time the Harrisons, if I thought of them at all, were just two people I knew when I was a boy.

There is a reason, of course, for their coming alive tonight. I have been sitting in this small alcove for many hours now. My cigar has burned itself out, has been replaced, and has grown to ash again. I have walked slowly back and forth along the corridor. I have stood facing the black night through the narrow window. Now, there is a showing of gray through the panes, and my last cigar is gone.

This is the time, the right and psychological time, for the door at the end of the corridor to open. It is the time for footsteps to come toward me, for a hand to be put upon my shoulder, for a voice to say the words I have been waiting for.

I hear the door open. I hear the footsteps. I wait. My heart pounds. My breath grabs itself tight and quick. I am seventeen again.

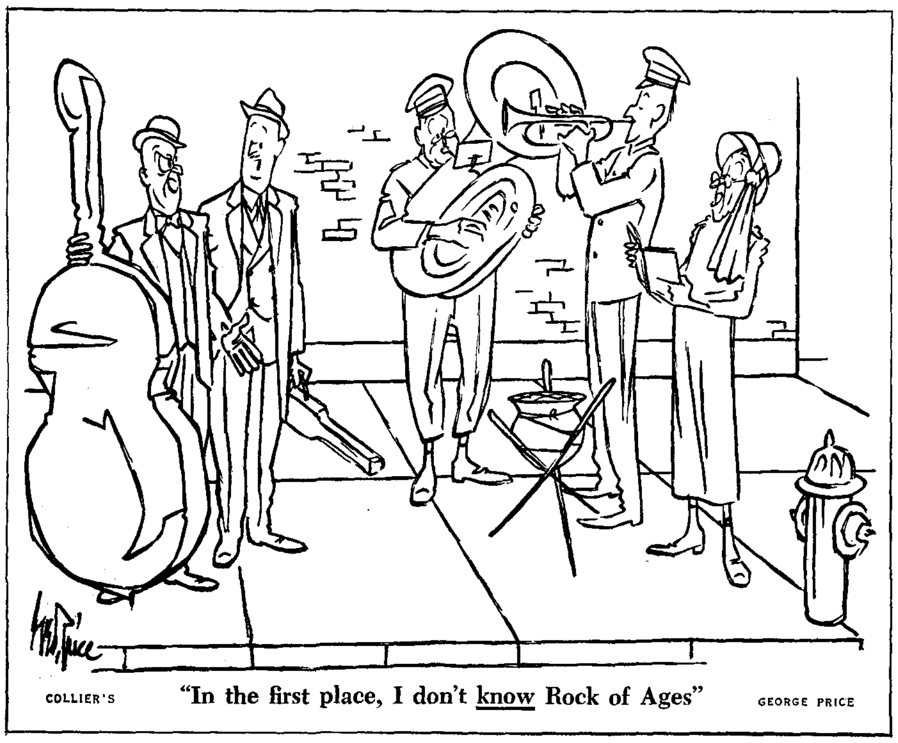
The hand is on my shoulder. The voice says the words, "It's a boy, Mr. Halsey. A fine, bouncing boy."

In a moment I will turn. In a moment I will follow the footsteps back to the bed of the tall, strong, lovely girl who is my wife. But for a fragment, a breath, I must stand in wonder at this thing.

As I go to see my first-born—it comes to me that I have known it all before. Seventeen is there, inside me always.

I turn. Seventeen slides a little into vagueness. "How is she?" I ask. I step out down the corridor. My thoughts and heart reach ahead of my feet. Seventeen slips silently away in the opposite direction. I push the door open and the corridor is completely empty behind me.

THE END



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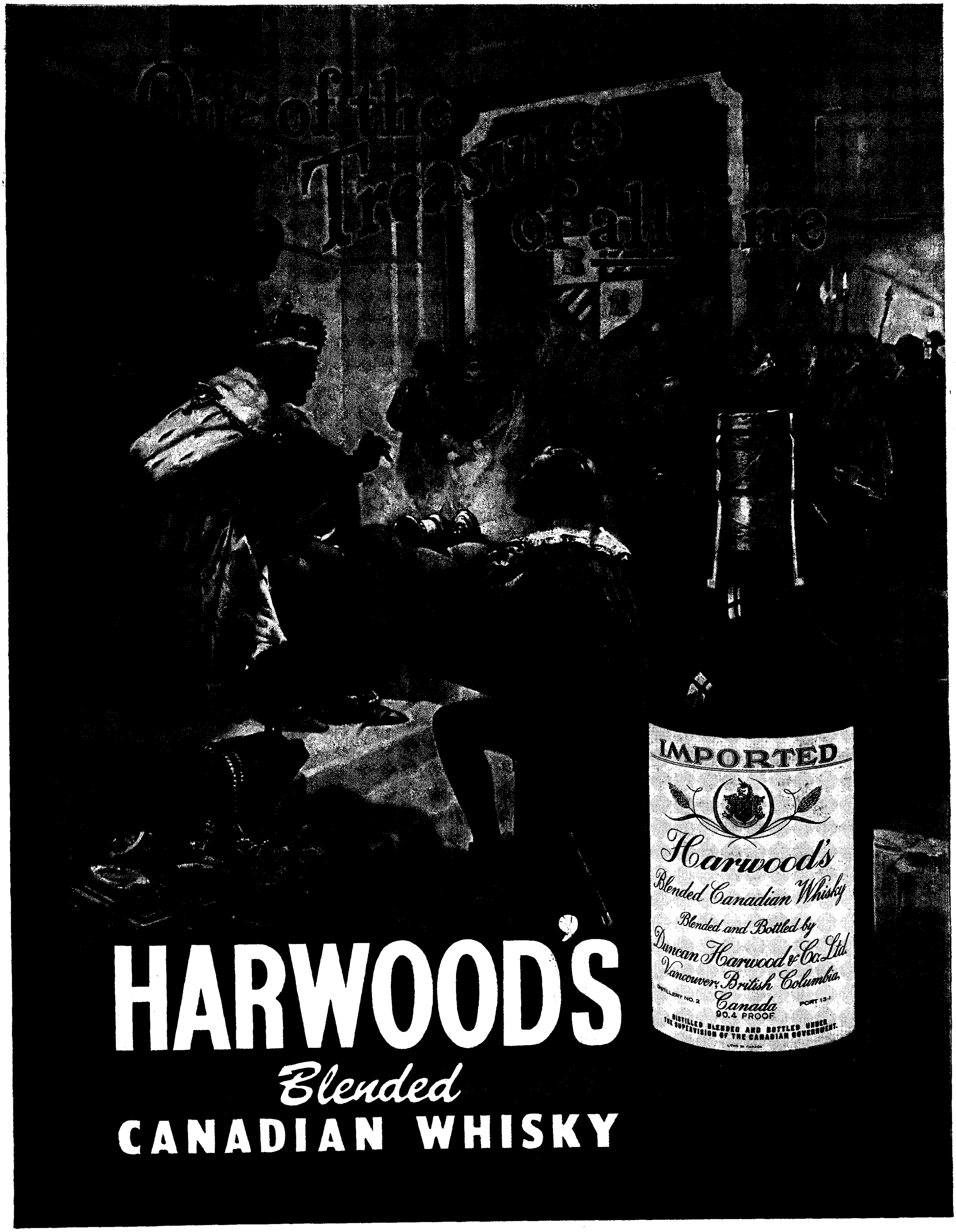
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THE VICTOR

Continued from page 15

because you haven't asked questions. Now do you still like to know how things are?"

Wolfgang snubbed out his cigarette and put the butt in his pocket. "I think perhaps not now," he said slowly.

"You'd better think perhaps not at all," Fletcher said.

"All right," Wolfgang said.

"All right, what?"

"All right, sir."

Wolfgang started the motor and they drove on into the chill, gray morning, past more brown fields and shamelessly bare woods and villages in the unvarying pattern of a cluster of frightened bungalows huddled around the dominating protection of a church. Fletcher kept his hand near his gun and watched Wolfgang. A small, tidy man with quick reflexes, Fletcher had the unimaginative fearlessness of some star athletes; he had been a fine high-school end despite his lack of size, and had an excellent combat record. He kept his hand near his gun because he was used to taking care of himself. Watching Wolfgang, he thought of their conversation. Wolfgang drove on stolidly without talking, and after a time Fletcher relaxed.

The barren country streamed by; the good road slid under them, broken occasionally by light gravel patches that marked filled-in bomb or shell craters. Russian sentries stopped them periodically. When the German road signs indicated that they were five kilometers from Leipzig, Fletcher pulled a folded piece of bond paper and an envelope from his jacket pocket. He opened the paper, looked over a list of entries in his own handwriting, and refolded it and returned it to his pocket. The list read:

Col. S—cigarettes
Col. Br—cigarettes, diamonds (if possible)
Maj. L—coffee, cigarettes
Capt. B—liquor (any kind)
Lt. T—cigarettes, liquor
Lt. W—furs (if possible)
Sgt. M—gift for girl
Pvt. Y—cigarettes (up to 20 cartons)
Other EM—anything

FLETCHER kept the envelope in his hand. It was addressed, in German script, to a Leipzig fur merchant and contained a letter, signed by a Berlin banker, introducing Fletcher to the merchant. The letter had cost Fletcher ten gallons of Army gasoline. Because he knew almost no German, Fletcher had had the letter translated to make sure the banker hadn't double-crossed him. He had smiled slightly when the translator read: "It is suggested that every courtesy be extended Lieutenant Fletcher because of his assistance in solving the transportation problem that the Allied occupation has made acute for all of us."

Inside Leipzig, Fletcher read aloud the address on the envelope. Wolfgang nodded and drove ahead through devastated streets. Lean chimneys and roofless, jagged walls rose nakedly among the ruins, their ugliness silhouetted against the flat sky. There was no one in sight.

After a block or two, Fletcher saw a woman climbing down to the sidewalk on a path beaten into the debris of a bombed-out building. Wolfgang pulled up beside her and began asking her directions. Immediately, as though born mature and articulate from the rubble of the unpopulated street, Germans appeared and swarmed around the truck and waved money and cried, "Cigaretten," "Chewngum," "Chocolat," "C-cans." Wolfgang finished his questioning and drove into the crowd in low gear, cursing; they ran alongside, waving and shouting, until the truck picked up speed.

Wolfgang found the street and the block, and drove down it slowly. It had been a business district of small stores, but most of the store fronts were boarded or bricked up. The surface of the imitation granite buildings had been blown away in patches by concussion, revealing the brick walls behind. Where the original street numbers had been destroyed, they had been replaced by chalk lettering on the walls. At the corner, Wolfgang turned the truck and drove back up the block. The numbers skipped the one that corresponded to the address on Fletcher's envelope. Wolfgang stopped in front of the nearest number.

"Drive in there," Fletcher said, pointing to an arched opening that broke the shoddy symmetry of the store fronts.

"It is I think upstairs over one of the stores," Wolfgang said.

"You drive in there, hear?" Fletcher insisted.

WOLFGANG maneuvered the truck through the arch into a shattered courtyard. Fletcher had him park as far to one side as possible and climbed down and found a small sign with the fur merchant's name on it and an arrow pointing up a dark staircase. He climbed the stairs and, without knocking, opened a door on which there was an *"Eintritt Verboten"* sign. A lean woman was sitting close to a small stove with a piece of fur in her lap, looking toward the door when Fletcher entered. She got up immediately and made an awkward bow, holding the fur against her stomach with one hand.

"Ist der Herr hier?" Fletcher asked abruptly. The woman looked puzzled and Fletcher handed her his letter. She read it, returned it, bowed again, and left. Fletcher wandered around the room, smoking; it was cluttered with old furniture, several filing cabinets, and a pile of neatly split firewood on the floor near the stove. A heavy-set man with enormous square jowls entered, followed by the woman.

"How do you do, Sir Lieutenant?" the man said, bowing from the waist with his hands held together in front of him.

"You speak English. Good. I want the best furs you've got—ermine if possible—enough for a full-length coat. But you'd better read this."

"I speak a little the English, but not good," the man said. He put on a pair of glasses and read the letter.

Fletcher, who was watching him, caught his eye when the man looked up from the letter. The man smiled but Fletcher didn't.

"It is ermine you want. I am not sure I can a coat of ermine get," the man said.

"Not a coat. The furs *for* a coat. The skins."

The man frowned with lack of understanding and shook his head, and Fletcher got out his dictionary and looked up "fur."

"Pelz," Fletcher said.

"Ja, Pelz," the man said, nodding. "But the *Pelz* of ermine are not many. The Russians come and —"

"The Russians come and steal back the furs you stole from the Russians," Fletcher interrupted. "I'm not interested in your troubles." He offered the man a cigarette, hesitated, and then offered the woman one. "I want enough good ermine skins—*Pelz*—for a coat. I don't care where they come from. When you give them to me I give you cigarettes, in addition to the cost."

"You have many cigarettes, Sir Lieutenant?"

"I have enough."

The man spoke to the woman in

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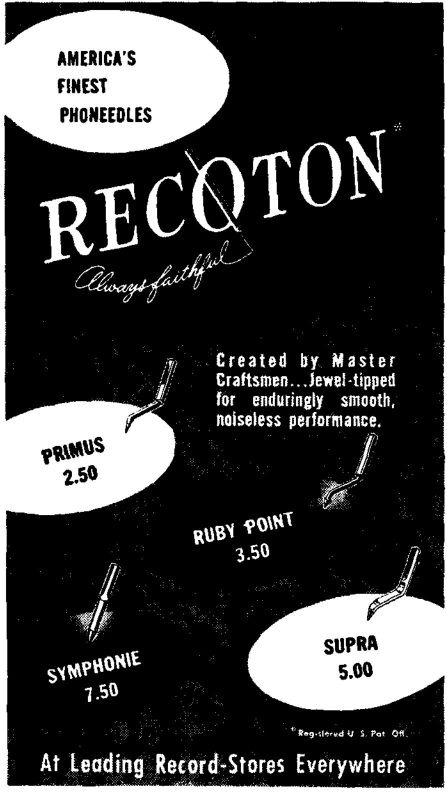
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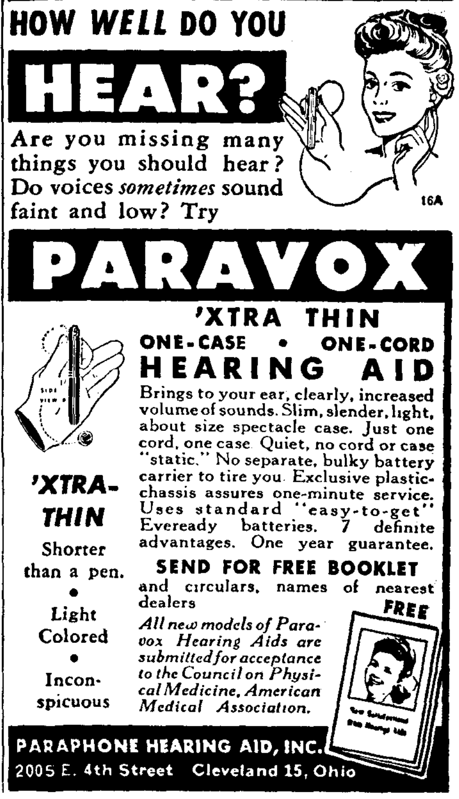
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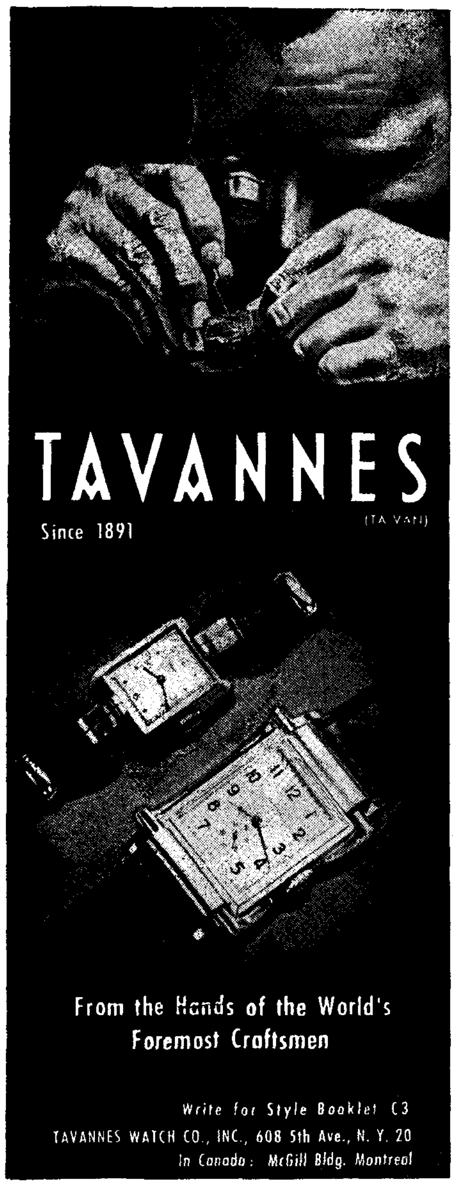
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German. She seemed to disagree; after a brief argument, the man said something sharply and the woman left.

"Sit down, no?" the man said, pointing to the chair near the stove. "It takes time to see if they can be had."

"How much time?"

"One, two hours."

"If it takes more than half an hour, I'll tell the Russian commandant you were willing to sell to an American."

"But, Sir Lieutenant," the man said, working his heavy jaws nervously. He looked very frightened.

"Half an hour," Fletcher said.

The man left hurriedly. In fifteen minutes, he ushered in a very large German man and a very small German boy, each carrying an armful of bundles of furs. The merchant spread a piece of wrapping paper on the floor, and his helpers placed the skins carefully in separate piles on the paper. Fletcher had studied up on furs with a lieutenant colonel in OMGUS who had told him what he wanted to know in exchange for a bottle of Scotch; he picked up one of the bundles the boy had been carrying. The furs were touched with yellow and looked dead and dry.

"You're all the same," Fletcher said to the merchant. "The Germans and the French—you all assume all Americans are suckers." He threw the furs on the floor and picked up a bundle from the other pile. The furs looked better and he cut the string that held them together; a cascade of soft, even, untarnished whiteness tumbled to his feet.

"How much for enough of the good ones for a coat?" Fletcher asked.

"The others only thirty thousand marks are," the merchant said.

"The others aren't worth a mark and you know it. How much for the good ones?"

"It is today hard to—"

"How much?" Fletcher asked.

"Fifty thousand marks."

"All right," Fletcher said, not quibbling over the amount because marks had no value to him and because he had found out that most Germans were honest about price. "Tell one of your men to come with me." He went downstairs, with the German boy behind him, and fished his musette bag out of the back of the truck and told Wolfgang to tell the boy to carry up the long boxes.

"I will carry, too," Wolfgang said.

"You will watch the truck," Fletcher said.

THE boy carried two of the boxes upstairs and Fletcher remained with the truck until the boy returned for the third and then went up with him. In the room, Fletcher opened his musette bag. One side of the canvas partition was jammed with marks neatly tied in bundles of ten thousand; the other side contained cartons of cigarettes. Fletcher gave the merchant five bundles of marks, and unscrewed the lids from the boxes. The Germans muttered when they saw the German rifles inside. Fletcher packed the good skins in the boxes around the rifles, and took the handful of screws from his pocket.

"Have one of your men screw the lids on," he said to the merchant.

"It is interesting that you place them with guns," the merchant said hesitantly.

"Yes," Fletcher said. The idea was his own: from Frankfurt he would mail each of the boxes to a different friend in the States, with a different phony return address on each box. He had already written his friends to deliver the boxes to his wife. The guns were a foil. The Army X-rayed a percentage of all packages sent out of Europe, and Fletcher figured that the guns, which could be sent home legally as souvenirs, would show up clearly if the boxes were X-rayed and the furs, which were illegal, would show up obscurely or not at all. Fletcher had begun sending home valuable merchandise as well as money early in November, after the Army instituted currency control. Previously, he had mailed more than a hundred thousand dollars in money orders from Germany to his wife.

The boy finished screwing down the last lid, and Fletcher gave the merchant two cartons of cigarettes and picked up one of the boxes. The boy carried the other two. Wolfgang wasn't at the truck when they got downstairs, and Fletcher and the boy put the boxes in back. Wolfgang walked over from the far side of the court.

"I thought I told you to stay with the truck," Fletcher said.

"I had to go to the latrine," Wolfgang said. He looked at the boxes carefully before climbing into the truck.

THEY drove out of Leipzig on the road to Frankfurt. Wolfgang kept rolling his eyes to look at Fletcher without turning his head.

"What is it that's eating you?" Fletcher asked irritably.

"Nothing, Herr Lieutenant." After a moment, Wolfgang added, "I tell you after lunch."

"Tell me what?"

"I think after lunch will be better."

Fletcher shrugged, and they drove on without talking. At noon, they stopped as they had before and ate cold K-rations. They drank from Fletcher's canteen, and started on again. Wolfgang had made plywood doors as well as a back for the cab, and it was quite comfortable; Fletcher felt sleepy, but kept his eyes open.

"You know who is Colonel Brandt, Herr Lieutenant?" Wolfgang asked after a time. He spoke slowly, emphasizing each syllable, as though the question were very weighty.

"I know a lot of colonels," Fletcher said, waiting.

"Colonel Brandt is in the American office that is—what you say?—cleaning up the black market."

"Go on, Wolfgang."

"Colonel Brandt's secretary is of mine a very good friend."

Fletcher suddenly felt relieved, as he had in football after throwing his first block. Before each game, limbering up on the field and waiting for the kickoff, he had been tense with expectancy; he had felt the same way all day since he had found Wolfgang asleep at the wheel. Now he understood why Wolfgang had dared to mention sleeping alone, and why he had asked about the furs.

"Go on," Fletcher repeated.

"It would I think be bad if Colonel Brandt knew of some of the trips we make," Wolfgang said, staring at the road as he drove. Fletcher said nothing. After a time, Wolfgang said, "It would not make you happy if some night I drank too much schnapps and talked too much to mine girl and she talked to Colonel Brandt."

Fletcher waited until Wolfgang began glancing at him nervously. "How much will it cost me to make sure you don't drink too much?" he asked.

"With furs it is most bad for you. Mine friend says it is not right to send furs from Germany."

"How much, Wolfgang?"

"I must always be with you to drive you, Herr Lieutenant. I think half of what you get."

"I'm glad to know your opinion," Fletcher said, settling back in his seat.

"And half you will give me? Half the furs?"

"See if you can't get a little more speed out of this truck."

"But you will give me half?"

Fletcher closed his eyes and didn't answer. He felt tired now rather than sleepy and leaned against the plywood corner and thought of Wolfgang and the blackmail and the trouble it could cause

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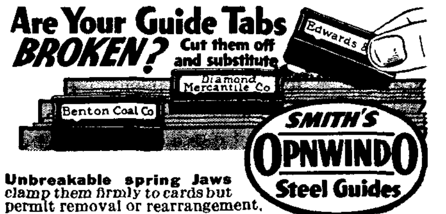

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him and the fortune he was making on the Army's time. He considered what he was going to do, weighing and rejecting various courses of action as he had weighed and rejected various courses of action for his platoon a year before in the hard going between Aachen and the Roer River. When he had made up his mind, he fell asleep. Wolfgang woke him as they entered Frankfurt.

"Drive out to the compound," Fletcher said.

"Yes, Herr Lieutenant. And you will give me half?"

"I'll let you know. Go to my billet."

They drove along Frankfurt's bumpy cobblestones to one of the gates in the concertina fence that surrounded the I.G. Farben office building and three or four square miles of residences. Because Wolfgang was a civilian, the MP at the gate insisted on seeing their orders before he let them in. Wolfgang parked on Frauensteinstrasse in front of the house in which Fletcher kept a locked room.

"Bring in everything," Fletcher said.

"But my share of the furs, Herr Lieutenant?"

"Bring it all in."

FLETCHER went to his room, which was on the third floor, and unlocked it and stood by the door until Wolfgang had placed the three wooden boxes, the flight bag, and the carton of rations in the room. Fletcher had his musette bag slung over his shoulder. He took half a dozen rations out of the carton and handed them to Wolfgang.

"Wait for me downstairs. You can clean up in the bathroom on the first floor if you want."

"Don't you want I should get a room?"

"We're going out again first."

"It's the dinner time," Wolfgang grumbled. "When do you give me the furs?"

"When you were thinking up your little plan," Fletcher asked, "did you figure out what would happen if I told the C.I.D. that, say, you threatened me? Or, maybe, that I didn't want a Nazi driving for me?"

Wolfgang looked at Fletcher and Fletcher stared him down and Wolfgang hulked off to the stairs. Fletcher cleaned up, locked his room, and started after him. On the second floor he hesitated, took the list of names out of his pocket, and knocked on a closed door.

"It ain't locked," a lazy voice called.

Fletcher opened the door. A very tall man was lying on the bed with a comic book in one hand and a drink in the other. He was wearing captain's bars.

"Johnny Fletcher," the tall man said enthusiastically, sitting up. "What dirty work brings you to Frankfurt this time?"

"Thirst," Fletcher said, smiling. "Congratulations, Frank."

"Congratulations?"

"Sure. You're not in the guardhouse."

The captain laughed and got up and mixed Fletcher a drink of cognac and grapefruit juice. He glanced at the list Fletcher still held in his hand.

"That your sucker list, Johnny?"

"The old man won't okay my travel requests unless I cut him and his boys in on stuff. What're you getting for cigarettes this week?"

"Thirty."

"Thirty's too high, Frank."

"That's funny, coming from you," the captain said, handing Fletcher his drink. "You get a hundred and twenty for 'em in Berlin. You can buy 'em for twenty here if you want to make the rounds yourself. I have to pay twenty so I sell 'em for thirty."

"You steal them from the PX," Fletcher said without malice. He looked at his list carefully, moving his lips and squinting his eyes while he thought.

"I'll need a hundred cartons, Frank."

"At thirty?"

"That's what you said your price was."

"It's a deal," the captain said. He raised his glass. "Here's to more inflation in Berlin, Johnny."

"Here's to a long stay overseas."

The two men touched glasses and drank.

"And most of the boys are breaking their necks to get home," the captain said expansively. "You've heard soldiers say about an officer, 'He never had it so good.' I'm the guy they mean."

"Don't you worry about getting caught?" Fletcher asked, watching the captain.

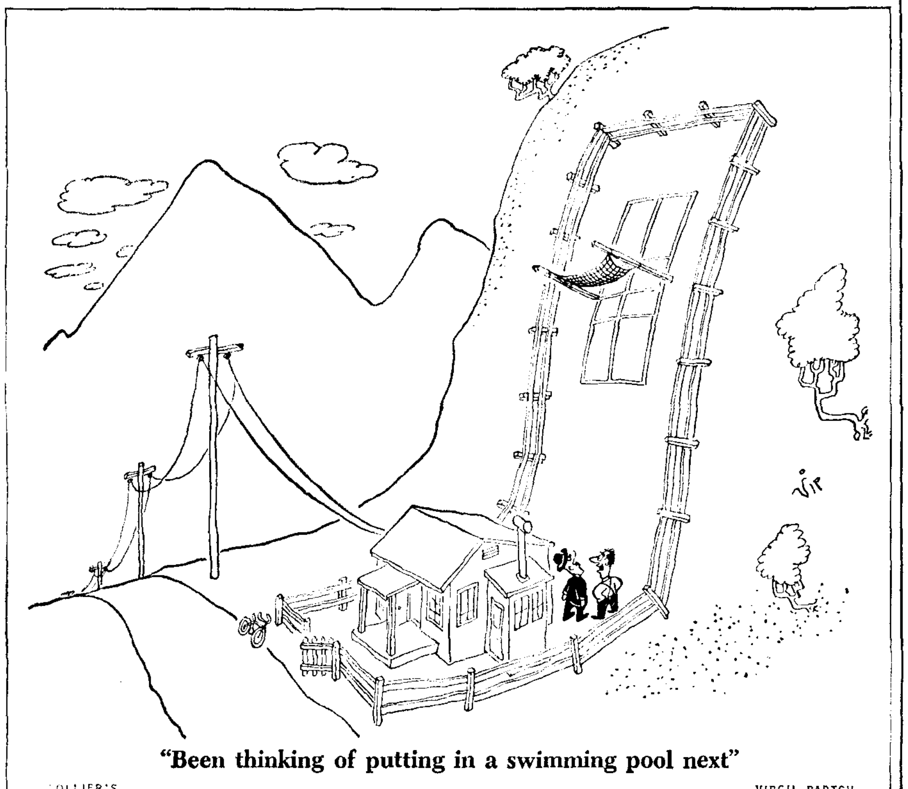
"By who?"

"In Berlin there's an eager beaver named Brandt who's clamping down on black marketing. Isn't there anybody here?"

"Nobody smart enough to catch me, Johnny."

"Then congratulations again," Fletcher said, relieved. He yawned and swirled the liquor around in his glass. "What did you do before you were drafted, Frank? You never told me."

"Dug coal, except for two years when I was paid to play basketball for one of the most amachoor colleges in the East,"



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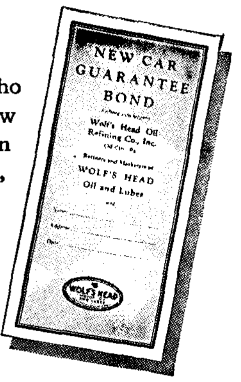
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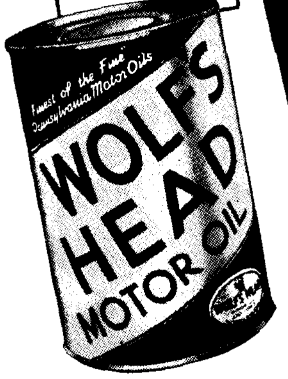

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the captain said. "What did *you* do?"

"Sold real estate and tried to get a contracting business going. What do you think our chances are of getting commissions in the Regular Army?"

"How much education you got?"

"Three years of high school."

"That ain't so good," the captain said. "I got my two years of basketball—they count because the college had to pass me so I could play. Why don't you angle for a civilian job over here, Johnny?"

"It's harder to move around if you're a civilian."

The men talked for a few minutes of various illegal ways of making money. Fletcher refused a second drink. He wanted to get away, but wanted to establish a fact first.

"You eaten, Johnny?" the captain asked at last.

"I want to go out to see Gretchen," Fletcher said offhandedly. "I just stopped in for the drink."

"Who's Gretchen?"

"Who do you think Gretchen is, Frank?"

"I thought you didn't fraternize," the captain said.

"Gretchen speaks English," Fletcher said, laughing. He said goodby and picked up Wolfgang in the living room and went with him to the weapons carrier. Wolfgang was scowling, but he said nothing.

"We're going to Gretchen's," Fletcher said.

"You can drive yourself to that."

"I want you to drive me."

"No dinner, work all night," Wolfgang grumbled.

"We've got the rations. She'll fix us something to eat. Drive out the back way."

"It is longer, though."

"Drive out the back way," Fletcher said.

THEY drove downtown, and out to the *Autobahn* that led to Wiesbaden and Mainz. Fletcher smoked a cigarette, flicked it out, and lighted another.

"What would you tell your friend in Colonel Brandt's office if I didn't give you the skins?" he asked conversationally.

"Of the trips we make."

"And how would you prove it?" Fletcher said.

"The furs you have, Herr Lieutenant."

"But when I mail the furs I won't have them. I don't think an American colonel would take your word against mine."

Wolfgang turned his head to look at Fletcher and turned it back to watch the road. Fletcher was relaxing against the corner of the cab.

"The Germans you make business with will say what I say is true."

"What Germans, Wolfgang?"

"The camera people in Munich. The man in Leipzig."

"I don't think the word of many Germans against mine would mean very much."

"You give me half the furs!" Wolfgang suddenly shouted. "You give me half of all things or there be bad things happen to you."

"You're threatening me, Wolfgang. What are you threatening me with?"

"Yes, I threaten you," Wolfgang cried. "You think because you have many airplanes and tanks and you make the Russians kill the Germans for you, you are so smart. The German he is smart also. You see this."

Wolfgang reached into a pocket of his heavy coat and thrust an envelope at Fletcher. Fletcher opened it. It contained a billhead of the Leipzig fur merchant filled out with a name that, although it was written in script, Fletcher recognized as his own. There was an entry on the bill that Fletcher couldn't read, followed by "50,000." The bill was receipted.

"You *are* smarter than I figured," Fletcher said. "I suppose you got this when you went to the latrine."

"You give it back to me now."

Fletcher looked at the country revealed by their headlights. They had started to climb into the hills northwest of Frankfurt, but hadn't reached the place Fletcher remembered. Fletcher hesitated, and then gave the bill back to Wolfgang. Wolfgang stuffed it into his pocket.

"So now I get the half, *nein?*" Wolfgang said.

Fletcher didn't answer. In fifteen minutes, he dropped his right hand to his side and unsnapped his holster. They were climbing on a narrow, winding road that had been cut into the side of a steep hill; the hill rose formidably on their left, and dropped away on their right.

"Stop here," Fletcher ordered.

"Why we stop here?"

"Because I said so."

WOLFGANG glanced at Fletcher, and continued to drive on, trying to get more speed out of the cumbersome truck. Fletcher brought out his gun and reached forward and turned off the ignition and pulled on the hand brake.

"Now get out the jack," Fletcher said.

"You try to kill me," Wolfgang shouted, turning toward Fletcher and reaching for him with his huge hands. Fletcher knocked down Wolfgang's left arm and hit him on the left side of his face as hard as he could with the gun. Wolfgang grunted and sprawled forward. Fletcher worked his way out from under the bulky man with difficulty, got the door open, got out of the truck, reached back in and tugged at Wolfgang until he got the envelope out of his pocket and went around to the back of the truck and stood there, listening. When he heard nothing, he let the air out of the right rear tire and found the jack in the tool box and threw it on the road and blocked the left rear wheel with a rock. He started for the left side of the cab, remembered that the door locked on the inside, and returned to his own side. Wolfgang was moaning and Fletcher hit him again and climbed over him and opened the left door. He had wanted Wolfgang to be in the back of the truck, but knew he was too heavy and pushed him instead into the right seat.

Fletcher sat in the driver's seat and pulled the wheel as hard to his right as he could. He stood on the running board, listening; he heard a car grinding up the hill. He swore to himself, hesitated, decided the car was at least half a mile away, and reached quickly into the cab, released the emergency brake and shifted the gears into neutral. The truck settled back slightly against the rock, and held

Fletcher ran to the rock and, working furiously, rolled it away from the wheel. He stepped back, hoping the truck would move. It wouldn't roll. It remained immobile and incriminating, because of the flat tire. Fletcher had expected that, and started toward the cab again. Then, almost imperceptibly, the truck began to roll backward. It moved a few inches, hesitated, moved again, and then, as though suddenly gathering itself, rolled crashing over the cliff and bounced and blundered its way down into the valley.

Fletcher watched the truck until it was out of sight. He looked at the road, saw that the jack and rock were lying as they should, and took out his gun and fired it twice into the air. He began walking downhill to meet the climbing car, which was just below him now, to tell its occupants that his driver had been changing a tire when the truck had rolled backward and carried him with it over the cliff.

The dirty bastard, Fletcher thought as he walked. The lousy conniving Kraut bastard!

THE END

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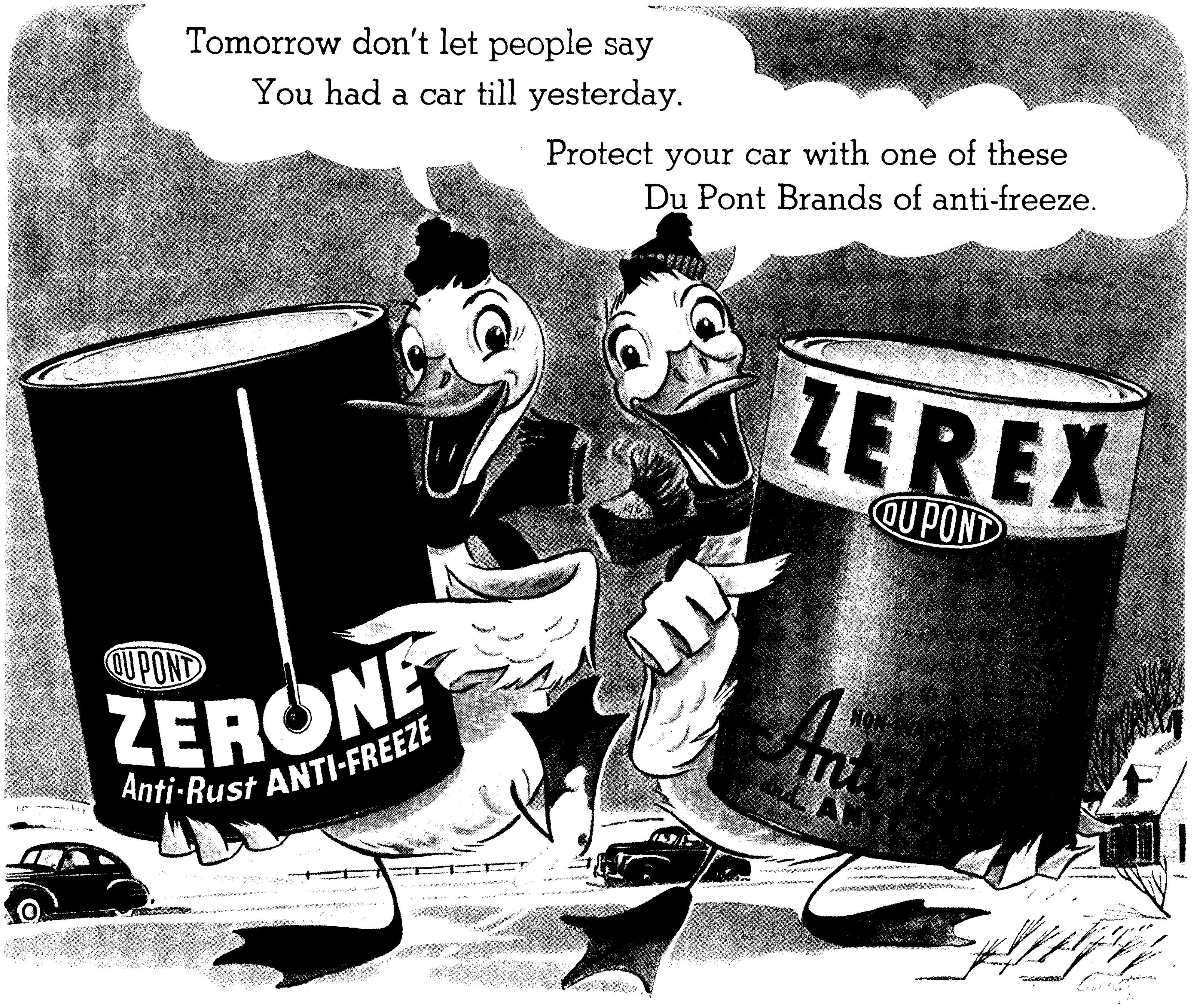
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For great entertainment by great stars, don't miss the Du Pont "CAVALCADE OF AMERICA"*—on NBC stations every Monday evening.*

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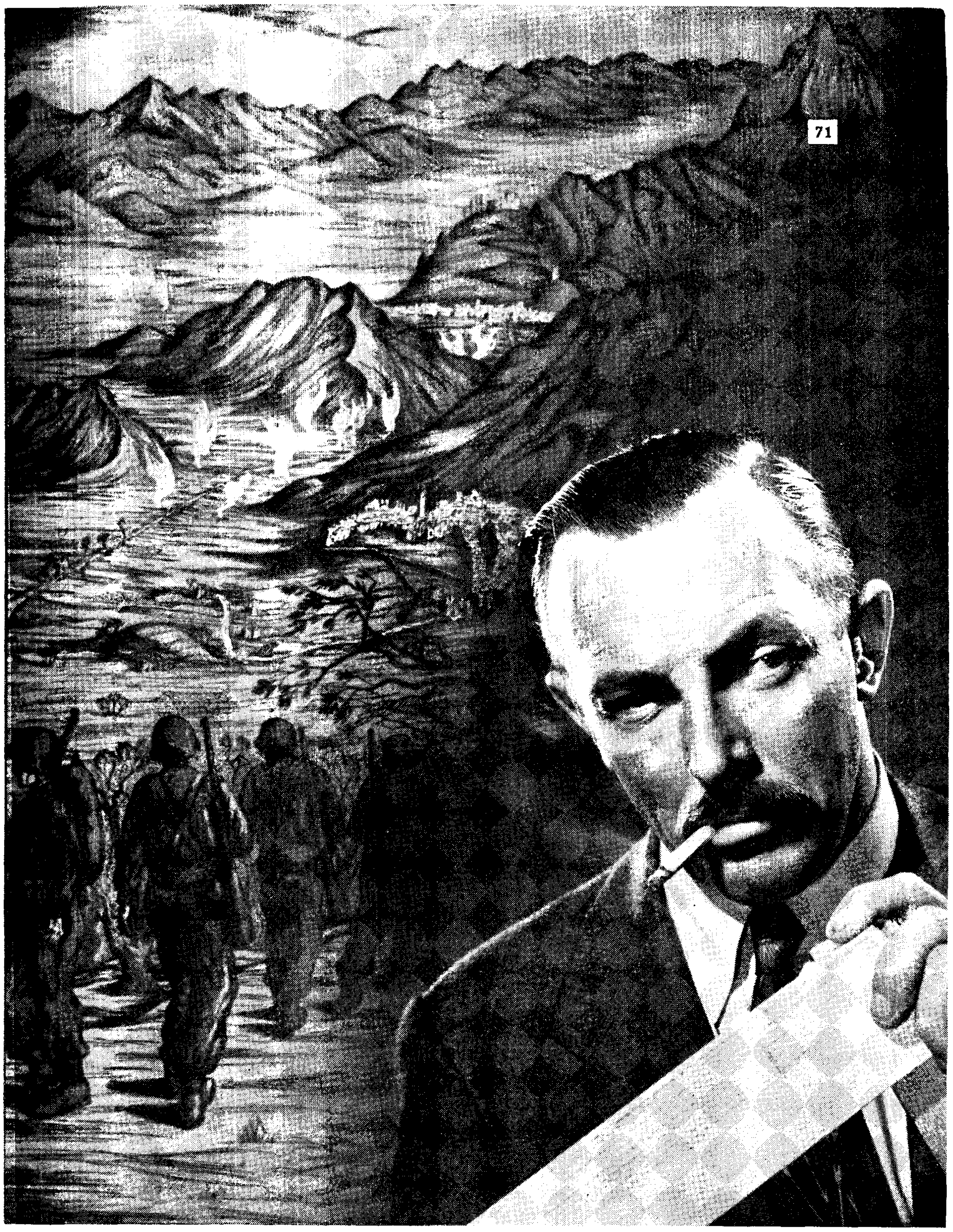
That crazy Von Ripper, who eats glass and cavorts like Nijinsky, is peacefully pursuing his art now. But during the war he was an implacable foe of the Germans

SOLDIER WITH AN EASEL

BY KENNETH T. DOWNS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX



Artist von Ripper in front of his etching of the Cassino battlefield. He's an intense worker

THE first time I heard of this glass-eating was in Paris when an American correspondent asked if I had ever seen that crazy Von Ripper eat glass. I said no, and I didn't believe it.

"Well, he does," the correspondent said. "I saw him eat a hunk of a champagne glass in Vienna. It made an awful noise."

So when Von Ripper came back to Paris we cornered him at a bar and skeptically challenged him until he snatched up a goblet, smashed it, selected a choice piece of the stem and began to chew. The correspondent was right; it was awful. The chills ran up and down our spines until he had ground it up and washed it down with Veuve Cliquot.

"I learned that in Berlin, back in the twenties," Ripper said, modestly. "I saw Ernst Udet, the ace, do it in a night club. I decided that anything he could do, I could do better. So I did. There's nothing to it."

That is only one of the minor accomplishments of the incredible Rudolph Charles von Ripper, former Austrian baron, noted graphic artist, and one of the most improbable characters ever to wear the American uniform; a soldier-artist who hates war but has spent years of his life at war, fighting for an ideal—and for revenge.

To look at him you'd never even remotely guess. He looks like a caricature of the European aristocrat. With his startling buck teeth, small head, a right eye which gazes off a point or two to starboard, and his elegantly tailored clothes, he looks like someone who should be balancing a monocle and a teacup in a fashionable salon. You'd never imagine that here was a man who waged a personal war against Nazi Germany from 1933 on, picking up 23 wounds, killing 63 Germans, and winning the Silver Star and cluster, a Purple Heart and cluster, a division citation and the Legion of Merit in the process.

Von Ripper became a legend in the 34th U.S. Infantry Division for the relentless way he pursued his single-minded, undeviating, coldly ruthless aim of killing as many Germans as he could. When he had no mission, he'd take a Springfield rifle with a telescopic sight and go sniping. He never seemed to tire of it, and it was inevitable that the G.I.s should dub him "Jack the Ripper." "How many, Jack?" was the standard greeting

Back at his painting today in his New Canaan, Connecticut, barn, which serves as his studio and home, Von Ripper resents this reputation as a killer and hopes to live it down. He says he hates killing and he hates war. He hates war more than anything except tyranny, and he plans to consecrate his future work to portraying the vast stupidity and horror of war, just as he bent his artist's talent to the fight against Nazism during the dozen years preceding V-E Day.

Von Ripper's father, a general in the old imperial army of Austria, died in 1918 from wounds he had received on the Russian front. Two years later, young Rip, then 15 years old, chafing at the confinement and restraints of a private school, ran away to Germany. There he began a turbulent existence which was to have many painful, but few dull moments and which led to his bitter struggle with the Nazis, to fame as an artist and soldier, and to American citizenship.

He traveled happily around the country with a band of gypsies until his money ran out, when he went to work in a sawmill near Thuringia. Then he joined a circus as a combination teamster, roustabout and clown. But, alas, this good thing did not last. He entered a rivalry with a tough and seasoned trouper for the favors of a pretty acrobat and soon found himself out from under the Big Top and working in a coal mine near Duisburg.

Drawing had always been a hobby with him, and he decided to make a

(Continued on page 94)

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JEHOVAH'S TRAVELING SALESMEN

Continued from page 13

protested, was made to drink a double dose. While the Witnesses squirmed in agony, they were then tied to a long rope and marched by the hoodlum mob to the Richwood post office. In a touchingly patriotic ceremony, Catlette thereupon recited the preamble to the American Legion Constitution, and everybody present was forced to salute the flag. An hour or so later, as the resultant circuit court decision goes on to say, "the Jehovah's Witnesses were marched through the streets of the town of Richwood and out of its corporate limits, yet attached to the rope."

This case was unique in that it was the only one in which the perpetrators were punished. Catlette was haled before a federal court and sentenced to twelve months in jail plus a thousand-dollar fine, while Stewart, the chief of police, was fined $250. In hundreds of other cases, however, Witnesses attempting to preach their Gospel were beaten, shot, tarred and feathered; their literature and meeting places burned; their children expelled from public schools; and approximately 4,000 of them sent to prison because they claimed they were ministers of the Gospel and therefore not subject to Selective Service.

A reporter of the Little Rock, Arkansas, Arkansas Gazette watched a mob attack a Jehovah's Witness meeting hall and mercilessly beat men and women senseless with blackjacks and screw drivers. In Imperial, Pennsylvania, on July 11, 1942, the volunteer fire department clubbed seven Witnesses nearly to death, and were loading the limp bodies into the fire truck for a lynching party, when the Pennsylvania state police came along to break up the festivities.

In West Jefferson, Ohio, a Mayor Stone turned several Witnesses over to a mob and said, according to an affidavit filed with the United States Justice Department, "We don't care for the Supreme Court, and the Constitution don't apply here."

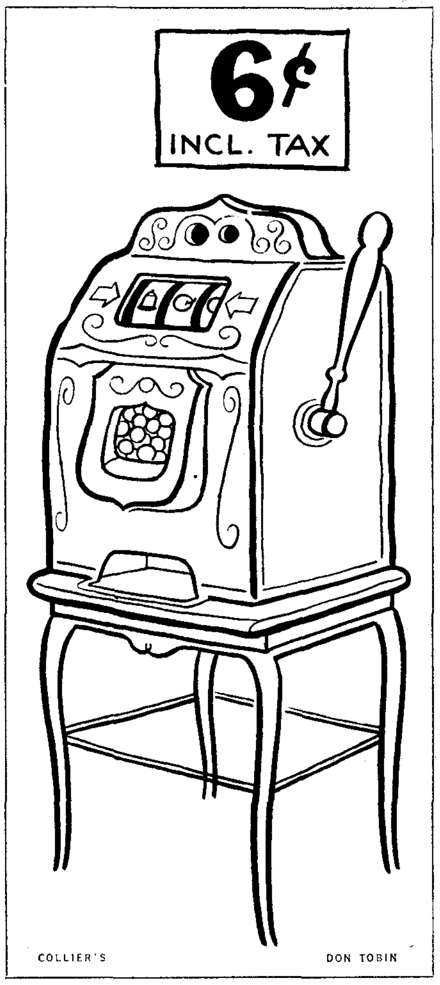
Methods Compared to Hitler's

This nation-wide violence became so widespread that on June 2, 1941, Attorney General Francis Biddle had to excoriate state and county officials all over the country. "Where these officials should have been active in preventing this cruel persecution," he said, "they have in many instances permitted it to occur and in some have been the leaders of the mob. And this betrayal of the rights of citizens," the Attorney General went on, "is done in the name of patriotism, and failure to salute the flag is made an excuse to desecrate the principles of which the flag is a symbol. Hitler's methods cannot preserve our Democracy."

This world-wide persecution makes the recent Jehovah's Witnesses' Cleveland convention a remarkable event. Instead of being wiped out by the persecution, the Witnesses have thrived on it. Where 25,000 delegates turned up for the last prewar convention in Detroit in 1940, more than 83,000 attended the conclave in Cleveland. The 1940 American membership was estimated at a rather insignificant 44,000 and the world membership at well under a million. Today, the unofficial figures (no official membership records are released by the organization) are something like 500,000 in the United States and nearly three million all over the world.

The Jehovah's Witnesses' doctrines are basically very simple. Like most doctrines, they become complicated in their interpretation and application. The name of the society (they never refer to themselves as a sect) comes from the 43d Chapter of Isaiah which says, "Ye are my witnesses. saith Jehovah, and my servant whom I have chosen . . . therefore ye are my witnesses . . . that I am God."

The Witnesses therefore are down-to-earth fundamentalists, which means that they believe and follow only what is written in the Bible. For this reason, they go from door to door selling their pamphlets and playing their religious phonograph records, since this house-to-house method is the only one Christ and His disciples originally used to spread Christianity (Acts 20:20 and Luke 8:1). For this reason, too, they are against all organized religion, since they can find no justification for a church or a hierarchy of any kind in the Bible. One of their chief slogans is "Religion is a racket" and they fire it indiscriminately at the Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Hindu and Moslem churches alike.



Their most persistent target for many years has been the Roman Catholic Church. The Witnesses always hasten to point out that they have nothing against individual Catholics as such, but only the Roman Catholic hierarchy. For a long time, the Catholic Church bitterly opposed the Witnesses from the pulpit. Now, however, the official policy is to ignore them—presumably the old psychology that if you leave a buzzing fly alone, eventually it will go away.

The Jehovah's Witnesses' concept of history explains many of their inflammatory practices. They believe that shortly after the Biblical Creation, Satan and God began the struggle for men's bodies and souls. At first, the tussle was pretty evenly matched, with Abel "witnessing" for Jehovah, and the Devil in Cain's corner. But men being what they are, the evil ones became more and more in the majority until God finally had to start over again with the Flood and Noah. This didn't stop the Devil, however, and he immediately bounced back with Nimrod—the father of all earthly governments, which like religion, the Witnesses classify as demonism and pure instruments of Satan.

The Witnesses prophesy that suddenly, on some day between now and the year 1984, Gabriel's trumpet will blow. Christ's voice then will announce in loud tones that the final end is at hand, and God's hosts will descend from the heavens to fight the Battle of Armageddon with Satan's overwhelming numbers. God, of course, will win this battle and the "Great Theocracy" will then be established on earth. God will rule instead of men, and the only human beings left to enjoy this rule will be Jehovah's Witnesses.

The Witnesses feel that the atomic bomb may be the instrument with which Satan's hosts will be eliminated from the earth.

It is their exclusive claim to real estate in the impending Kingdom of God that gets the Witnesses into so much trouble. They consider that they are the sheep and all others in the world are the goats. They believe that their mission in this period just before Armageddon is to do as much "goat-gathering" as possible, so that the population of the next world will not be too sparse for comfort. That's why they devote endless hours every week, ringing doorbells, politely playing phonographs, and handing out tracts on street corners.

Goats—Benevolent and Hopeless

For purposes of identification, all we goats are split up into a Jehovah's Witness caste system. There are (a) men-of-good-will goats and (b) goats who are considered hopeless. The men-of-good-will goats are those whom the Witnesses are instructed to seek out in juries and on the bench, when they are haled into court. They also are those who show the slightest friendliness or interest when the phonograph gospel plays on the front porch. Such goats are noted in a little book for a return visit. The utterly hopeless goats include priests, newspapermen, general cynics, and the strong-arm men who bounce the Witnesses around.

The Witnesses do not believe in purgatory, paradise, or the immortality of the soul. When you are dead, they say, you're dead. But on the close-at-hand Day of Judgment, all of the faithful Witnesses from Abel on down will be resurrected to enjoy the fruits of the Kingdom of God.

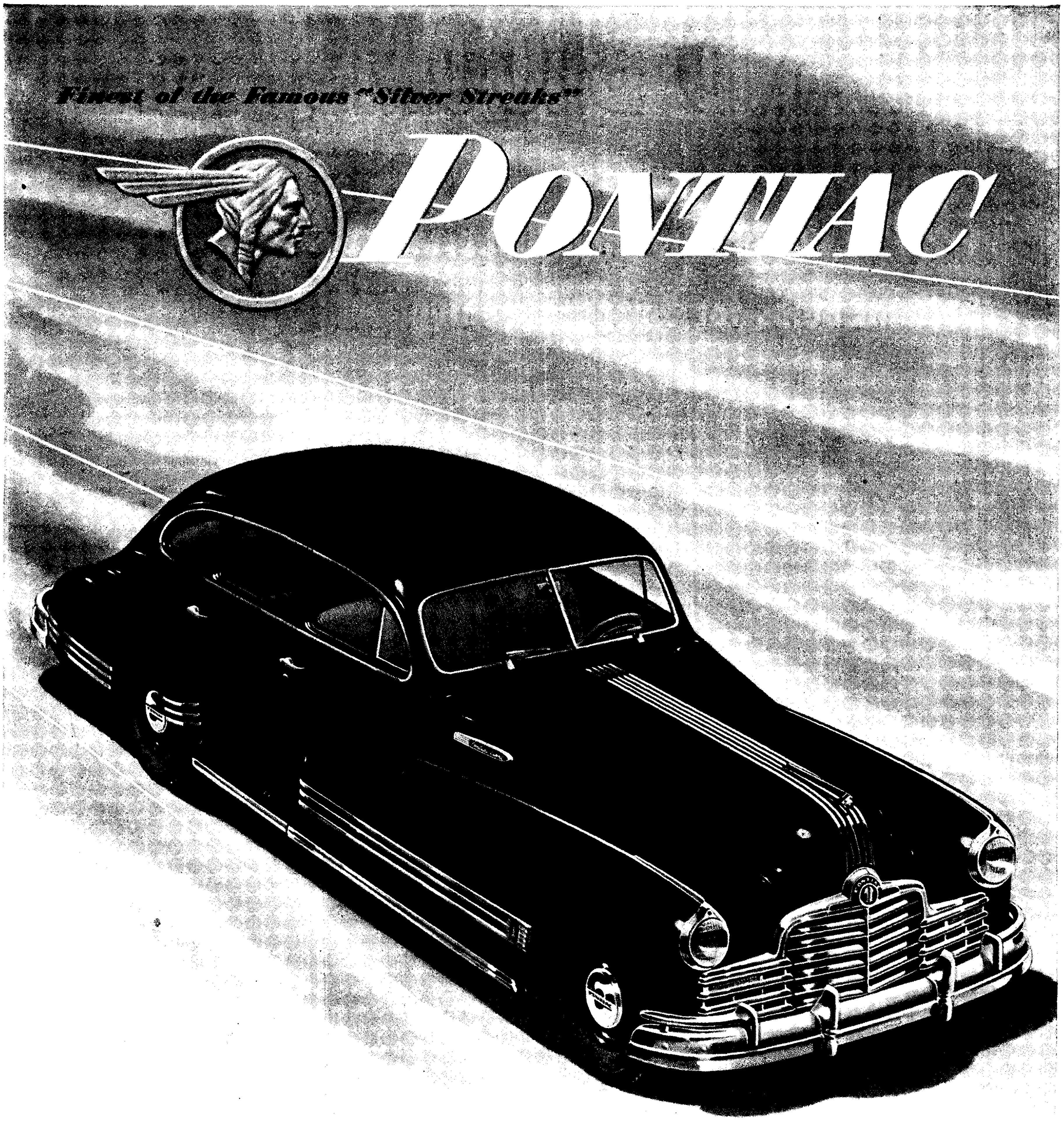
That's what the Witnesses' late leader, Joseph F. Rutherford, meant when he coined their most popular slogan, "Millions now living will never die."

This doctrine, from the point of view of popular appeal, is a sort of spiritual Communism. Like the Communists, they hold out a picture of better things to come to the ragged, underprivileged peoples of the earth.

Roger Baldwin, distinguished head of the American Civil Liberties Union, developed this analogy. Baldwin, with the aid of some of America's best-known lawyers, has helped defend the Witnesses in court since the last war and probably knows them better than any other outsider.

"Together with the Communists," says Baldwin, "the Jehovah's Witnesses are a gauge of the world's despair and disgust with civilization. The Communists promise despairing people immediate reform and privileges here on earth. The Witnesses promise them immediate reform and privileges in a Next World which is just around the corner. That's what draws in the converts."

There are other analogies to Communism as you go down the line. In order to advance their doctrine, the Jehovah's Witnesses own and run radio station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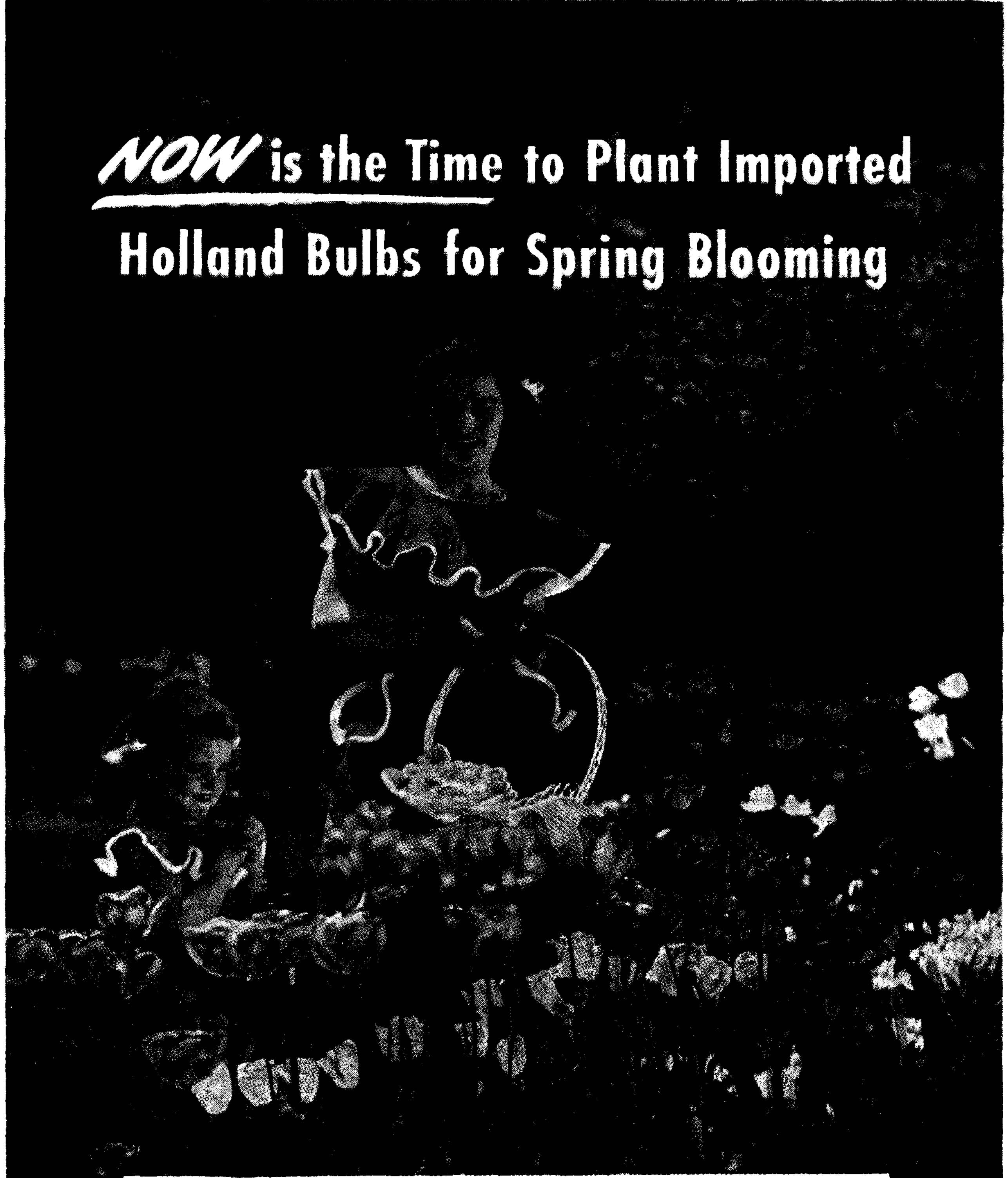


NOW is the Time to Plant Imported Holland Bulbs for Spring Blooming

SO EASY TO GROW—SO MANY PLACES TO GROW THEM!

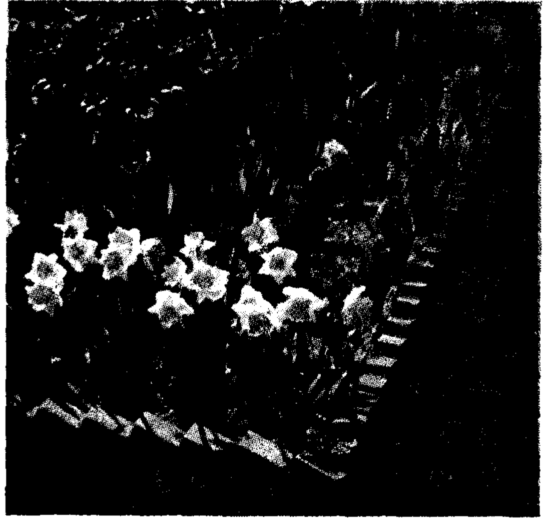
Make today your first day of Spring by planning *now* to grow beautiful Spring flowers the easy way—with imported Holland bulbs.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PLANT! If you've dreamed of a garden...planned a window box...or own a flower pot...you can add beauty and charm to your home with colorful Holland blooms. Tulips, daffodils, hyacinths, crocus . . . hundreds of varieties in all!

IT'S SO EASY! Imported Holland bulbs are easy to grow in any kind of soil and need almost no care after planting. But remember *now* is the time to plant . . . *now* before the frost hardens the ground.

A BEAUTIFUL SURPRISE NEXT SPRING! Holland bulbs planted now will bloom in Spring. Your flowers will be larger, lovelier, because the bloom is preformed in these big Holland bulbs.

HOLLAND BLOOMS AGAIN! . . . and Holland wishes you a lovelier Spring. So plan now to *plant now*—ask for genuine imported Holland bulbs.



PICTURE YOUR OWN YARD IN SPRING! It's easy to plant tulips—daffodils—hyacinths—crocus—with Holland bulbs. Just loosen soil to one foot depth—then set each bulb five to six inches below surface, about six inches apart. *Remember, Now is the time to plant!*

BRILLIANT PATTERNS ALL YOUR OWN! Enjoy flowers in any colors your heart desires. Holland bulbs are noted for strong stems, beautiful blooms. So be sure you plant large and healthy bulbs—imported Holland bulbs! *Remember, Now is the time to plant!*

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LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM. Ask for imported Holland bulbs at seed stores, florists, hardware, chain and department stores. Your dealer in U. S. and Canada has an illustrated folder for you, showing many easy, attractive ways to grow and arrange lovely Spring flowers with imported Holland bulbs. Associated Bulb Growers of Holland, 41 E. 42nd St., New York 17, New York.

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HOLLAND WISHES YOU A LOVELIER SPRING!

WBBR in Brooklyn, and turn out more than 1,500,000 books, 11,000,000 pamphlets, 12,000,000 magazines and 150,000 phonograph records every year, all in 88 languages.

During the period from 1919 to 1946, the Witnesses claim they printed and sold the incredible total of 468,000,000 books and pamphlets.

All this printing, recording and broadcasting is done in a modern eight-story factory in Brooklyn. This plant is staffed by every conceivable type of technician and executive, all of whom are Jehovah's Witnesses and all of whom live in a seven-story modern apartment building owned by the society on a pleasant Brooklyn street overlooking New York's East River.

These "headquarters servants"—and there are nearly a thousand of them—work for exactly ten dollars a month, which is labeled "expense money." All their other needs are filled by other Witnesses living at the headquarters. They have their own chambermaids, their own dining room, their own laundry, their own tailor shop. Their food is produced by Jehovah's Witnesses working on farms owned by the society and scattered around the country. There are also the Gilead Bible School of advanced training for full-time ministers at South Lansing, New York, and the 39 branch offices of the society in other countries all over the world.

"Do you realize what you're saying?"

COLLIER'S HARRY LAMPERT

Food and Expenses—$5

Missionaries to lands where there are no branch offices are given five dollars a month for food and other expenses. They are allowed to keep the "contributions" they receive for the literature they hand out.

Jehovah's Witnesses have no churches. Their local societies are called "company organizations" and their meeting places, whether an elaborate ex-hospital as in Little Rock, Arkansas, or a grass hut in the Mysore jungle, are called "kingdom halls." On Sunday nights, and sometimes on weekdays, all the "servants" gather to discuss a Bible lesson, as handed down to them by the Brooklyn headquarters, and to sing their own hymns.

In the daytime, the "publishers," as they are called, go around from house to house "witnessing" or "exchanging for a contribution" the pamphlets and books which they have already bought from the society at five cents per pamphlet and twenty cents per book. The ideal work week for "publishers" according to the society is "five days devoted to God, and one day to secular work."

A fairly typical Witness is thirty-nine-year-old Michael Kusek, a Schenectady, New York, farmer who was born in Poland and came to this country at the age of five. For years, Kusek was a pious Roman Catholic. His family was studded with priests and nuns, and he himself served as a regular choirboy in his parish church. Then one day he happened to pick up a copy of the Watchtower, the Jehovah's Witnesses' weekly magazine. That's when the fireworks started. Kusek got into one religious argument after another with his mother, and finally he had to leave his home and his church. He met and married a Glens Falls, New York, music teacher who came from a solid Presbyterian family.

For years, Kusek's wife, Joyce, tried to get her husband to forget his fanatic devotion to Biblical prophecy. She took him to see minister friends of hers. She sat in on all of Kusek's arguments with the ministers, and as a result, she seems to have become converted herself. The Kuseks thereupon brought up their two sons to be Jehovah's Witnesses like themselves.

For a while, the Kuseks continued to live as they did before, on their comfortable 40-cow dairy farm. Witnessing was an afternoon and evening side line. But suddenly, in 1941, Kusek deliberately sold all but a few of his cows, and now the family devotes nearly all of its waking hours to the cause. Kusek grows his own vegetables on his farm now, but that's all. The rest of the time he's at the local kingdom hall or out witnessing. He hires himself out to neighboring farmers for a few weeks each year and the family subsists on the few hundred dollars that brings in.

Kusek's once-prosperous farm is now a tourist camp for all passing Jehovah's Witnesses—for free. They set up housekeeping there, grow their own gardens, and stay as long as they like.

Of all the Witnesses I met, most were as poor or poorer than the Kuseks. When 83,000 of them descended on Cleveland in their jalopies and beat-up trucks, the inevitable comparison with an Okie migration was made. Moreover, Department of Justice figures indicate that less than one per cent of the group has had a college education while fifteen per cent have *less* than grammar schooling. Yet at the Cleveland convention, there were hundreds of well-dressed, beautiful girls, dozens of Witnesses in Cleveland's finest hotel suites, 100 doctors, 250 nurses, a Mrs. Dodd who left her 16-suite apartment house in London to fly to the convention by Clipper, and the senior engineer at a leading Middle West radio station. Mixed in with this heterogeneous mass was a goodly sprinkling of Negroes and hundreds of converted Jews.

Once a year, all of these conglomerate Witnesses (providing they have made a contribution of at least ten dollars) are allowed to vote for the board of directors, who in turn select the society's officers. No one is ever elected to the board of directors but the previous board of directors, or any newcomers the board of directors might designate. Only once was there a revolt on the board of directors, and those insurgent gentlemen were purged and excommunicated so fast that their personal belongings were out on the street before the meeting ended. There was a minor revolt of the rank and file at the Cleveland convention. A group of eight old-time pioneer Witnesses, led by fifty-nine-year-old Roy D. Goodrich, of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, a member since 1919, tried to get up on the floor and accuse the board of directors of hypocrisy and of "setting up a dictatorship to rule the Witnesses," and of "establishing the same sort of religious hierarchy as the Roman Catholic hierarchy they condemn."

Brother Goodrich and company were excommunicated by personal letter before the hour was out. They tried to plead their case by distributing handbills outside the stadium. The rebels were immediately surrounded by 200 Witnesses who deliberately cut the canvas bags of Watchtowers from the insurgents' shoulders—very much like the public stripping of buttons and insignia from the uniform of a disgraced and court-martialed French army officer.

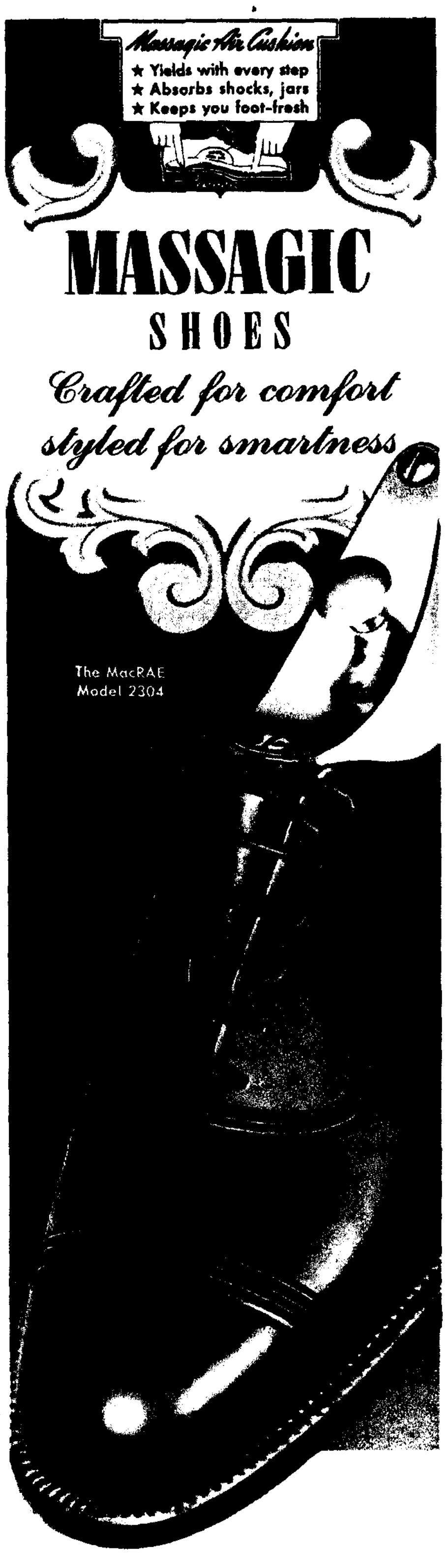
The board of directors of Jehovah's Witnesses live in unpretentious suites at the Brooklyn headquarters, and eat in the barely furnished common dining hall with the headquarters servants. They hand down instructions and interpretations of the Bible to the Witnesses, and they are responsible for running the radio station, the printing of the millions of publications, the fifty-two branch offices in the United States and foreign countries, the society's missionaries in countries where offices are not yet established, the society's farms and the Watchtower Bible School of Gilead, where Witnesses are schooled for positions of command in the organization.

A Home for the Prophets

The board of directors also run a $75,000 mansion in San Diego, California, which was constructed during the regime of Judge Rutherford for the exclusive occupancy of King David, Moses, Samuel and the other prophets when they return to earth. This mansion is called Beth Sarim (the House of the Princes) and it is complete with Middle Eastern architecture and palm trees so that the prophets will feel completely at home. In the meantime, to prevent Beth Sarim from becoming moldy with disuse, the board of directors use it as their own winter vacation rest spot.

Because of outward signs like this, and because of the obviously huge income from the millions of publications every year, the board of directors have often been accused of using Jehovah's Witnesses as a personal racket. There is no evidence to support these charges. The leaders actually live in lower middle-class simplicity, and the first president of the society, Charles Taze Russell, left exactly $200 in his will when he died in 1916. He had been the owner of a chain of haberdashery stores and a very wealthy man at one time.

The same thing is true of Judge Joseph F. Rutherford, the second president. A few years ago, Roger Baldwin of the American Civil Liberties Union became one of the few men outside of the board of directors to get some official notion of the organization's finances. Baldwin is convinced that the million-dollar profit of that particular year was almost completely eaten up by foreign publication losses, administration expenses and the tremendous legal expenses necessary to



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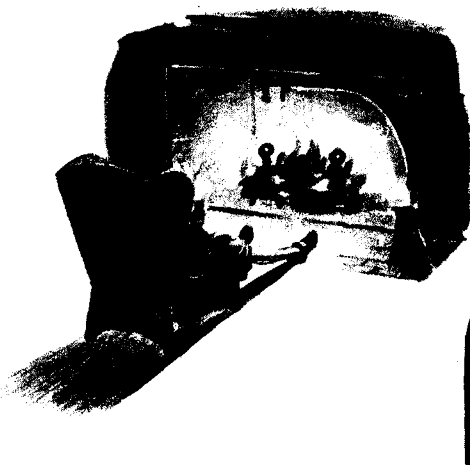
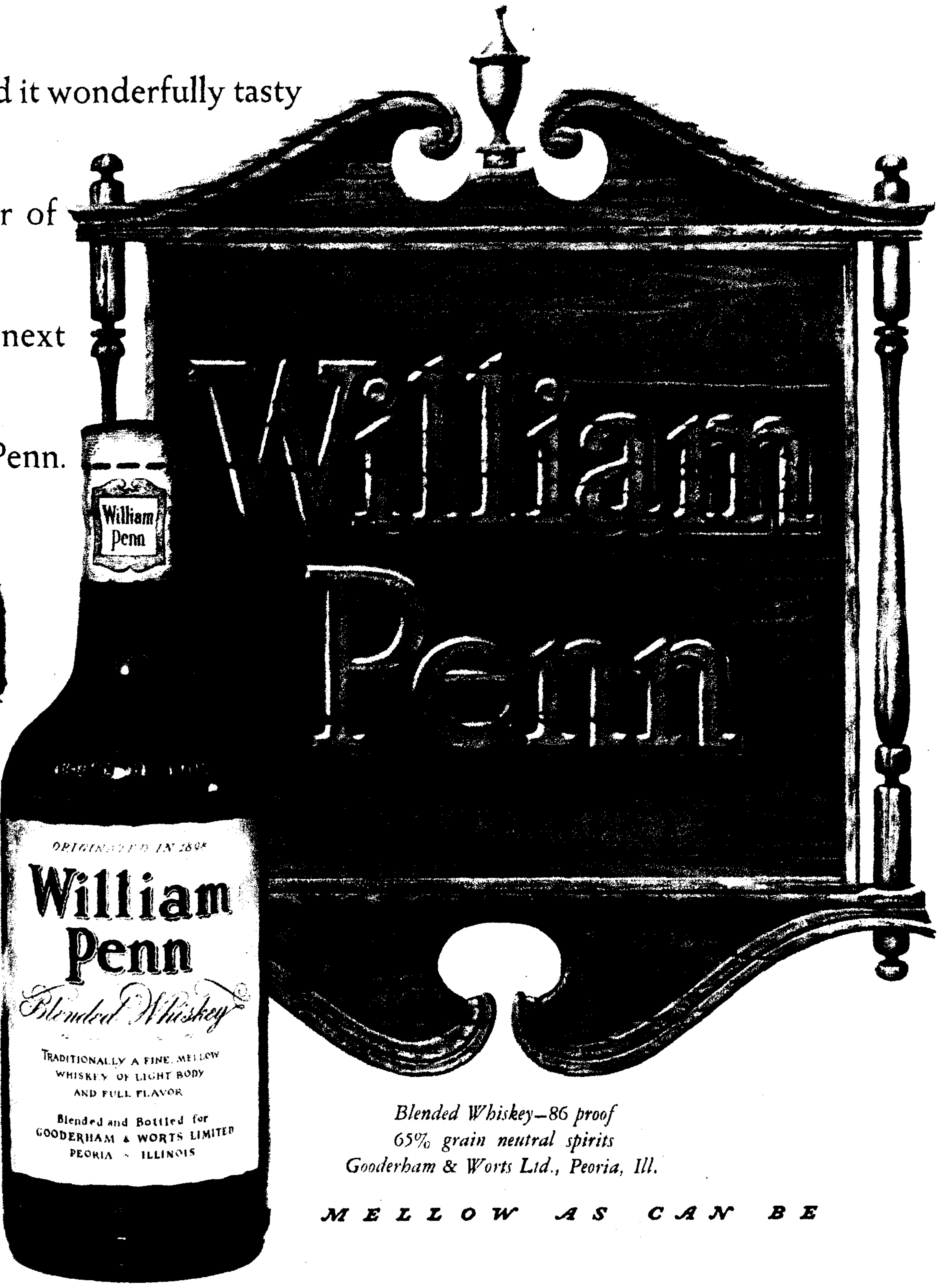
He won't change from shoes to slippers—because he's enjoying Massagic Comfort

If Old Inn Walls Could Speak..

they would tell of bygone days and feasts . . . of roast partridge, broiled lobsters, venison, and soul-warming measures of gentle, old-fashioned spirits! That's the sort of hospitality your inn guests enjoyed long ago, and in that pleasant tradition William Penn Whiskey is made by veteran craftsmen for your enjoyment today. You'll find it wonderfully tasty and fragrant, and a cheery promoter of old-fashioned hospitality, too! Look, next time, for the label reading—William Penn.

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JUST AS FINE AND MELLOW AS CAN BE

defend the Witnesses in courtrooms.

Russell and Rutherford were the two outstanding figures in the history of Jehovah's Witnesses, which got under way in 1872, when Russell, then a fairly prosperous young Pittsburgh haberdasher—and a Presbyterian by religion—organized a Bible class in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, to "begin a thorough study of the Scriptures and come to a clearer understanding of many fundamental doctrines of Christianity which have been lost sight of since the days of organized religion, A.D. 325 and thereafter." From this obscure beginning developed Zion's Watchtower Tract Society, the corporation name of Jehovah's Witnesses.

Russell's personal interpretations of the Bible now have become Jehovah's Witness dogma. In addition, he organized the system of "witnessing" from door to door, the local Kingdom Hall and company organization setup, the Brooklyn headquarters from which traveling representatives went forth to keep the company organizations in line, and the Witnesses' foreign branches which still are officially known as the International Bible Students' Association.

When "Pastor" Russell died suddenly in 1916, it looked for a while as if the organization would fall apart. But after just a few months of confusion, the mantle dropped onto the broad shoulders of "Judge" Joseph Franklin Rutherford, an obscure Missouri lawyer, who, after his conversion in 1909, had become the attorney for the organization.

Tall, portly, senatorial-looking, stentorian-voiced Rutherford gave the movement the personality it needed. Soon Russell was all but forgotten, and his followers, who had called themselves "Russellites," were expressly forbidden to use that term. Everything was done in the name of Judge Rutherford, the tracts were all his personal messages, the Watchtower became filled with his personal opinions and the newly acquired radio station WBBR spent 90 per cent of its broadcasting time propelling his booming voice into the metropolitan New York ether.

Like Russell, Rutherford quickly seized upon technological developments to advance his doctrine, and as early as 1927, the Judge had a coast-to-coast network of 53 stations to carry his basso profundo pronouncements to the goats. This network grew to the astonishing number of 403 stations in 1933.

But the Voice Wasn't Silenced

When protests from the clergy forced most of these stations to drop Rutherford's lectures, he embarked on a new project—phonograph records and sound trucks. Rutherford made portable phonographs and recordings of his lectures in the Brooklyn factory and sold them to the servants, to assist them in witnessing. The sound-truck equipment cost the disciples $140 each, the phonographs $10 and the recordings seventy cents. Thus a whole generation of Americans became familiar with the booming voice of Judge Rutherford on the front porch.

Rutherford first instituted the name, "Jehovah's Witnesses" in 1931. He also set the Witnesses' pattern of refusing to serve in the army of any government but God's, when he was sentenced to the Atlanta penitentiary for counseling draft evasion in World War I. Judge Rutherford died at Beth Sarim on January 8, 1942, after twenty-five years as president of the society.

When Rutherford died, the current president, quiet, colorless Nathan Homer Knorr was elected to fill his place. Knorr, who was converted to Jehovah's Witnesses when he was a schoolboy in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, came to the Brooklyn publishing plant as a downy-cheeked, eighteen-year-old shipping clerk in 1923, and rose to be general manager of the vast enterprise. He is *not* the new Great Personality. That distinction seems to belong to a fairly recent convert named Hayden C. Covington, an ex-San Antonio lawyer who now functions, as Rutherford once did, as the society's legal counsel.

Hayden Covington is a tall, drawling, handsome, wise-cracking, back-slapping Texan in a wide-brimmed felt hat, whom Roger Baldwin describes as one of the most resourceful lawyers in the country today. The thirty-five-year-old lawyer joined up in San Antonio and, because of his already glowing legal reputation there, he was immediately whisked to the Brooklyn headquarters to take over the legal department which Rutherford had dominated for so many years.

He soon had plenty to do. From 1941 to 1946 Covington personally handled over 4,200 Jehovah's Witness cases in the state and federal courts, 35 of them before the U.S. Supreme Court itself. Nearly all the higher court cases were a one-man Covington show. According to Roger Baldwin, Covington files brilliant briefs spiced with Scripture, conducts a rapid-fire defense of the Witnesses involved, and immediately takes off by train or plane for the next case which might be a thousand or so miles away. His schedule sometimes involves as many as six cases a week. He argues all the Supreme Court cases personally and he is famed as one of the few lawyers consistently able to sass Supreme Court justices and get away with it.

SHORT CUT

Mothers have been known to find
They often can improve the mind
Of children quicker if they spend
Some effort on the physical end.

—W. E. Farbstein

Because of his work in the courts these past five years, Covington has done much for the society. In 1942, for instance, three West Virginians, named Walter Barnette, Paul Stull and Lucy McClure, were threatened with prosecution by the state authorities if they did not force their children to salute the flag in school as required by state law. This was just another of the hundreds of flag-salute persecutions which had plagued the Witnesses, and in a world-publicized case, the Supreme Court had ruled against them. Hopeless as the case looked, Covington spotted an opening.

He knew that in that Supreme Court ruling, the decision had gone against the Witnesses by an overwhelming eight to one vote. But he knew that Justices Jackson, Black and Murphy had openly changed their minds and now felt that they had wrongfully oppressed a minority. That would close the eight to one down to five to four. Then Wiley Rutledge replaced James F. Byrnes on the bench, and because of Rutledge's past record as a judge, Covington knew he now had that vital vote. He immediately slammed through the Barnette case, as it is now known in history books.

The victory came even sooner than he expected. Circuit Court of Appeals Judge John F. Parker reversed the original Supreme Court eight to one decision and when the astounded school board appealed to the Supreme Court, positive of a reversal in their favor, the Supreme Court upheld Covington five to four just as he had figured. This was the final word on flag saluting. It is now illegal for any school board anywhere in the country to force children to do anything against their religious principles.

After many years of defeats on the question of distributing the Jehovah's Witness literature without interference from the local gendarmerie, Covington spotted the same sort of opening and settled another vital point once and for all. A Witness named Murdoch was arrested in Jeannette, Pennsylvania, for violating an ordinance against peddling religious pamphlets without a license.

In the most recent decision on this matter, the Supreme Court had upheld a similar ordinance in Opelika, Alabama, by a vote of five to four. But now Wiley Rutledge was on the bench and Covington knew that Justice Rutledge had vehemently ruled against just such an ordinance when he was a circuit court judge in Washington, D. C. Covington rushed the Murdoch case up through the federal courts until it hit the Supreme Court, and surely enough, he got the expected five to four decision in his favor. The court ruled that distributing tracts is as much a part of freedom of religion as going to church, and that closed the issue once and for all.

Other Rights Legally Upheld

Little by little Covington cleaned up the side issues. He got a Supreme Court decision upholding the right of the Witnesses to ring doorbells, another upholding their rights to "witness" in company towns, and another enabling them to distribute pamphlets on government property. In one case, he got several Witnesses reinstated to their jobs in a plate-glass factory in Pittsburgh, after their fellow workers had walked out because the Witnesses refused to salute the flag.

Most of Covington's cases involved the 4,000 or so Witnesses who went to prison because their draft boards refused to classify them as full-time ministers, which they insisted they were, and tried to send them into the Army instead. These Witnesses were a problem to the government because few of them would even go to conscientious objector camps. "We're not against war," they said. "We just want to keep on witnessing for Jehovah, which is our only function on this earth." Covington at least was able to get a decision making the draft board's classifications reviewable by the federal courts.

And with the help of 33 of America's leading clergymen (including Bishops McConnell, Hartman and Baker) who were lined up by the American Civil Liberties Union to back the plea, he also seems to have wrung paroles and maybe a general amnesty from President Truman for the thousands of Witnesses still in jail a year after V-J Day.

Covington has suffered just two defeats in all these cases. He was licked in the Sarah Prince case when the Supreme Court ruled that child labor laws superseded freedom of the press when the Witnesses sent a nine-year-old child onto a rainy Brockton, Massachusetts, street to peddle tracts. And in the Chaplinsky case, the Court ruled that it was *not* freedom of speech for one Walter Chaplinsky to inform a Rochester, New Hampshire, cop that he was a "damned racketeer and a damned Fascist and the whole government of Rochester are Fascists and agents of Fascists." Not even Covington could do anything about *that.*

In the entire Jehovah's Witness picture, however, the momentous court decisions are the important thing. They probably will be remembered long after Jehovah's Witnesses become extinct, which might very well happen if too many Armageddons fail to arrive on schedule. As Roger Baldwin put it, "By contesting in the courts every restriction on them, these Jehovah's Witnesses have rendered a great service to American liberties. They've won for you and me a degree of freedom we've never had before. In serving what they conceive to be the cause of God, they have served the cause of their fellow men, whom they abhor."

THE END

"That's right... before using anti-freeze, get the radiator in shape"
Warner RADIATOR CLEANER
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It's no good putting in anti-freeze if it's going to boil off or leak away! When the radiator isn't properly serviced for winter, *down* goes cooling efficiency and *up* goes engine temperature—even to the point of serious engine damage!

Be sure your car is *completely* ready for winter. See your service man today and insist on Warner products.

Here's what Warner Service does for the cooling system of your car:

Warner Radiator Cleaner *cleans it thoroughly*—stops overheating and "hot-spots." Warner Cooling System Protector *keeps it clean*—prevents rust and scale accumulations. Warner Liquid Solder *repairs leaks*—non-metallic, deposits tiny fibers to repair leaks anywhere in system.

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Warner RADIATOR CLEANER
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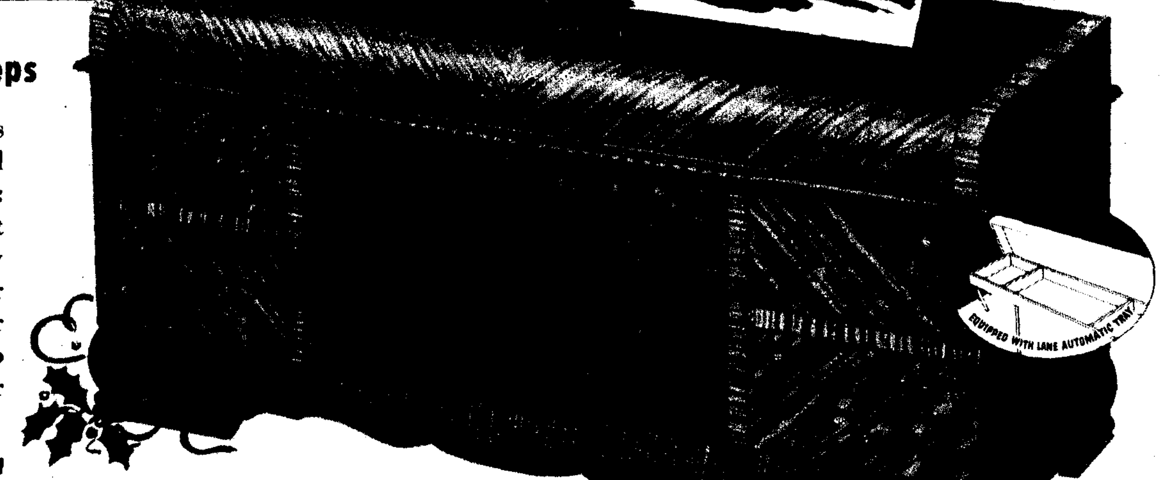


Give Her a LANE and It's Love for Keeps

This dream-come-true Christmas, sweethearts everywhere pledge their love with a Lane. And no wonder! What other gift so eloquently says: "You're the one girl in my heart"? What gift could mean so much to the girl whose every thought is of you? Give her the Lane Cedar Hope Chest she longs for—beginning of your happiness together through all Christmases to come! Remember, too—Lane is the ideal gift for sister, daughter or mother.

The Only Tested AROMA-TIGHT Chest in the World

Lane is a lifetime sanctuary for precious treasures. It's the only chest that has all these guaranteed Moth Protection features—in addition to other exclusive construction features: 1. Tested aroma-tight protection. 2. Exclusive aroma-tight features. 3. Built of ¾-inch aromatic Red Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations. 4. Lane-welded veneers will not peel. 5. Chemically treated interiors even aroma flow, prevent stickiness and add life to the chest. 6. Free moth insurance policy written by one of the world's largest insurance companies. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. S, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada: Knechtels, Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

Lane Chests are available in many other beautiful styles and woods at a wide range of prices.

No. 2120. Front center panel is four-piece matched American Walnut stump flanked with side panels of matched New Guinea. Border of cross-grained Zebrawood. Waterfall top and front base rail of matched Oriental wood. Has Lane patented Automatic Tray.

$49.50 *Prices subject to change without notice or by OPA rulings.*

No. 2134. Elegantly simple Colonial design in Mahogany. Hand-rubbed satin finish. Equipped with Lane's patented Automatic Tray.

A million maidens yearn for this Romantic Love Gift!

LANE
Cedar Chests

LANE *Cedar* Hope Chest

FOREVER LINDA

Continued from page 16

enough or wise enough to steer her own course—trying to please everybody, until she found that wouldn't work; hitting back at everybody, until she found that wouldn't work; and gradually developing sense and strength and independence.

From the very beginning it was Mrs. Darnell, not Linda, who set her sights on a movie career for her beautiful dark-haired child. It seemed a faraway ambition to blossom in this rather hard-up family with five children, all living on the salary of a patient postal-clerk father. Linda can't remember what age she was when her mother started her with dancing lessons—four or five maybe. Linda liked ballet, hated tap. "You'll take tap," said her mother. She remembers arguments between her mother and father about the high cost of lessons, but her mother always won. Her father borrowed money, going deeper into debt year by year.

Shortly after her eleventh birthday, Mrs. Darnell looked at Linda critically. "You are tall for your age, aren't you . . . Let me see . . ." She took Linda by the hand and led her to the door of Higginbotham, Bailey & Logan, the clothing manufacturers. "When you get in, smile and act old and maybe you can get to be a model." The tall skinny child got the job, and worked at it off and on for several years, wearing a paper-stuffed brassière to camouflage her flat chest, getting away with her pretense that she was upward of 16 years old. School in the morning, modeling in the afternoon, dancing and music lessons at night . . .

Breaking Into the Drama

It was time, Mrs. Darnell decided, for dramatic training. But the Dallas Little Theatre, the one Mrs. Darnell had read most about in the papers, charged $1,500 a year to apprentices. That was more than Mr. Darnell could or would borrow. Mrs. Darnell investigated other possibilities, and soon Linda, now a big 13, was working with the Catholic Players of St. Matthew's and the New Theatre of Dallas, a Jewish group headed by a tailor named Mr. Tankus ("A sweet man who has never asked me for a favor," says Linda).

Mrs. Darnell was always on the lookout for news of movie-talent scouts, and every time one came to town she would rush to school, gather up a protesting Linda, warn her to "stand straight, smile, say you are eighteen."

Finally the Twentieth-Century scout, Ivan Kahn, smiled on her. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Fourteen," said stubborn, rebellious Linda.

Mr. Kahn threw up his hands. "Well, give me some photographs," he said. "Maybe you'll hear from us later."

Three times Mrs. Darnell charged Hollywood, dragging Linda along, and the third time it worked. Linda was the Dallas competitor in the RKO Gatewood to Hollywood contest. The business all over again—but Linda strongly suspected that again there would be no cigar. Now, for the first time in her life, she acted on her own initiative. While she still was on the RKO lot, still dressed up in a pretty suit supplied by the wardrobe department, she telephoned Kahn at Twentieth. He said, "Come see us again." Hating to change back into her own shabby clothes she used her magnolia charm on a wardrobe attendant to get permission to go over to Twentieth still wearing the suit. "Okay if you get it back by 6 P.M.," he said.

The top folks at Twentieth didn't recognize her, all slicked up. "Um, pretty," they said to Linda's creamy skin, large dark slantwise eyes, lush (even then) figure.

It was a contract, and Linda's early triumphs began . . .

But complications set in. Linda's mother was always present on the lot, as the law requires, with her minor child. Not only was she present but she brought her pets along—a rooster, a snake. Tenderly she painted the rooster's claws red, carefully she wound the snake around her arm. The fan magazines reported, "Linda keeps the oddest pets. She is *devoted* to them."

The family had moved to Hollywood in its entirety, although Mr. Darnell didn't like the idea much. He took a job, which he still has, with the Beverly Hills post office.

Once there was a traffic accident. Mrs. Darnell was driving, with her pet snake around her neck. Another woman driver drew up alongside, saw the snake, fainted. Nothing much happened, but it was not so good. When the rooster died, the public funeral was of gangster-era magnificence.

Linda was working her head off now, interested in her career on her own account. But things at home were beyond her. Her mother obtained a court order changing the parental share of Linda's salary from the usual one half to two thirds. That was all right with Linda. Her social standing in Hollywood wasn't much. Those queer pets, my dear. She was not invited to the best parties.

At last she was 18, and legally free of parental control. A couple of weeks after her birthday, and the night before she was to start on a new picture, she rushed out of the house without baggage. A few days later, she received a message from a mortuary saying they had been told to contact her regarding instructions for picking up her mother's body. Linda hurried home. It was a false alarm. Her mother was all right.

Now Linda, in her outspoken way, told all to a writer from a fan magazine, which carried a story signed by Linda entitled, "I have left home—and here's why." The way of it was rather expurgated, and Linda sounded like a spoiled, ungrateful child.

A storm of public disapproval descended on her.

Through all of this, Linda's best friend was Pev Marley, the photographic director who made her first test, who filmed her first several pictures, and who gave her good professional advice. After the family tumult subsided, Linda and Marley were married. She received just three wedding presents: a glass dish from her agent, a dressing gown from her older sister, an electric bread warmer from an old friend. Nothing from her studio, nothing from her parents.

The long dry spell ensued, with Linda getting minor parts, and, for 19 months, no parts at all. Slowly she worked back up to second leads. She played second to a lot of girls who weren't even in Hollywood when she was a star.

Anxious to Play Bad-Girl Role

Mostly Linda played sweet-young-thing parts, and no matter how she begged, her studio wouldn't put her into any other kind. Her desire to play a bad girl was granted at last through an offer from an outside producer who needed a star who wouldn't cost too much for the lead in Summer Storm. That success was followed by two others, both off her home lot—The Great John L, and It Happened Tomorrow.

When she returned to Twentieth, Linda had a new swishy confidence, and although it was still second leads for her, they were better parts. She became the most-often-killed girl on the screen, murdered in Summer Storm, shot in Fallen Angel, burned in Hangover Square, burned again in Anna and the King of Siam. Linda enjoyed every death, as a step up.

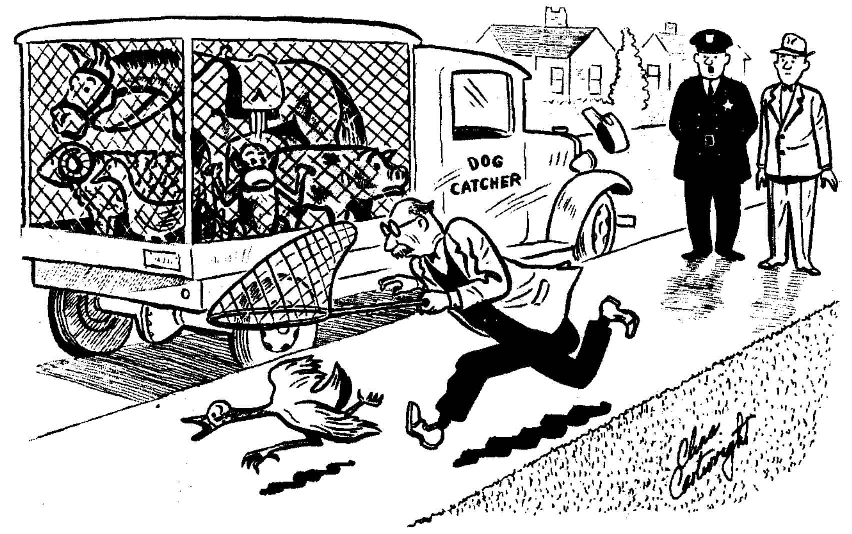
She loves coltish play but sometimes her idle moments are spent in more dignified pursuits—painting and sculpting. She is good at both.

Slowly Linda's studio troubles were forgotten. She knew she was okay when the big-shot secretaries started addressing her as "Miss Darnell" instead of "Miss Who?"

On the first go-around of Amber, Linda had hopes, but was told "No, dear. It's not for you." Not until after the studio was half through making the film at a cost of a million and a half dollars, with Peggy Cummins in the lead, did they get around to considering Linda. Peggy, they decided, looked more like a nice college girl than a ruthless courtesan in the days of Charles II. Linda was just right.

Now Linda is getting her hair bleached, so she'll be blond like Amber in the book, and she's acquiring an English accent, and Director Otto Preminger declares, "Linda couldn't be better. She has that animalistic quality we need."

THE END



"He was the best man we ever had in that job till his eyesight started failing!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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GIVE YOUR MOTOR the zip of youth—*make it start quick as a flash on the coldest day*—use WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM regularly! WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM keeps motors clean inside. Does the job the modern, chemical, safe way *while you drive.* Makes them start quicker; run better; use less gasoline. And when you get that *new* car, WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM will get it off to a good start in life! You'll find WHIZ MOTOR RYTHM at leading garages and service stations everywhere. *R. M. Hollingshead Corp., Camden, New Jersey; Toronto, Canada.*

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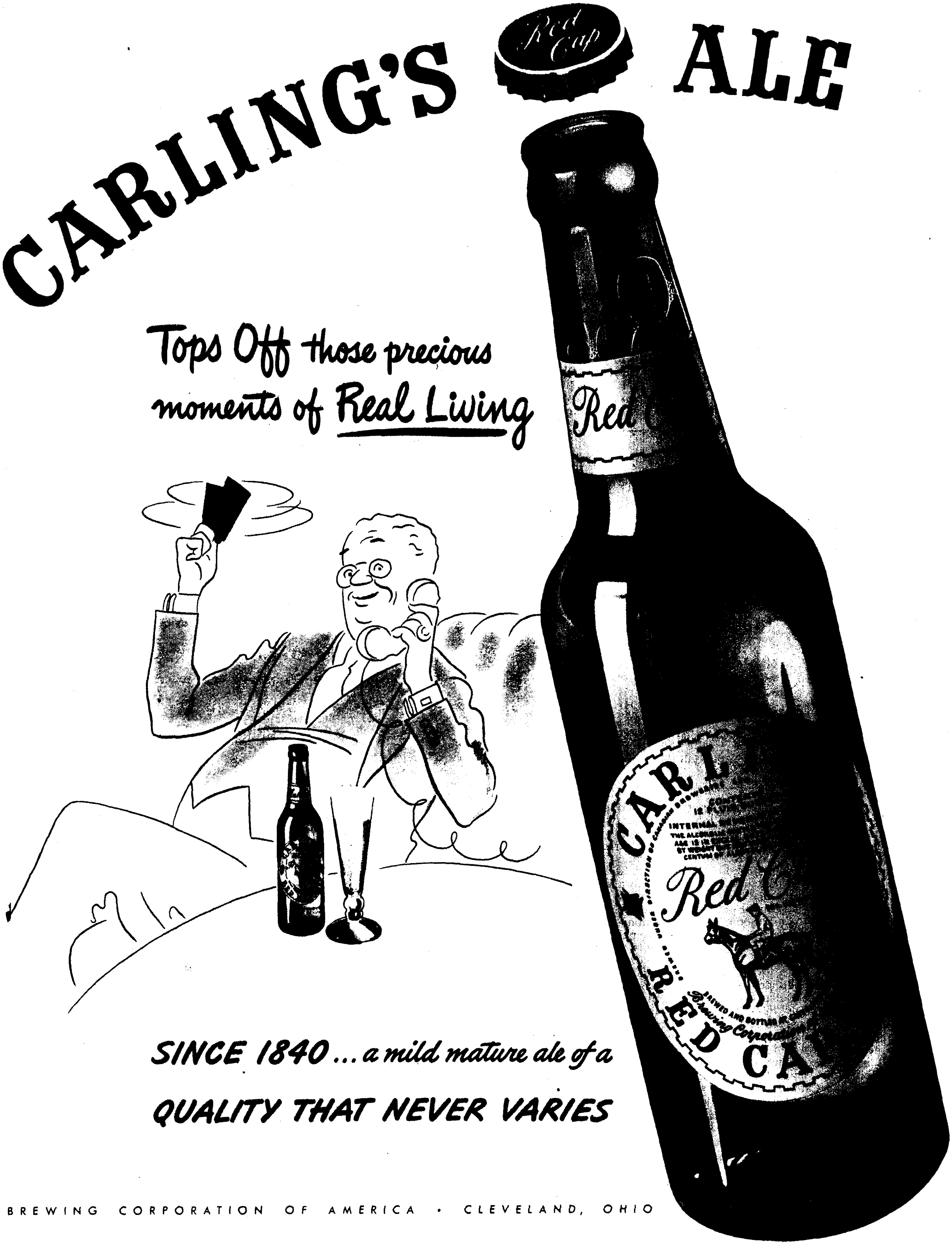
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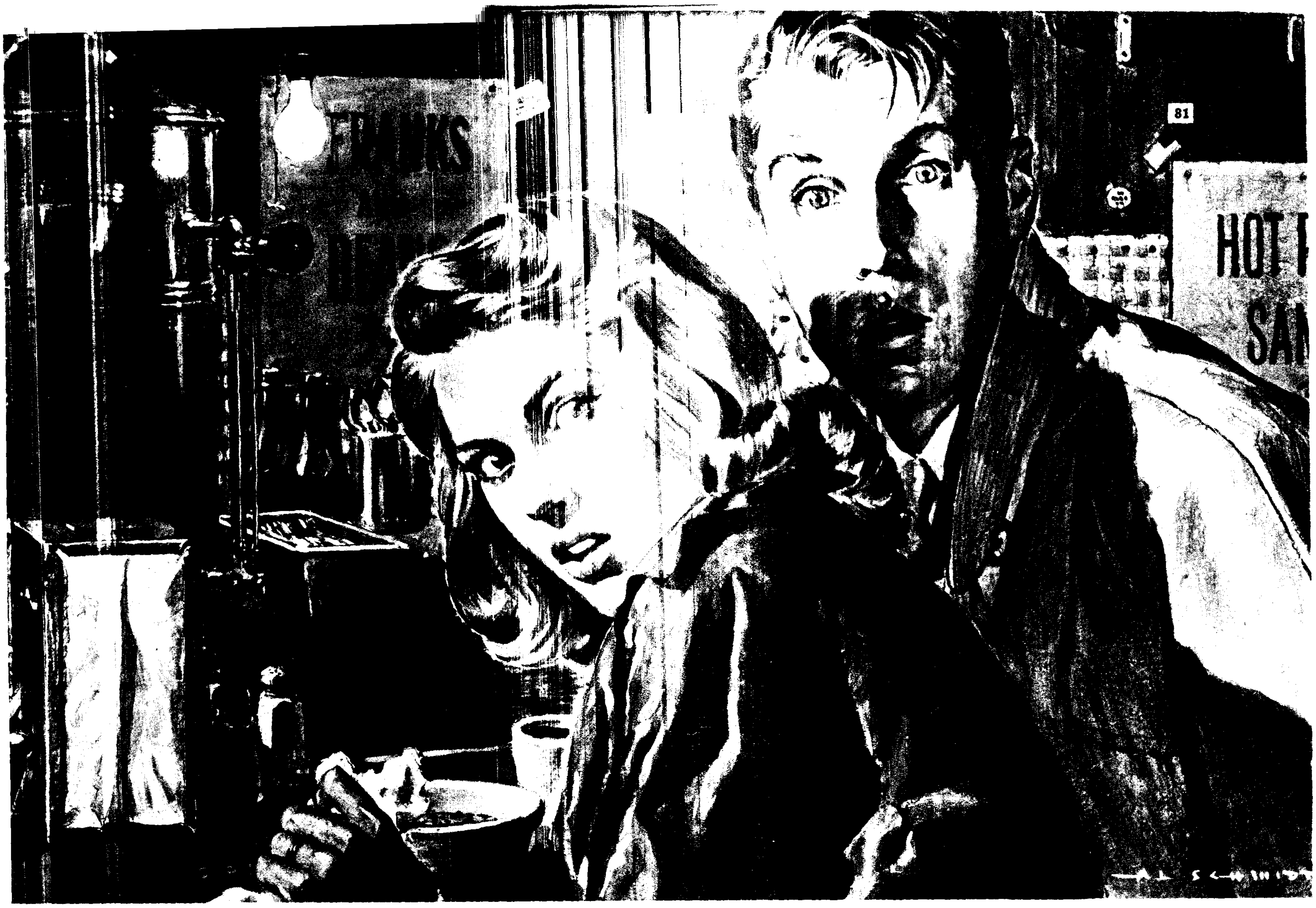


They finished their soup feeling sure they were being watched. Then the sound of an opening door jerked their heads around and their faces paled

LIKE THE [illegible]

BY VIRGINIA DOUGLAS DAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

THEY were tired and hungry. They had been driving steadily for hours. The towns were far apart and it was nearly one o'clock when they saw the lights of the solitary little eating place glimmering through the rainy darkness.

"We'd better pull in here and get something," said Joe, yawning. "Everything will be shut up by the time we reach Stowe City. Your folks will probably be in bed too."

"Oh, they'll have something for us," Lola said. "They know we'll be late."

"Well, let's stop here anyway." He pulled into the little circle of gravel and switched off the engine. "Oh, boy, it feels good to stretch my legs. I was beginning to wonder if I could ever get 'em straightened out again. How 'bout you? Sleepy?"

"U'mmm." Joe's wife yawned. "I'd like a cup of coffee."

"I'd like a good bowl of hot soup with some crackers to crunch in it."

They got out of the car and she staggered against him. "Oh, I *am* stiff and tired. I'm glad the wedding won't be until afternoon; we can get a nice long sleep."

"Yeah," he said, "and then there'll be a nice long drive back home again tomorrow night."

"Well"—She shrugged away from him—"you're the one that thinks we have to get back. I don't see why the store can't get along without you for more than one day. If you'd just say to Mr. Sawyer—"

"Yep, I know; if I'd just say, 'Mr. Sawyer, I'm a very superior clerk. I deserve about six times as much money as I'm getting and a nice long holiday so's I can go to my wife's sister's wedding. Besides, my wife says—' "

He held open the door of the little wooden eating stand and they went in, blinking in the sudden glare of the unshaded lights.

THE place was warm and steamy with past cooking. There were no other customers; the two men inside seemed to be in charge. One in a white cook's hat was sitting on a stool reading a paper. The other, a heavy, whiskery person was also reading a paper behind the cashier's box. They showed no enthusiasm at the prospect of a little business.

Lola and Joe perched themselves on stools. The cook came up to them from the other side of the counter and mopped off a section of it with a damp gray rag.

"Poor night," he offered in a gloomy voice.

Joe nodded. "You're right, mister," he agreed, "and we've come a long way. Well, we want some coffee and some soup and crackers. What kind of soup is it?"

"Only one kind of soup," said the cook drearily.

"Okay then, soup."

The steaming bowls and mugs were plunked down before them on the counter. The cook withdrew to his

After midnight even a wayside diner seems like a setting for adventure: Lola dreamed up a scenario, but Joe failed her. And then fooled her stool at the end of the row and disappeared behind his paper.

"Kind of a lonely place, isn't it?" Lola murmured

"Yeah. It's a wonder they keep open all night. Lucky for us they do. This soup just hits the spot with me."

She peered into hers distastefully. "It's got letters in it."

"Well, you can leave the letters."

Lola glanced around the place. The man behind the cashier's box seemed to be keeping an eye on them from under his sleepy lids. She had the feeling that the cook, too, was giving them quick glances over his paper from time to time.

She said, "I wonder what they think we're doing out this late on such a night."

Joe yawned. "Maybe they think we're crooks."

"Not you. Nobody would ever think you were a crook."

"You say that like you'd admire me more if I did look like a crook."

"Oh, no, but I just sometimes wish you had a little more spirit of adventure. You can do exciting things without being a crook."

"What, for instance? Tell me something exciting I could do right now."

She waved her hand in defeat. "Oh, nothing, I suppose. But it seems kind of exciting to me being here in this lonely little place so late at night and yet we just sit yawning like two old fogies."

"That's me—just a tired old fogy."

Lola lifted her soup spoon and peered into it with thoughtful interest. "Listen, Joe." She laid her hand on his arm and a look that he knew came into her eyes. "Suppose you were another man and you came into this place by yourself."

"Yeah."

"And it was late and rainy and kind of deserted like it is now. And there was a man and a girl sitting at the counter just like us eating soup. And you sat down next to the girl."

"What was she like?" asked Joe.

"Oh, beautiful, of course," she snapped. "But quiet, Joe, terribly quiet. And the man with her was quiet too."

"Married probably," said Joe.

"But you began to see that the girl was frightened, Joe. She was all kind of stiff and frozen. And then you saw her take a letter out of her soup like this. Look, Joe." Lola lifted a letter S on to her spoon and laid it carefully on the counter. "You see the girl put it under her plate where you could see it but the man on the other side couldn't. And then she took out an O and put it beside the S, all very carefully, and then another S and they were all in a row like this. Look, Joe. What would you do?"

JOE looked over at the three letters—S O S in damp noodles on the counter. He grinned. "I'd say to myself, 'There's a girl who doesn't like alphabet soup.'"

Lola sighed. "But Joe, suppose you looked at the man on the other side of her and saw he had his hand in his coat pocket and there was a bulge."

"An ugly bulge, eh?"

"Yes. What would you do then?"

Joe munched thoughtfully. "Have I ordered anything yet?"

"No, but—"

"Then I'd just get up quietly and go out into the night," he said cheerfully.

"And leave her flat?"

"Yep. Flat. I'm just a plain innocent bystander. Daytimes I work in a hardware store, nighttimes I keep out of trouble. What would you do? Sock the guy in the jaw, I suppose."

Lola lifted her head in disdain. "No, I wouldn't do anything as crude as that. I'd realize I had to be clever. I'd pretend I wanted some cigarettes and I'd go over to the cashier. Then I'd say to him in a whisper, 'That couple over there needs watching. Have you got a gun?'"

"And suppose he didn't have one."

"But he would. In a place like this he'd have to have a gun."

"Well, we'll never know anyway."

"Go on! Why don't you ask him?"

"Ask him? Are you crazy?"

"You see," she said bitterly. "You never do exciting things. You just crawl through life with your eyes on the ground thinking of nothing but nails and fuses and—and chicken wire."

Joe gave an exasperated groan. "Exactly what do you want me to do?"

She smiled sweetly. "I just want you to find out if that man over there has a gun. You can just say nicely, 'Good evening, my wife and I—'"

Joe slammed his spoon into the saucer of his coffee cup and whirled off his stool. He strode across to the man behind the cashier's box. "Say, Buddy," he demanded, "do you keep a gun here?"

The whiskery man looked at him unsmilingly for what seemed a long time. Then one hand moved up from under the counter, slowly, and in it was a black metal object. "Yes," he said, "I gotta gun. See?"

Joe's mouth jerked weakly in a kind of smile. He began to back away. "We just wanted to settle a little bet," he croaked. "Thanks." He stumbled across to his stool and crawled hastily back beside Lola, burying his nose in his coffee cup. "Now they probably do think we're a couple of crooks," he whispered. "Let's get out."

LOLA was a little chastened herself and rolled her eyes toward him without turning her head. "We can't leave now or they'll think there's something funny. Whatever made you ask him like that? You should have said—"

"Yes, I know. I should have asked him about his bunions first. Lola, next time you want to know about other people you go ask 'em yourself."

They finished their soup in uncomfortable silence, feeling sure that they were being watched by suspicious eyes. Then the sound of an opening door jerked their heads around and their faces stiffened and paled at the sight of two uniformed patrol officers who stepped in quietly and shut the door behind them.

The officers looked around the place in heavy silence. "'Lo, boys," they drawled. They hoisted themselves onto the two stools nearest the door. The cook hurried over to them and began to mop off the counter in front of them.

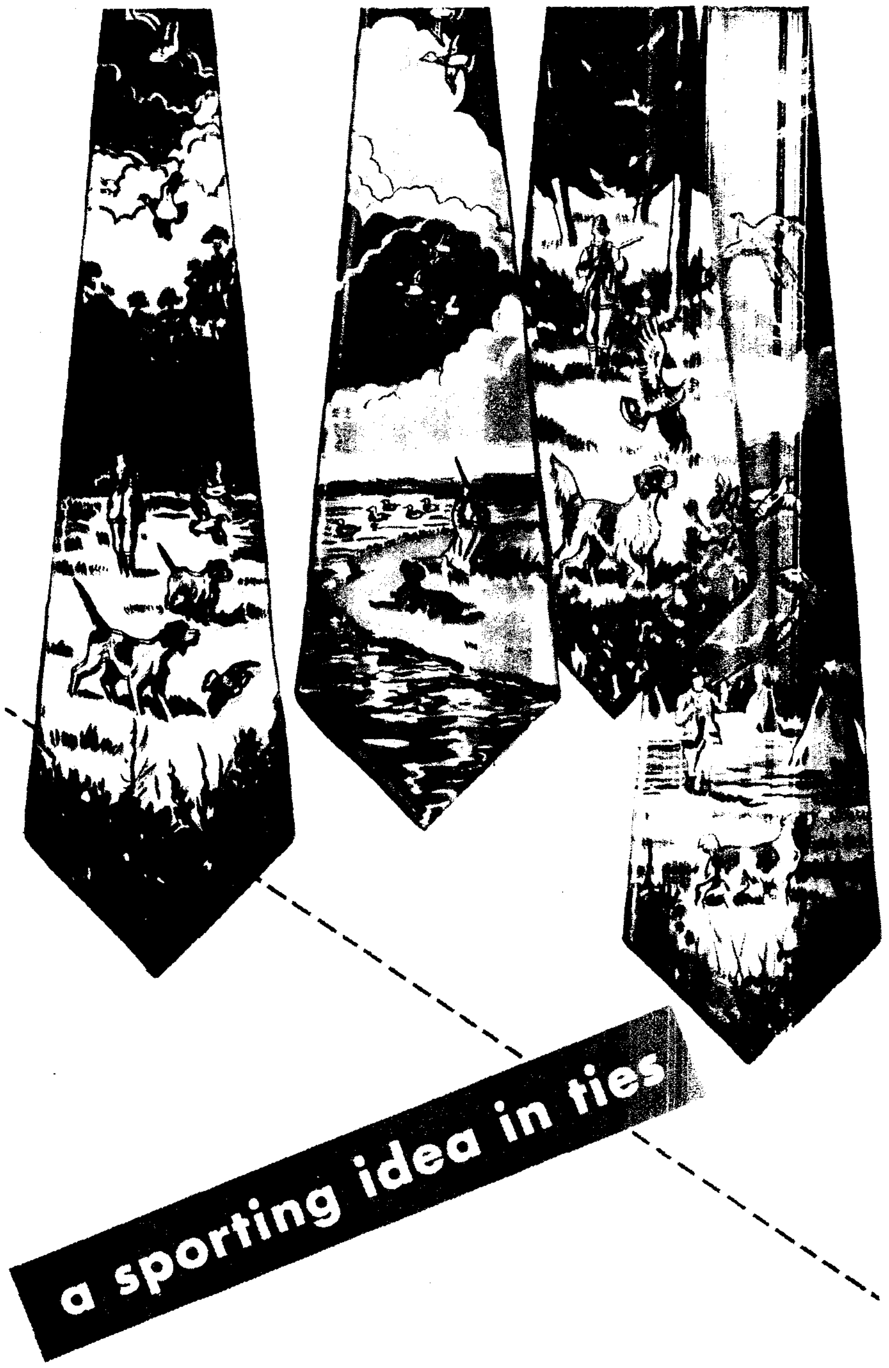
"Well, dear," said Joe brightly, "I guess we better be getting along." He picked up the little white check the cook had laid at his place and took her arm. He could feel her shrinking against him and drew some comfort from her nearness. They seemed to creep to the cashier's box and stood there waiting for their change, oppressively conscious of the two broad, tightly uniformed backs.

They got to the door, opened it and were out and the two backs did not turn. "Whew!" breathed Joe when he felt the rain on his face and the darkness close around them. "I'm glad to be out of that place. Now, Lola, I hope this is the last time you ever push me into anything like that. We're lucky to be climbing into our own car and not the patrol wagon."

The cold air and the feeling of being safe in their car restored some of Lola's confidence. She said in a superior tone, "Those policemen were probably getting a harmless little snack at their usual roadside stand. They probably—" She broke off, seeing the tightening of his expression as he looked into the windshield mirror. "What's the matter?"

"Those harmless cops just came bolting out of that place and jumped into their car. They're probably going to follow us. You look back."

She laughed at him. "Who's daydreaming now? You're talking like something out of a detective story magazine." She turned around and peered out the back window. "Well," she said less certainly, "they are coming this way, but that doesn't mean they're chasing us."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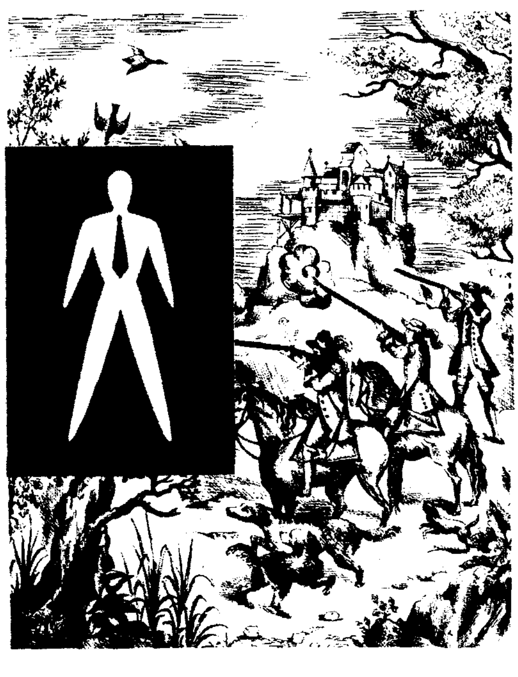


"We can soon tell," Joe said.

"How?"

"By whether they pass us." He kept his eyes on the little mirror. "They don't pass, you notice."

"Well, slow down. They'll arrest you for speeding at this rate if nothing else." She was still speaking in a derisive tone, but after a minute during which Joe decreased his speed noticeably, she said in a subdued whisper, "Oh, Joe, they must be following us. What'll you say if they stop us?"

"Just that I'm blessed with a nutty wife who wants me to do exciting things all the time."

"Oh, Joe, this is awful."

"What's awful about it? Aren't you having a good time? You're not bored, are you? I should think you would be right in your element being chased by the police on a lonely road at night."

"Oh, Joe." Her voice was tearful.

He grinned and then laughed, patting her knee. "Cheer up, honey. We haven't committed any crime. Enjoy yourself. I think I'm having a wonderful time. Yes, I am. You're right, Lola; we should do this sort of thing more often."

She looked at his profile. His expression of boyish delight drew a wail from her. "Joe Martin, if you're going to have some kind of terrible character change don't have it now. This is serious."

"I'm not having a character change. I was like this all the time underneath. I'm a natural lawbreaker."

THEY went around a curve, up a hill, and then suddenly below them lay the scanty lights of Stove City.

"Oh," sighed Lola thankfully. "I hope the folks have left the front door unlocked."

Rescue seemed near at hand, but just as they entered the limits of the little town the car behind shot forward and came up alongside them. "Pull in, mister," a curt voice called.

Joe and Lola peered at the two officers. Their shining buttons and leather straps gleamed with authority.

"Oh, Joe, what are they going to do?"

"Listen, kid," Joe croaked at her, spreading his fingers in a gesture he must have seen in some gangster movie. "Dem cops ain't got nuttin' on us, see?"

Lola's hands went to her mouth and her eyes widened in despair. She drew away from him to the farthest corner of the seat.

Joe had his wallet open and his papers ready when the officer came up to them. "Whatcha got on us, Officer?" he asked with a kind of tough leer.

The policeman looked him over, leaned nearer and peered at Lola, then flashed his light into the back seat. He took the wallet and papers Joe held out, gave them a brief glance and handed them back.

"What's up?" asked Joe.

"Nothing, maybe," said the policeman slowly. "We're just looking. Been some holdups down the road this evening. Mind driving down to the next corner to the station? The chief may want to ask you a few questions."

"But my family—" Lola stopped suddenly as Joe dug his elbow into her side.

The policeman bent and peered in at her again. "Never mind, lady; we'll take care of you. No funny business now," he added sternly to Joe. "We'll be right behind you."

Joe started the car and chugged along before his guard. He was laughing.

"I don't know what's got into you, Joe Martin," said Lola with a pathetic catch in her voice. "Why wouldn't you let me tell him my family lives in this town? If you're doing all this to teach me a lesson, you can quit now. I've got the idea."

"You should enjoy yourself more, Lola," said Joe. "Sometimes I think you're just an old fogy."

THE two cars pulled up at a neat brick building. The officers jumped out at once and firmly attended Lola and Joe from their car, up the front walk and into the station. Then Joe was taken farther and disappeared into a room whose heavy doors closed with a solemn thud. Lola was left alone in the hall with the remaining officer.

"Wh-what'll they do to him?" she asked almost in tears.

"Oh, just question him."

"Will they give him the third degree?"

"Oh, that!" The officer took out a nail file and began to saw at his thumb. "That's old-fashioned. We got more modern methods now."

Finally Joe came out looking a little rumpled, but still cheerful. A fat white-haired officer was with him. Joe came to Lola and put his arm around her. "I knew you'd be faithful, old girl. Now we can start life over."

Lola looked helplessly over his shoulder at the white-haired officer. He was shaking his head in puzzled disapproval. "You should try to stop your husband from reading all these detective stories, Mrs. Martin. Someday he'll land himself in real trouble if he goes around looking for excitement. Take this evening, now: It just happens we were watching cars for a lone man, but we thought he might have picked up a girl for a blind. Anything suspicious we've got to check. Well, good night, folks."

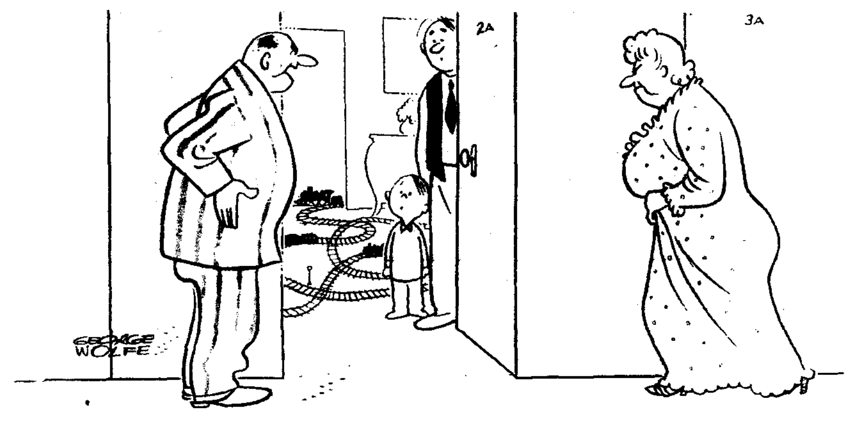
The two officers ushered Joe and Lola out to their car. They were friendly and chatty. One opened the door for Lola and as he took her arm to help her in whispered, "Say, lady, do you mind telling us now why you left those letters beside your soup plate out there at that eating place?"

Lola stared at him. "What letters?"

"S O S. The cook saw 'em as soon as you went out. That's why—"

Joe leaned over and shook his finger at the policeman. "Officer," he said, "the next time you see a young lady write out a message in noodle letters you say to yourself, 'There's somebody who doesn't like alphabet soup,' and you just tiptoe quietly away."

THE END



COLLIER'S "What time does the last train leave?" GEORGE WOLFE

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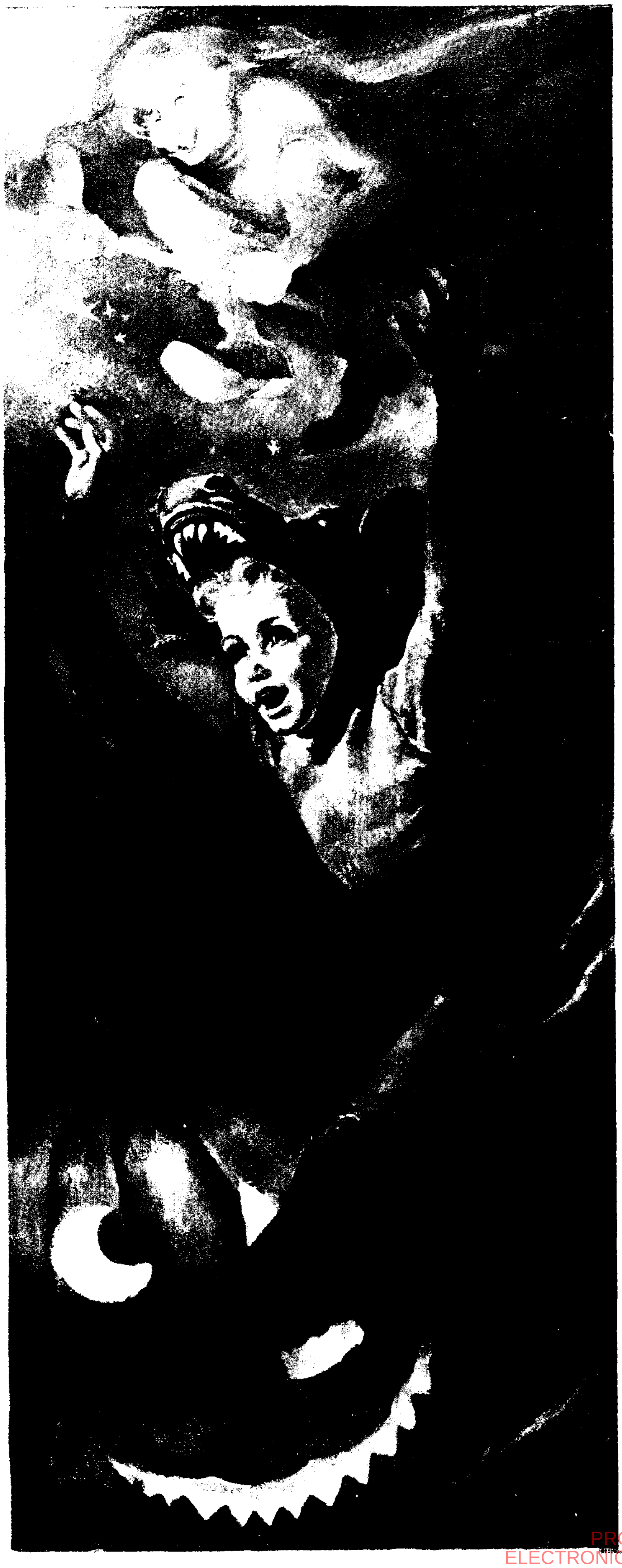

Mark lifted his arms. He was a bat, a Halloween creature, swift and ferocious. He started to run with the wind, and he felt he had never run so fast

MARK couldn't understand why he hadn't known before about Halloween. In his pajamas, he sat on his father's lap, his blond hair slicked back, and his face shining from soap and water.

"Will those witches and goblins and bats really fly over our house tomorrow night? Really?" He wanted no mistake about this.

"Sure, they will," said his father.

"And do grown-up people see them, too?"

"Some do."

The little boy considered this gravely. Magic creatures whose existence was sanctioned by grown-up people gave a new dimension to life.

After a moment Mark let his head fall to his father's shoulder. "Tell me that story again, Daddy," he said.

"Bedtime."

"Daddy, what if a goblin catches you on Halloween?"

His father made a noise descriptive of the horror of such a possibility. "The idea is not to let them."

"You'll frighten the child, Robert," said Mark's mother. "Mark, if you'd like, perhaps I can get you a Halloween costume tomorrow, and you can go out when it's dark and scare people. Would you like that?"

"Yes. What's a costume?"

"It's something you put on that makes you into a witch or a goblin."

Mark thought a moment. Then he said, "I think I want to be a bat on Halloween."

In bed the prospect of being a bat kept Mark deliciously awake. A powerful and magical bat that would frighten and impress his heroes. His father first, of course. And then Fennie. Fennie, who was the leader of everything, and whose brother was a pilot. Perhaps he worshiped Fennie more than anyone, because he had these marvelous attributes, yet unlike Mark's other heroes, he wasn't even quite grown up. He was still a member, though remote, of Mark's world.

Mark drew his head under the covers, the better to concentrate on being a bat. He didn't know exactly what a bat was. But he remembered that in the country one night there was a bat in one of the bedrooms. His mother was very excited, and his father took a tennis racket and went into that bedroom and shut the door. Then there was some terrifying thumping, and finally his father emerged and said, "I got it." Mark had been in bed and couldn't see the dead bat. But it was obvious that a bat was formidable and evil. And he was going to be one!

A BAT was red, with wings of cloth that stretched from ankles to wrists, and a hood that gave it a horrible, hunching appearance. A bat's wings were outlined in black, and fluttered when it ran toward the mirror with arms extended.

Mark was no longer a little boy. He was a denizen of a magic world with ferocious power, and swiftness like wind. He swooped past his terrified mother and down the stairs into the living room. His father made a noise when he saw him, and leaped behind a chair.

"Elizabeth," he cried in terror, "there's a horrible bat down here!"

Assured of his own power, Mark was willing to release his father immediately. He shouted with laughter and delight. "It's me, Daddy, it's me, it's me!"

Mark's mother followed him into the room. "Hurry, darling, it's getting late."

His father peered out the window. "It's certainly a dark night," he said.

Mark joined his father at the window. "Are those witches and goblins out yet?"

"I suspect they are."

After a moment Mark turned to his mother. "Mommy, the witches and goblins are out, scaring all the people. But they won't scare me. Do you know why?"

"Why, dear?"

"Because I'm a bat!" cried Mark, and opened the front door.

Outside it was very dark. He looked up through the leafless trees into the sky, and could not be sure whether he saw something or not. The tiny figure hesitated on the step, then turned and opened the door once again.

Mark's mother and father were sitting before the fire. The light in the room was warm and familiar.

"Goodby, Mommy," he said softly.

"Goodby, Mark."

"I won't go too far, Mommy."

"All right, dear."

Mark closed the door again, and made his way warily to the sidewalk. Through the window he could still see his mother and father. They were smiling at each other. He tucked away the memory of them, safe and smiling, as a sort of talisman against the evil of Halloween.

He walked slowly at first, timidly, forgetting his exultation and his power. He was watchful, apprehensive as to how this magic night would differ from others. Then something tugged at his wrist, and he looked down. His wings. He stopped, and remembered, and lifted his arms. The wind fluttered him. He was a bat.

Mark started to run with the wind, and he felt he had never run so fast. He swooped with arms outstretched, and in the hood over his head he made a fearsome face.

In a dim splotch of street light ahead he saw a group of almost grown-up boys, and one of them was Fennie!

He dropped his arms quickly, and glided to a stop behind a tree. He needed a moment to gather all his power and his magic.

Then he spread his wings again and raced toward the street light. He ran on his toes, and the wind billowed his red wings. He screeched horribly, and then he seized Fennie's arm in his claws.

The group of boys was startled. Fennie jerked his arm away roughly. "What the hell do you think you're doing?" he shouted.

"I'm a bat!" cried Mark. "There are witches and goblins in the sky and I'm a bat!"

One of the boys laughed. "Witches and goblins!" he said. "Do you still believe that kid stuff?"

Someone pulled the hood off Mark's head. "Don't look like a bat to me," he taunted. "Looks like Mark Bradley."

The little boy looked up at them. "I'm a bat," he repeated, doubtfully.

"Listen, Mark," said Fennie not unkindly, "that's kid stuff. Now you run along home. We're going to do some real Halloween tricks, and you're too little."

Mark's eyes were hot with tears. "My daddy said there were bats and witches and goblins in the sky tonight. My daddy—"

The boys hooted with laughter. Then they said again, "Go on home."

Mark turned and walked back the way he had come. Then he started to run, but there was no exultation in him. The hood flapped at his back, and the wings hindered him. Without stopping he tried to get the costume off, but it buttoned in back and he couldn't.

When he burst into the house his sobbing made it difficult to understand him. He threw himself in his mother's chair and buried his face against her.

"I'm not a bat," he cried. "Fennie said it was kid stuff. You told me there were witches and goblins tonight and there aren't. They laughed at me."

His mother and father looked at each other helplessly over the weeping little boy. They found no words. Mark looked up at them for a moment. "You told me a lie," he said. "You told me a lie." Then he wept again.

MARK snuggled under his covers and felt better. His hurt was almost forgotten, and his world seemed warm and familiar and reliable again. His father sat on the edge of his bed, and did not seem in a hurry to turn out the light and go downstairs. This was puzzling to Mark, but pleasant.

"Daddy," he asked softly, "would you tell me a story?"

"Yes, Sonny. What about?"

The child thought for a moment. "Is Christmas soon, Daddy?"

"Yes, quite soon."

"Then tell me a story about Santa Claus."

A short short story complete on this page

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WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF?

Continued from page 20

grave." Some vague menace seems to hang overhead, something awful is perhaps about to happen. You may have disturbed breathing, heart flutterings, or the familiar "butterflies in the stomach," without having the slightest idea why you feel so queasy.

Psychiatrists call this condition "free floating anxiety." Basically it is a feeling of being alone and helpless in the world, a feeling which is repressed most of the time because it is too painful to be faced. To some degree, all of us have it, though it may rise to the surface only in occasional mysterious feelings of apprehensiveness.

Neurotic fear can also be expressed as anger. It can even feel like anger, though the target may be only a substitute for what is feared. A youngster bullies a smaller boy to conceal his fear of a bigger one, and a grown man may rage at office subordinates because he is secretly afraid of his superiors, his parents or his wife. The reactions of fear are so much like those of anger that physiologists can find almost no difference between them, and that may be one reason why feelings of fear and anger so often go together.

Then there are creeping, insidious fears which may be almost invisible. A crack newspaperman is tormented by worries which range from the chance of losing his job to financial ruin for the nation. Money worries kept him from marrying till he was forty. With a $10,000-a-year income he still feels too insecure to have children. He is haunted by childhood ghosts of poverty, and his fear is as neurotic as the fear of snakes.

There is hardly a human being whose life is not powerfully influenced by various anxieties which may be partly or totally unconscious.

History of an Anxiety Neurosis

Typical of such persons is a woman we will call Ellen T., who presents an actual case history of a lifetime dominated by irrational anxiety. Her parents were well-educated middle-class people who did not abuse her, but who were not affectionate. At four, when she needed a tonsillectomy, Ellen's mother told her she was going to the movies, took her instead to a hospital, turned her over to a nurse and went away.

Too young to realize that she had not been deserted forever, the little girl was violently frightened by the strange place, the unfamiliar people and the mysterious ordeal of the operation. Because the incident took place against a general family atmosphere of loneliness and insecurity, it influenced Ellen's entire character.

She grew up with a deep mistrust of people and a deep horror of being unwanted and alone. By adolescence, she had repressed much of the acute anxiety, so that she was scarcely aware of it. She never fully realized that this anxiety governed most of the actions of her life.

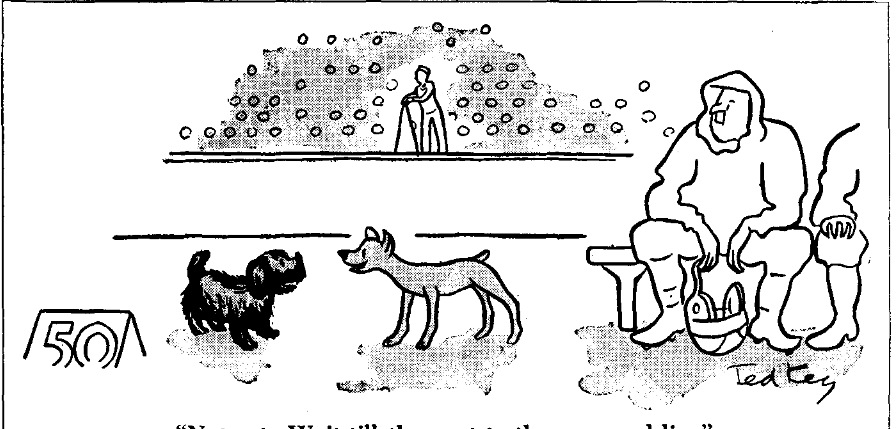
When Ellen was fifteen, her parents moved to another city, and she entered a new high school. She was so worried about being unpopular that she was shy and awkward and made few friends. One day she found two classmates smoking—a hideous crime in a small-town school. She accepted a cigarette not to defy rules, but because she could not resist the chance to feel part of a group. The girls were caught by a teacher, and the trivial incident cost Ellen a scholarship in an Eastern college, for which the school had been planning to recommend her because of her good grades.

Instead, Ellen went to the state university. She wanted to join a sorority and was "rushed" by several. Then she received a letter in which her parents mentioned a minor financial worry. Although she knew her family could really afford sorority dues, and although she still longed for membership, Ellen dropped out of rushing. She used the letter as a rationalization, but her true reason was that she could not face the possibility of not receiving a bid.

Her senior year, Ellen and a young medical student fell in love. They wanted to marry, but he was about to start his internship in a Canadian hospital, and they had no money. He went off with the understanding that they would be married when he was through interning.

Ellen's fiancé was not too articulate. His letters were short and unromantic, and he was very far away. As months passed, Ellen's characteristic mistrust of others made her doubt his love. She was lonely, and she had never been able to endure loneliness. She was afraid that she would lose her fiancé and that nobody else would ever want her. When another man came along, Ellen convinced herself that she no longer cared for the young doctor, and broke her engagement.

Within a few weeks Ellen realized that she did not love her new fiancé, who was ill-natured and unstable. She would have liked to back out. But her anxiety asserted itself, making her afraid of being left completely alone. She went through with the marriage. In a year, it ended with divorce.



COLLIER'S "Not yet. Wait till they get to the one-yard line" TED KEY

Still in her mid-twenties, Ellen went to work as a secretary. Her boss was offered a job in South America, and asked her to come along as his assistant. Ellen was tempted by the adventure, but when she thought of a strange country, where she would have no friends and could not speak the language, her fear of isolation rose up. She turned down the offer.

At thirty, Ellen married again. Her second marriage is better than her first, and she has two children. But Ellen's deeply ingrained anxiety still operates. Her mistrustfulness makes her jealous and suspicious of her husband, while her fear of being deserted makes her an overpossessive wife and mother.

Ellen's story is not exactly a tragedy, and her friends consider her fairly well adjusted. Yet at every turn, the anxieties of which she is but dimly conscious have kept her from the things she wanted most. Fear reaps a rich harvest in the lives of people like Ellen.

They are gripped by anxieties which are part of their make-up and therefore chronic. They are always keyed up, for the body always responds to the stimulus of fear. They are likely to suffer from fatigue, insomnia and restlessness.

How do all these insecurity feelings and neurotic fears get started?

Most psychologists feel that to explain Ellen T.'s case solely by her frightening childhood experience in the hospital, without considering the atmosphere of her home life and her undemonstrative parents, leaves too much unanswered. Many people who have had bad childhood frights have not developed phobias as a result of those particular experiences. The real key to neurotic fear seems to be that it stems from deeper levels of personality, drawing its force from emotions that the victim does not fully understand and of which he may not even be aware.

Psychoanalysts have found out a great deal about the complicated ways in which unconscious feelings can make us afraid, because they deal with people who are just like the rest of us, only more so. There are more ghosts and devils in the inner world of the real neurotic, and worse ones, but they are basically the same kind of ghosts and devils that haunt the lives of average people.

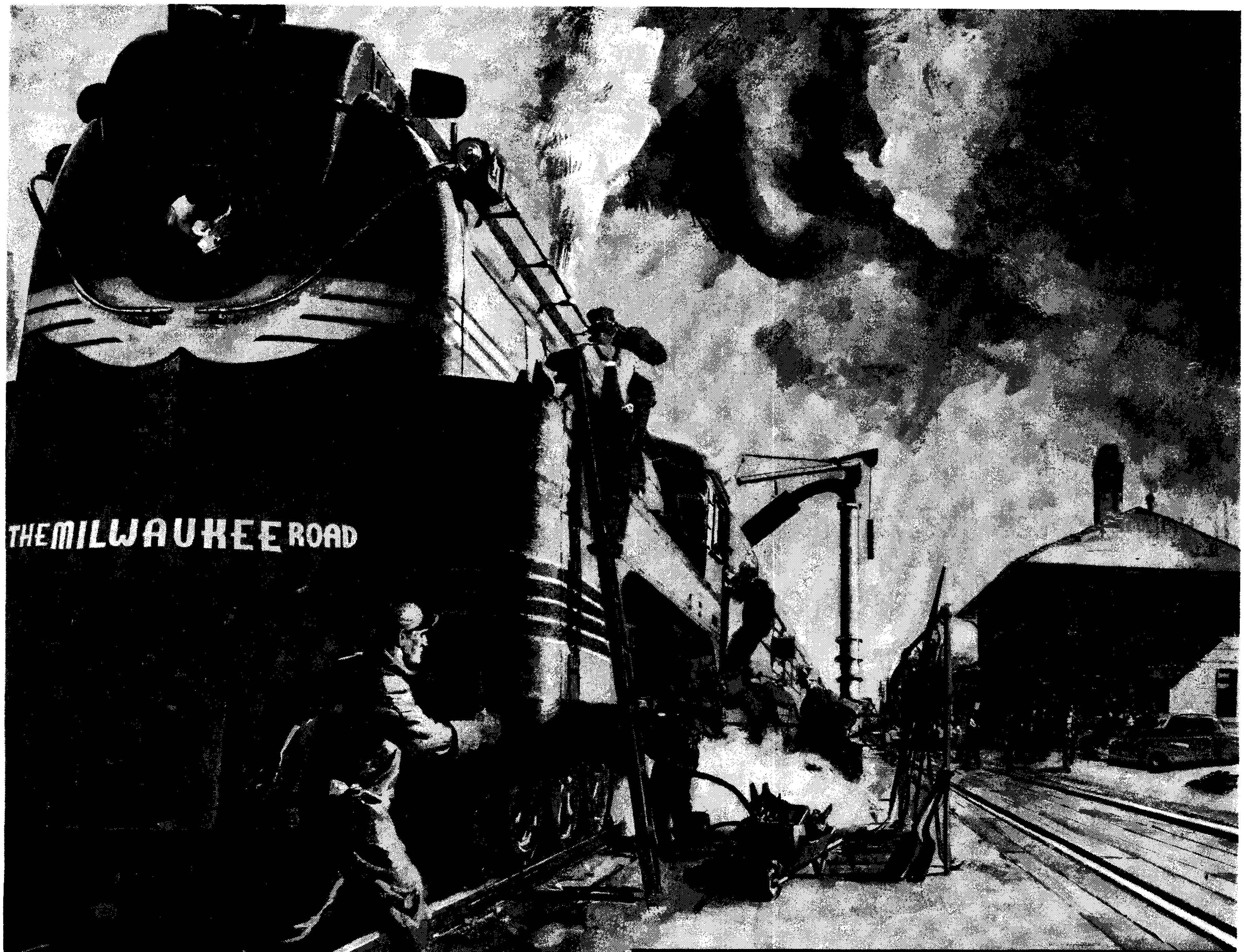
Neurotic fears take root in childhood, but they are caused by general emotional insecurity rather than by a single frightening experience.

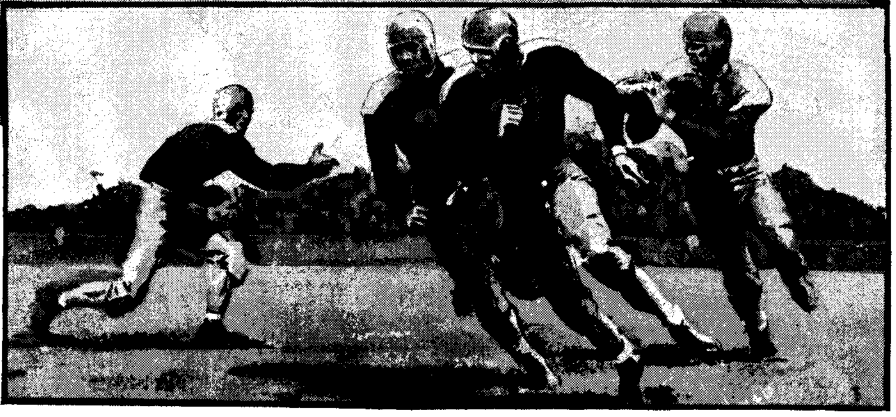
Ellen T., for instance, would not have been so deeply scarred by the hospital experience if her parents had been more affectionate. Dr. Clara Thompson, associate director of the Washington School of Psychiatry, traces back all irrational fear, in normal people or neurotics, to the child's feeling of helplessness.

This feeling can become real panic in a child who is not quite sure of the love and approval of his parents. If the panic gets unbearable, it may be pushed out of consciousness. But it is still there underneath, and remnants of it remain alive when the child is an adult, married, successful, with children of his own. Everyone, however normal, has a trace of this panic. It is the background for neurotic fear, for it can be awakened by anything which revives the childish sense of insecurity.

Doctors who trace the connections between emotion and illness find that fear is really able to make people sick. Because it interferes with digestion and elimination, fear can bring about stomach ulcers or colitis. Because it drains reserve strength, fear can heighten susceptibility to any germ disease. And because it stimulates the heart, fear is associated most often of all with cardiac trouble.

Frightened people sometimes become so aware of their heightened heart action, and so upset about it, that doctors have coined the phrase "heart neurosis" for their condition. But even heart specialists cannot always draw a sharp line between physically sound people who are worrying themselves into heart irregularities and patients whose hearts are physically impaired. Not only can fear bring on cardiac attacks when there is organic weakness, but there is sugges-


THE MILWAUKEE ROAD



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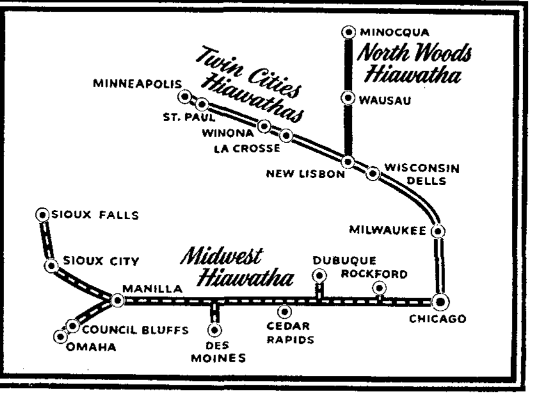
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tive evidence that, when long continued, it can cause real damage to a previously sound heart.

Sometimes people who seem to be worried about their health are really preyed upon by deeper fears, more difficult to face. As an example, a doctor tells about a middle-aged man who came to him complaining of a long list of heart symptoms. The doctor found nothing organically wrong, though the patient was really suffering. Suspecting the real trouble, the doctor suggested psychotherapy, which is part of the treatment for heart conditions induced by anxiety, and which helps the patient understand what he is really afraid of and face it directly.

In this case, a number of psychotherapeutic interviews brought the patient's fear into the light of consciousness. He was deeply worried lest his wife, who was much younger, should get bored and leave him. Unable to face this painful fear, he had developed anxiety which showed itself in functional heart trouble as a substitute—and perhaps as a device, entirely unconscious, to win her sympathy. His fear gradually disappeared, because it had no factual basis. The "heart symptoms" disappeared at the same time.

Rational Fear Not Injurious

When fear is conscious and well understood, it does not seem to do physical damage. Under air raids the people of London remained in remarkably good mental and physical condition. Psychiatrists in the armed forces found that combat fatigue was seldom caused by simple fear of being hurt or killed, but rather by deep-lying feelings of emotional insecurity which the war situation brought to life.

Phobias can grow up in intricate ways. Often the phobia has an unconscious symbolic meaning. A brilliant lawyer is terrified by elevators, and walks many flights of stairs to avoid them. His fear can be understood, in symbolic terms, by anyone who knows his history. His father died when he was very young, and his mother, a semi-invalid, had hysterics every time he sneezed, skinned his knee, or came home late after school. He had to fight for every bit of freedom. He grew up with a great horror of being cramped and hemmed in by life, and his phobia of shut-in places is a symbol of this basic fear.

The common spider phobia is usually a fear of being crushed and destroyed by hostile people. Even a tiny spider is a perfect symbol for this fear, with its reaching tentacles and its unpleasant way of paralyzing the prey by poison and then sucking it dry.

Sometimes the fear of high places symbolizes a terror of being isolated and exposed. Often, people who fear high places are also afraid of success. They think of it as a tall pinnacle where they would be set apart from others. It is no coincidence that a man whose nerves get ragged if he looks down from a skyscraper window is greatly disturbed lest his friends be jealous of his new promotion.

Men and women who suffer from neurotic fears are frequently terrified of their own normal sexual impulses. Sometimes they come from overpuritanical families, where they were scolded for natural childish curiosity about sex. Sometimes they have secret homosexual feelings, or hidden attractions toward relatives. Since they cannot admit these feelings to themselves, they disguise them and feel afraid of something else instead. Sometimes, too, the fear of sex may spring from a still deeper fear of being emotionally hurt in a love relationship.

Sex fears show themselves in many ways. They are a factor in the high divorce rate. They can bring about a general mistrust of the opposite sex—everybody knows women who are never quite at home with men, and men who cannot feel perfectly at ease with women. Fear of snakes and of mice are often found by psychoanalysts to symbolize a sexual worry, though even these classical "sex phobias" may have different meanings for different people.

Anger is another root of neurotic fear. There are people whose entire personalities have been molded by anxiety tied up with angry feelings toward their parents in childhood. They were punished whenever they showed anger, and finally they became afraid even to feel it.

Such people won't fight back, and never seem to resent injuries. But the man who gets "nervous stomach" in every conflict, from an office quarrel to an argument about Russia, is not necessarily a Milquetoast. He may be deeply afraid of losing his temper. Fear may conceal anger, just as anger may hide fear in other types of personality.

Neurotic anxiety is a major political factor, because it is the stuff of which intolerance is made.

Psychologists conducting research for the American Jewish Committee were able to draw a picture of the typical anti-Semite, Negro-hater or similarly prejudiced person. In childhood, he was not sure of being loved and wanted. Grown up, he suspects that he is not fully accepted by his own social group. Prejudice is his way of saying firmly, "I'm not left out, I have a group of my own, and you're left out of it. There's nothing wrong with me, but there's something wrong with you."

Fear, in such people, may turn into cruelty—as in the case of a historical character born Schickelgrüber.

But the most widespread of all neurotic fears, according to Dr. Thompson and many other psychiatrists, is the dread of public opinion. It springs from anxiety about being different and therefore alone, and it afflicts almost everybody. This fear can be observed a hundred times a day. This is the fear which makes us regulate our lives by the opinions of Mrs. Grundy, and which keeps us silent in a group of people with whom we disagree.

Panicky for Trivial Causes

This fear throws some women into a panic if their slips show and makes men who long for color stick to drab suits and gloomy neckties. This fear stands at our elbow no matter what we may be doing—looking for a job, buying a house, or shopping for a hat. It is truly neurotic when it concerns people who can have no possible influence on our lives.

What can be done about neurotic fear? Understand it, advise psychologists. When it is seen clearly as a hangover from childhood, it may get weaker. Neurotic fear which goes very deep can seldom be understood without psychiatric help. But self-examination may be of use to people who are bothered only by fleeting moods of anxiety, by a few mild phobias or by rather too much worry over jobs or marriages.

Dr. Thompson suggests that a fight against irrational fear can begin with such questions as: "When did I begin to be afraid of this? Where was I, and what was I thinking about? What kind of circumstances makes the fear worse? What does it really mean to me?"

But neurotic fears are seldom simple, and experiments in self-examination will not always work. If they fail, and if the fears become too intense, psychiatry offers some hope of their permanent alleviation. But any person who is bothered by irrational fear can have the comfort of knowing that he has, as company, practically all the other members of the human race.

THE END

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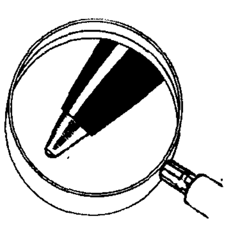

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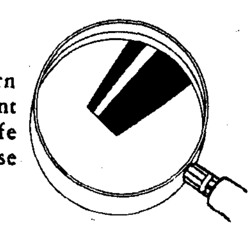

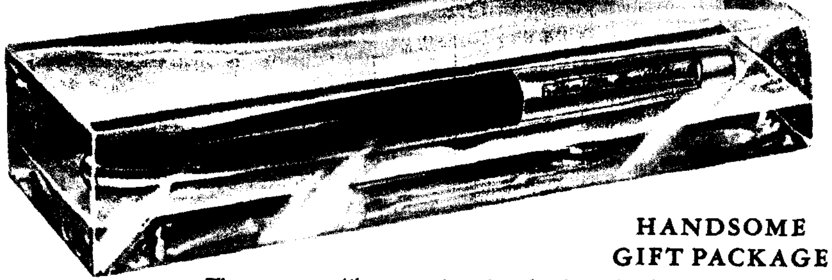

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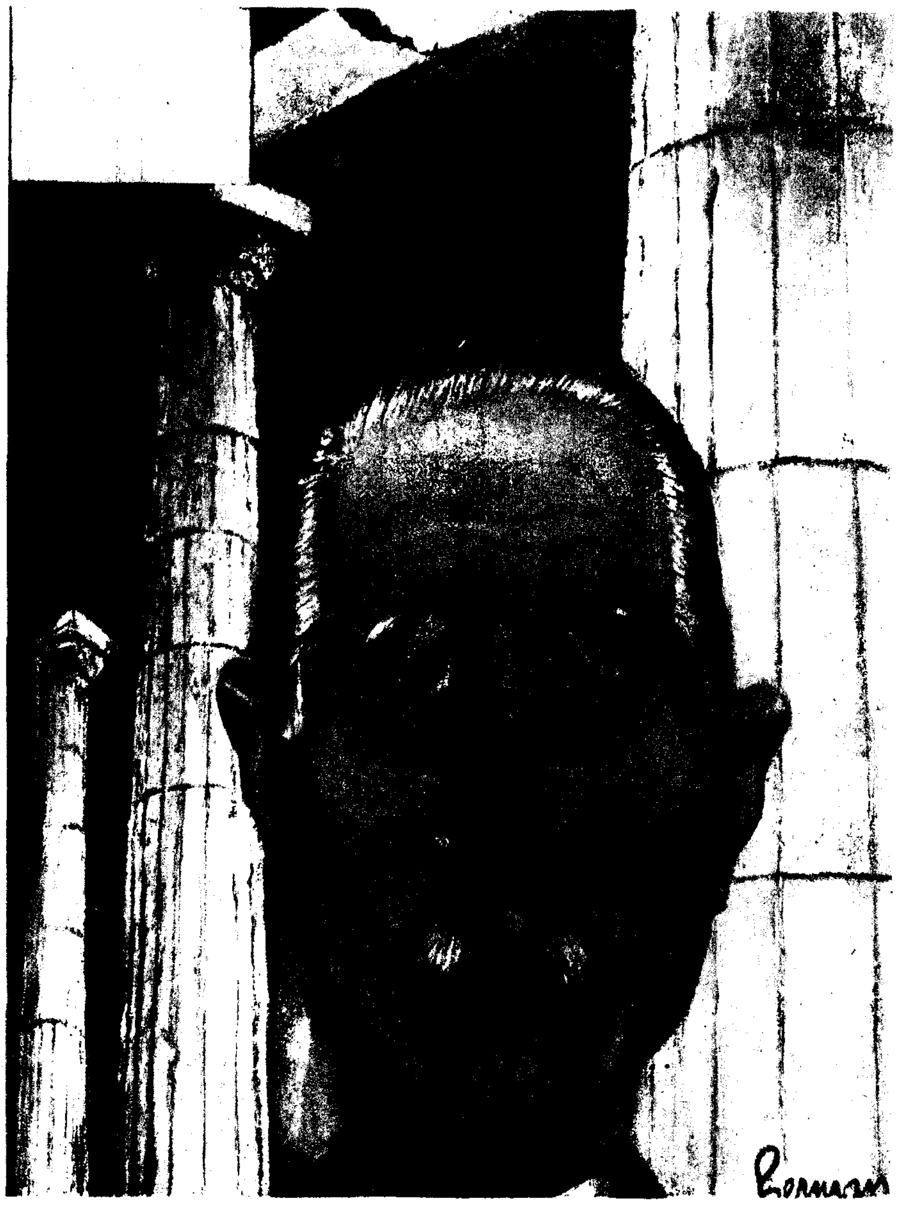


UNITED NEIGHBORS

XI: GREECE'S DENDRAMIS

VASSILI DENDRAMIS, the Greek delegate to the United Nations, is a tall gray man with a small gray mustache who looks and behaves more like a character actor than a diplomat. He has the distinction of having been, during the war years, his country's Minister to Argentina, Brazil, Chile and Uruguay simultaneously.

Dendramis' job, however, wasn't as difficult or strenuous as it sounds. He was in the service of the Greek government-in-exile with headquarters in Cairo, Egypt, where he and a multitude of Greeks sat out the war from the time of their country's fall in the spring of 1941 until its liberation in the autumn of 1944.

Dendramis didn't really have much to do. It was extremely difficult or impossible for him to travel to his South American parishes and he kept close to Cairo and its fabulous Shepheard's Hotel.

Like other Royalists he was occupied chiefly with the intrigues and counter-intrigues of Greek politics.

The Greek government-in-exile was in a constant state of crisis as it became increasingly apparent that the resistance movement which was born during the Nazi occupation of the country was closer to the Greek people as a whole than the refugee outfit in Cairo. The resistance movement demanded but never received the right to participate in the government-in-exile.

It was determined, finally, not to allow that government, headed by King George II, to return to Greece unless the majority of the people voted to have him come back.

Last month, nearly two years after Greece's liberation, Greeks were at last permitted to decide, in a plebiscite, whether they wanted a republic or a monarchy. Of the 1,117,000 votes cast, some 65 per cent were for the return of King George and a constitutional monarchy.

The official poll watchers of Great Britain, America and France—Russia refused to participate—decided that the election was on the level. George, then still in London, entrusted the job of forming a new government to the victorious Populist Conservative Royalist party.

An undetermined number of those Greeks who had belonged to the resistance movement during the bitter years of the enemy occupation did not vote in the plebiscite. The resistance movement, known as the National Liberation Front, or the EAM, at one time represented the political aspirations of an estimated 80 per cent of Greece's 7,500,000 persons.

But after the British liberated Greece in October, 1944, the EAM, which was made up of 23 different political parties including the KKE, or Communist party, was broken up and its guerrilla army was partly disarmed and scattered.

With the recent Royalist election victory, the intriguers who waited the war out in Cairo were returned to power.

Always a Servant of the King

The appointment of Dendramis as delegate to the U.N. with the rank of ambassador caused no surprise in Greek diplomatic circles. Dendramis had served King George II (and his Germanophile father before him) in the diplomatic service, had survived the ups and downs of Greek politics through revolutions, wars, republics and dictatorships and, always a Royalist, was ready to serve his king once more.

He is regarded by Greek monarchists as a "wise and cultured man, of great integrity and considerably above the average as an analyst of world affairs." The career which earned Dendramis this praise began in 1907 when he entered diplomatic service and became, in 1910, chief of the press bureau of the Greek Foreign Ministry. Born in Athens in May, 1883 (he is now 63), he was educated at Athens University and Paris as a lawyer. He became a journalist in 1903 but left the profession to become a diplomat.

In 1910 he was made an attaché in the Foreign Ministry and from 1912 to 1914 served as a vice-consul in minor Levantine posts. He was a secretary in the Greek Legation in Bucharest from 1914 to 1919. From 1920 to 1922 he served as acting consul general successively in Bern, Trieste and Milan, and in 1923 received his first major appointment—as permanent representative to the League of Nations. Dendramis served as Minister to Sofia from 1926 to 1932 and assumed the directorship of the press bureau in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

His principal contribution to the arguments of the U.N.'s turbulent existence to date was to oppose entry of Albania to membership. Albania, like Yugoslavia, is under Russian influence. Dendramis charged that Albania has made "plundering raids into Greek territory" and even "attacks in force" with the purpose of snatching more territory from Greece.

"Albania," Dendramis charged, "does not qualify as a peace-loving nation. Hundreds of Greeks have been deported to northern Albania where they are held in concentration camps while the list of those imprisoned or even executed without trial is growing daily to alarming proportions. No foreign correspondents or representatives of the International Red Cross have been able to enter the concentration camps, but information which is leaking out points to the ghastly conditions under which the prisoners are being kept."

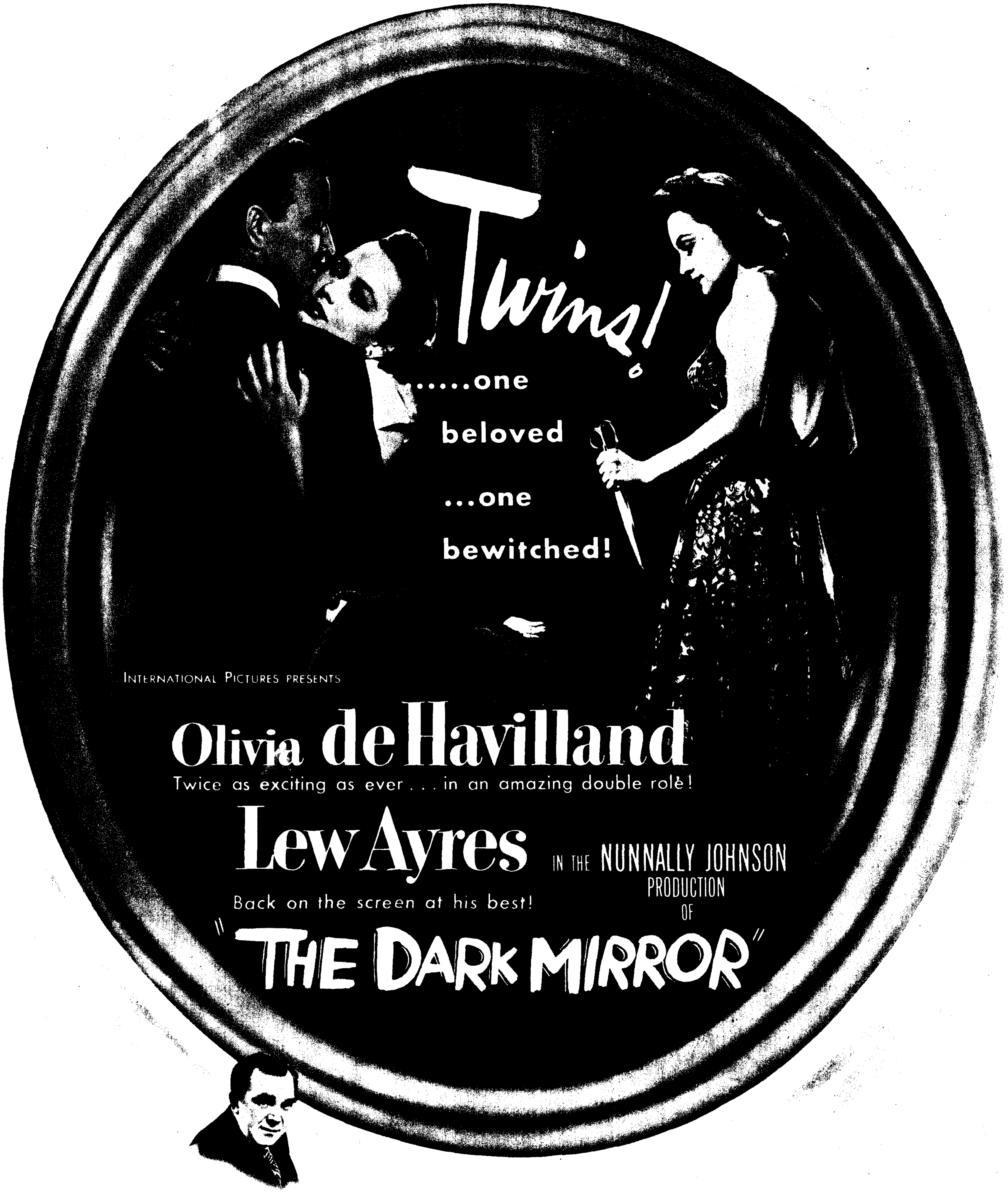
In the struggle for power between West and East, Dendramis is definitely aligned with Great Britain against Russia. He can be counted on to vote along with Britain as surely as Brazil's representative will support the United States, and Poland's will back the Russians on any issue affecting the prestige and sovereignty of the powers involved.

Dendramis married, late in life, the Greek daughter of a wealthy Alexandria merchant. They have no children. Dendramis' only hobby is walking. He smokes innumerable cigarettes, likes to sit around with newspapermen and talk.

In addition to Greek, Dendramis speaks French and some Spanish. His English is rudimentary. He and Madam Dendramis make their home in an uptown Fifth Avenue hotel.

FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN



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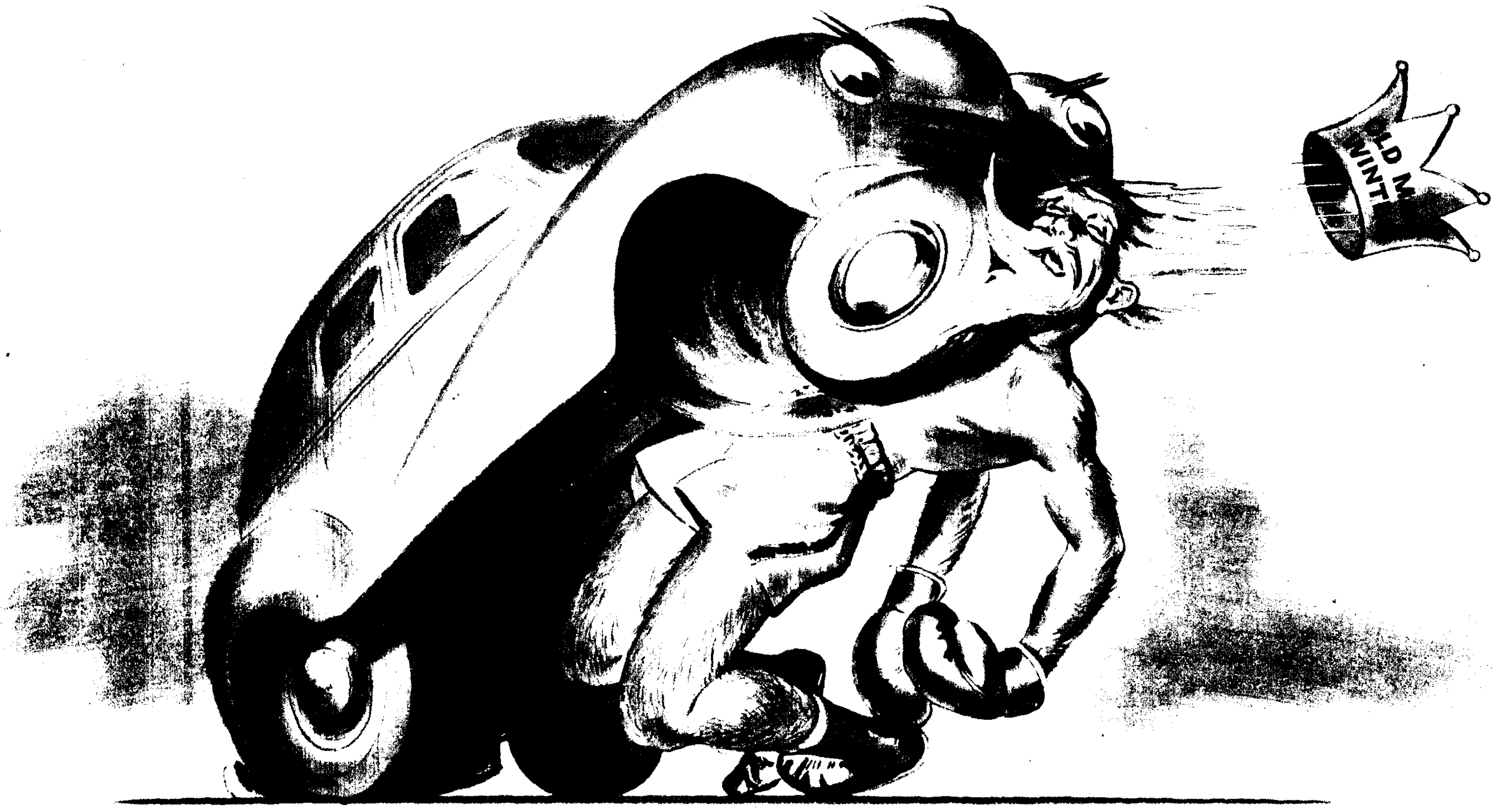

Cold, icy, slippery Winter is a tough time for both car and driver. Be prepared and play safe . . . safe for your car, safe for yourself, your family and your fellow drivers. When you figure how little time and money it takes to have a reputable service man give your car a Winter tune-up, the wonder is that folks ever neglect this safety precaution. Probably it's the cheapest accident insurance you ever bought, to say nothing of the fact that the life of your car will be prolonged and your life made easier. Now is the last time for all good car owners to come to the aid of the 1946 National Safe-Driving Campaign by practicing P. S. (Preventive Service). Get your car ready to take anything Old Man Winter can hand out, and help make the last quarter of 1946 the safest period in the year.

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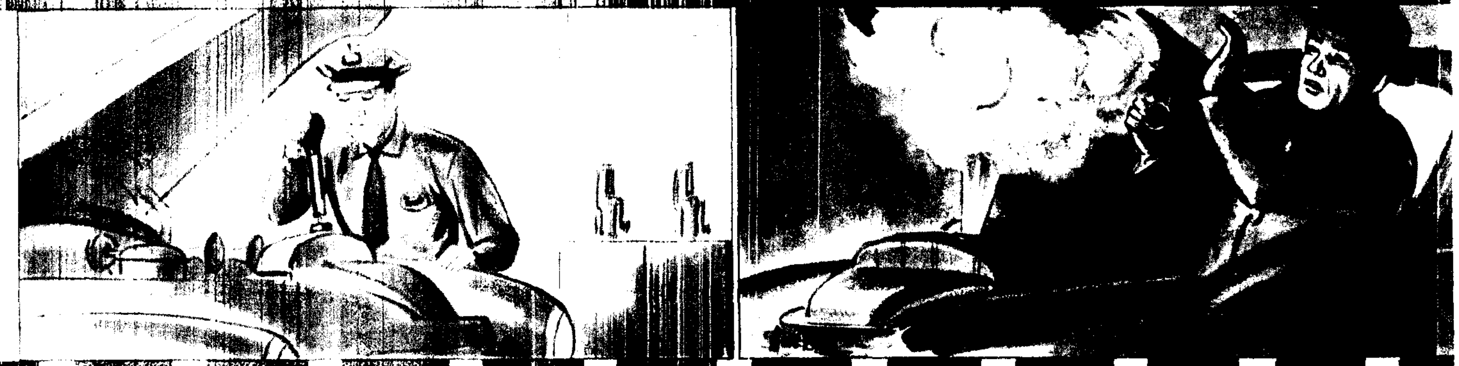
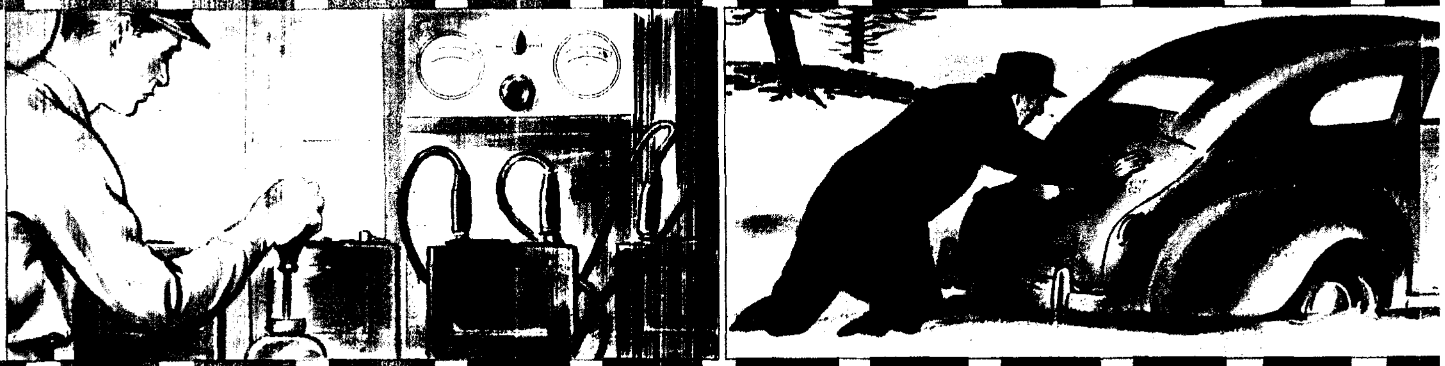
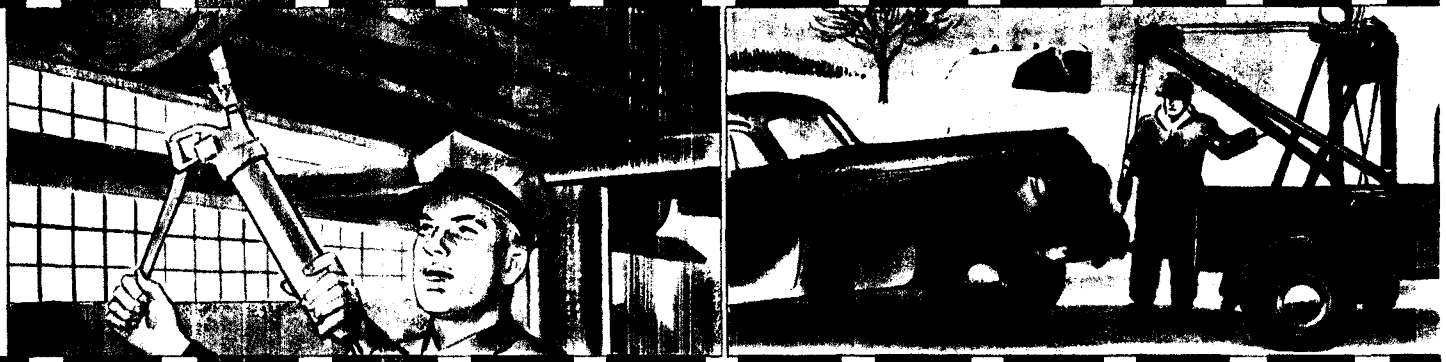


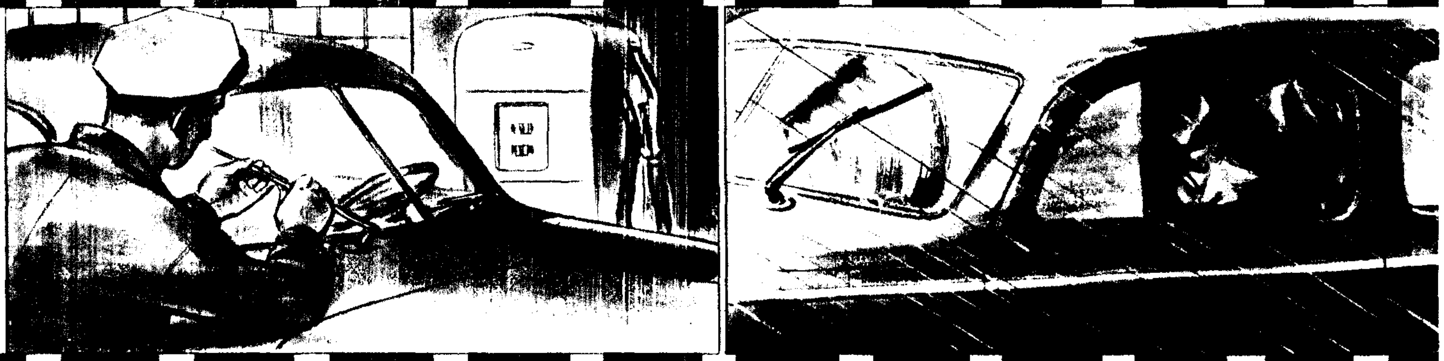
Have your battery, spark plugs, wiring—the entire electrical system checked. A dead battery means a dead car . . . and what could be worse on a cold Winter's night? Winter makes heavier demands on the battery. Cold weather lowers battery efficiency.



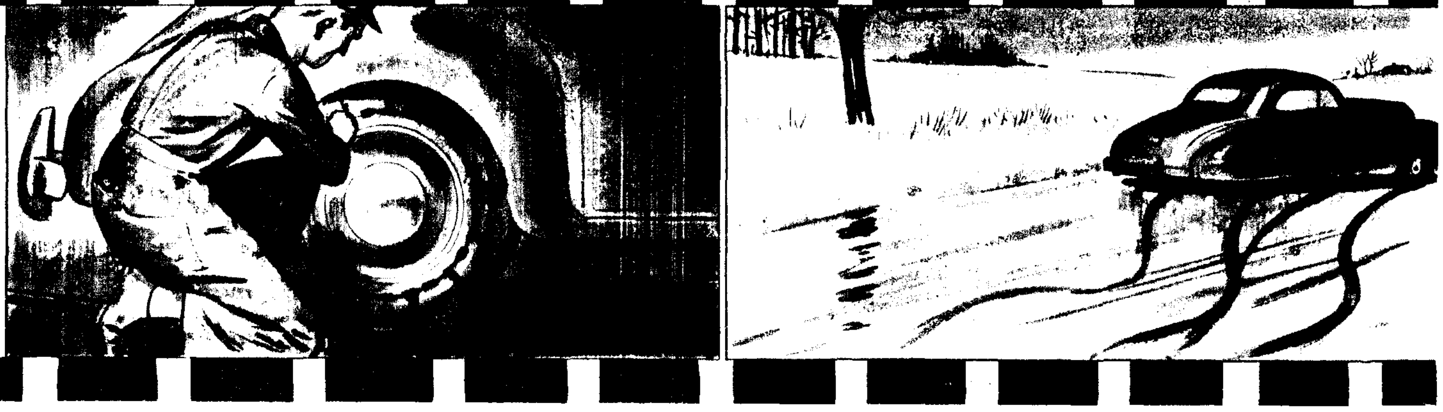
Have your oil and lubricants changed to Winter grade. Be sure that the exhaust system and muffler are not leaky. Exhaust fumes with windows closed can cause drowsiness, nausea—even death.



Have your windshield wipers put in perfect order and get equipped with a de-froster. Rubberneck driving through sleet or snow is nerve-wracking and extremely dangerous.



Have your tires tested, your brake system and brake-linings examined and wheel alignment checked. Be provided with and carry good skid chains. Remember the old saying, "Better be safe than sorry!"



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SOLDIER WITH AN EASEL

Continued from page 71

serious study of art. He submitted some sketches he had made around the mine to the Düsseldorf Academy of Art and was admitted. So he worked nights in the mine and studied days at Düsseldorf. He won almost immediate distinction at the academy when he painted the protuberances on the busts of all the statues a delicate pink. But he survived this and similar escapades and began to win solid recognition. A wealthy local art patron gave him a big commission and he quit the mines.

Other commissions came his way and he thrived. But at about this time he formed a romantic attachment with a worldly-wise *Fräulein* who did him wrong, so he fled to France and joined the Foreign Legion, as one was expected to do under the circumstances in those days. He soon found himself doing boot training in Tunisia and other places destined to become famous American battlefields some twenty years later. His career in the Legion ended in Morocco after a Riff bullet had punctured a lung and another had shattered his knee.

Marriage and Globe-Trotting

Returning to Berlin, Von Ripper plunged into his work with fierce energy. He did illustrations for the Ullstein newspapers and periodicals, but continued to study. In 1928 he married Dorothea Sternheim, daughter of a famous German dramatist, and their studio-apartment was the scene of sensational parties. Their mad life was not confined to Berlin. When the mood struck them, they'd take off for Paris or London or Rome or North Africa. They went through what money they had in very good time.

Von Ripper had frequently ridiculed the Nazis in his drawings. When they began their meteoric rise to power in the thirties, he was well up on their blacklist. After the Reichstag fire in 1933, the Nazis raided his house. They found nothing incriminating, but he knew then his number was up and decided to leave Germany. But first he was going to help several friends escape. He served as a "letter box" in one of the first, loosely organized underground organizations. The Nazis dropped in on him again on the night of October 15th. This time they found an obvious code message about shipments of "cement" to Switzerland. He was in the hands of the Gestapo in Berlin for four months.

He didn't talk, and finally they shipped him to the Oranienburg concentration camp, minus a few teeth and with a fractured skull and a heart full of undying hatred. He never forgot the day he was caught smoking a cigarette, for which he had bribed a guard. The jailer ordered two guards to seize him and pry open his mouth. "Since you like to play with fire, we'll play with fire," the jailer said. He cut the cigarette into four pieces, lighted one after the other and tossed them into Ripper's mouth. The jailer and his stooges roared with laughter as they departed, after one had belted Ripper into a corner.

He was in Oranienburg for ten weeks before Austrian officials secured his release. Von Ripper escaped to Holland.

For the time being, Ripper had only his art to turn against the Nazis. He worked feverishly on a series of savage political drawings which ultimately came out in portfolio form under the title "Ecrasez l'Infame" (Crush the Infamous). In 1935 they were exhibited in Tooth's Gallery in London. These weird and terrifying drawings, done in unique, semi-surrealist form, created a stir in art circles.

But more important to Ripper was a confidential summons by a "very important personage" in the British Foreign Office who said he wanted to thank Ripper, privately, for having afforded him a little moment of pleasure. He explained that Baron von Neurath had called to ask that the exhibit be suppressed as insulting to the head of a friendly state. The very important personage said it had given him exquisite pleasure to refuse this request, explaining to the German ambassador that since it was a private exhibit it could not be closed under the laws of the land, which was something of a free country.

When the Germans went into Spain, Von Ripper joined the Spanish Loyalist air force and fought as a rear gunner until shot down over Madrid with 16 shell splinters in his legs. He went to Austria to recover. Then, scenting the *Anschluss*, he came to America in 1938.

Freedom had become an obsession with Ripper—and it still is. That is why he took out citizenship as soon as he could, and that is why he is so passionately devoted to this country.

He illustrated a concentration camp story for Collier's, began another book of etchings and did illustrations for Vogue, Fortune and Time. After the outbreak of war he painted foreign propaganda posters for OWI until he was accepted by the Army—for "limited service only," because of previous wounds. He worked as a hospital laboratory technician until January, 1943, when he was ordered overseas with a newly created War Department art unit. He did fifty drawings and paintings in Tunisia and Pantelleria, then got a transfer to the 34th Division in time for the Salerno landing.

The 34th and Von Ripper hit it off. He marveled at the cheerfulness and hardiness of these Middle Westerners in view of their isolationist, antimilitary backgrounds and the fact that not one in ten had much idea of what was at stake in the war. And the men of the Red Bull Division were impressed by this weird type who volunteered for dangerous patrols, who never tired of killing, and who went forward on his own to snipe—and sometimes just to make sketches.

An Adventure on the Volturno

With his knowledge of German, Italian and French, and his unflagging zeal, Von Ripper was an asset to the division. His specialty was the ticklish work of penetrating the enemy lines for information. Just before the third Volturno River crossing, he volunteered to locate the positions of some especially lethal enemy guns. With another G.I. volunteer and an Italian farmer, he crossed the river at night and stole well inside the German lines. From a concealed spot on a mountainside he observed and sketched all the following day and returned that night with a beautiful landscape. The drawing was applauded warmly—not for technique, but because it showed the positions of those seven troublesome self-propelled guns and the location of several minefields.

Frequently the return to his own lines proved the most delicate part of these missions. His German accent almost did for him several times with suspicious 34th Division outposts. One pitch-black night in November at Pantano, the key mountain in the Cassino defenses, Von Ripper had gone out with a seven-man patrol to Fronza. They ran head on into a German patrol. A murderous, hand-to-hand fight in the dark followed in which both patrols were nearly annihilated. Von Ripper was hit three times. He dragged a comrade with a bad belly wound into a building, gave him sulfa tablets, then headed back for help. It was a very black night, raining and bitterly cold. After slithering along for what seemed ages, he jerked to a halt when a voice ahead demanded: "Who goes there?"

"Sergeant von Ripper," said Ripper, with his German accent showing.

The sentry was a new man with the 34th and he "froze." He forgot his challenge. From out of the darkness came Von Ripper's angry voice: "Dammit, vy don't you challenge?—I'm coming in."

His footsteps lurched on.

"Another step and I shoot," the sentry said, huskily.

"Vell, dammit, go ahead and shoot—I'm so full of holes now it doesn't matter. I'm coming in."

The Sentry Was Horror-Stricken

For some reason the sentry didn't shoot, and a moment later there appeared an apparition so terrifying he could only gasp, "Good God, what happened to you, Mac?" Von Ripper's face looked like a bowl of newly ground hamburger, with a set of buck teeth sticking out the middle. His nose and upper lip were half shot away and hung precariously. There was a bullet through his left shoulder. The middle finger of his right hand was missing.

He was taken back to battalion headquarters, where he reported and sketched the position of his wounded comrades before he was evacuated. The fine plastic surgeons at the 36th General Hospital, a volunteer outfit from Detroit, patched him up in great shape. General Ryder visited him in the hospital, pinned the Silver Star on him and awarded him a battlefield commission.

By January he was back with the Division at Cassino. He went up at night to find a company of the 133d and located the captain in a battered house. Ripper asked what the situation was. "Well, I'll tell you, Lieutenant," grinned the captain, "I've got my rear command post in the bedroom, my forward CP in the dining room and my outpost in the kitchen. The next-door neighbors are the Krauts."

Poking around outside, Ripper ran into a figure who hoarsely demanded, *"Welches Bataillon?"* (What battalion?) It was comforting to know the Germans could get snafued too; this one didn't know his password. No one wanted things stirred up at that moment, so instead of shooting, Ripper replied, *"Halte das Maul"* (Shut up), and took off.

At Anzio, Ripper had his field day. He went out with his sniper's rifle and claimed 17 Germans in a single day, from a carefully concealed position he had prepared the night before.

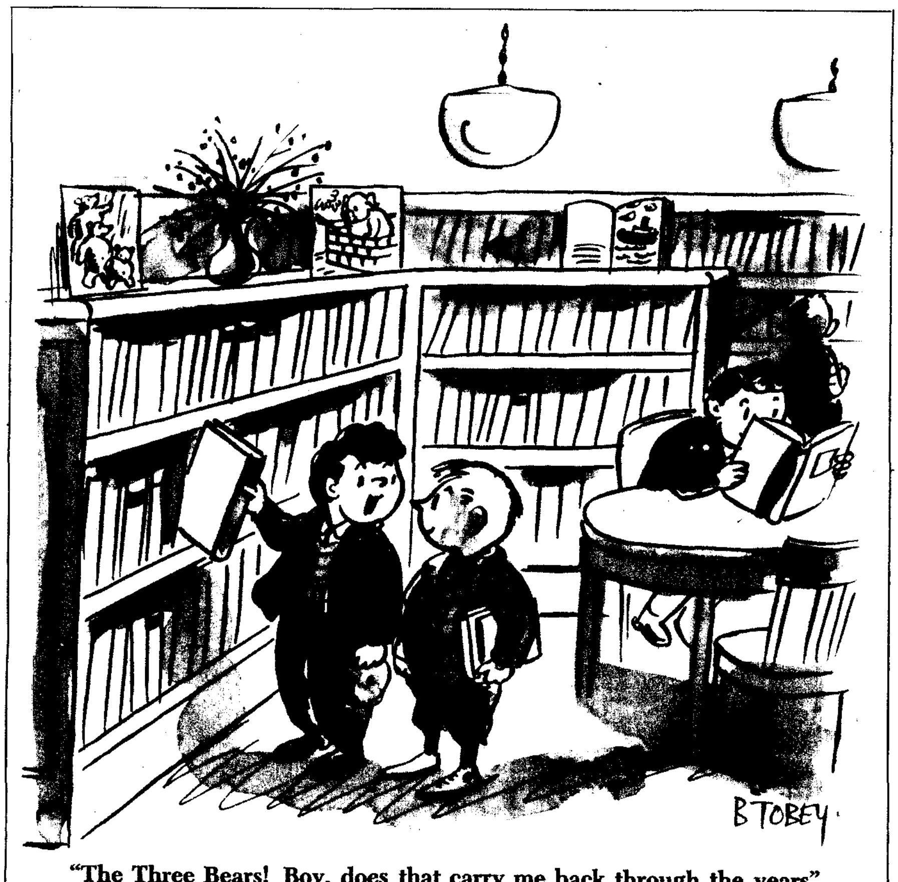
Major General William J. Donovan heard about Von Ripper, so after the fall of Rome he was recruited to work for the Secret Intelligence Division of the Office of Strategic Services. The end of the war found him a captain, but working in civilian clothes in the mountains around Salzburg, Austria, and enjoying revenge of epic proportions. He hunted down six SS generals and a host of Nazi officials and Gestapo agents in various disguises and hideouts. They usually came along meekly when discovered. Only one was rash enough to go for his gun. Von Ripper beat him to the draw and the Nazi became No. 63 on Ripper's list.

The biggest moment of all was when he located blue-eyed, bulletheaded Dr. Scheel in a shepherd's hut. Dr. Scheel was *Gauleiter* of Salzburg. On the ride back to Salzburg, Dr. Scheel began whinnying about the good works he had done for the province and how he hoped these things would be taken into account. Ripper turned his scarred face on the Nazi with a look that froze him.

Poetic Justice for a Gauleiter

"Look at me," he said. "Do you recognize me? The name is Von Ripper. I used to live here. I did a stretch in one of your concentration camps and I found out what you were like. When you took over here, you posted me as wanted. I couldn't come back. But I swore I'd never stop fighting you until I could come back, and I swore I'd get you. So you can imagine, Herr Doctor, what a satisfaction it is for me to take you, the top Nazi in my home town, back to Salzburg as my prisoner and throw you into jail."

After V-E Day, Von Ripper was awarded a $2,000 Guggenheim fellowship to work on his projected Dance of



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Death, which he expects to be his chef-d'oeuvre. He will not begin this, however, until he has completed his limited edition memorial portfolio for the 34th Division.

Von Ripper's sketches and paintings are among the best of the war. They are mainly realistic impressions of the combat infantryman as everybody who fought in the war best remembers him—waiting, marching, dead, in hospital, waiting. He somehow conveys the ineffable weariness of the doughs and at the same time a feeling of the inexorable, endless, flowing movement of war.

He did one or two pictures in his old mood of fantasy. One of these is called Self-portrait. It shows him wounded alongside the huge figure of Death, each hand clutching the arm of a soldier. The landscape on which it is set is typical of many Italian battlefields, complete with olive trees, ragged refugees, and a burning village.

Likes His G.I. Subjects Best

He also did a few portraits. These included one of the Pope, which he did at a private audience after the liberation of Rome, and which His Holiness signed; one of Field Marshal Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander, and one of Ernie Pyle. But mainly his pictures are of the G.I., whom he considers the greatest soldier of them all.

The pictures he drew while a member of the War Department's art unit now hang in the Pentagon Building in Washington. His later material, sketched on his own while with the 34th Division and O.S.S., will be the basis of his forthcoming works.

If Von Ripper's experiences have left any scars, other than physical ones, he doesn't show them. He lives with enormous gusto and works with ferocious industry. He is usually at his board by 7:30 A.M., and sometimes works through the day until late at night. But he knocks off at any moment the mood strikes him, going to New York to dine and drink extravagantly at the most expensive restaurants he can find, or telephoning friends to come out for a fiesta. He is very proud of his cooking.

Passing his studio-barn along Smith Ridge Road, you can hear him at work. A friend from B.B.C. gave him a radio and record player with a gigantic amplifier. He keeps a pile of disks—everything from Fats Waller to Bach—going at full volume, bellowing an off-key accompaniment. He wears only sandals and shorts at work and occasionally, when the right music comes on, he drops his brushes and pirouettes and leaps about the barn in mad Nijinsky bounds.

Many acquaintances think of him mainly as a rather wild playboy, not realizing the amount of time he puts in at his work, nor the intensity with which he works. M. Etienne Bignou, the sharp-eyed director of the Bignou Galleries of Paris, London and New York, recently said, "Von Ripper has great talent and is a prodigious worker—there is no limit to what he can do."

Bignou has picked many a winner, including a character by the name of Picasso.

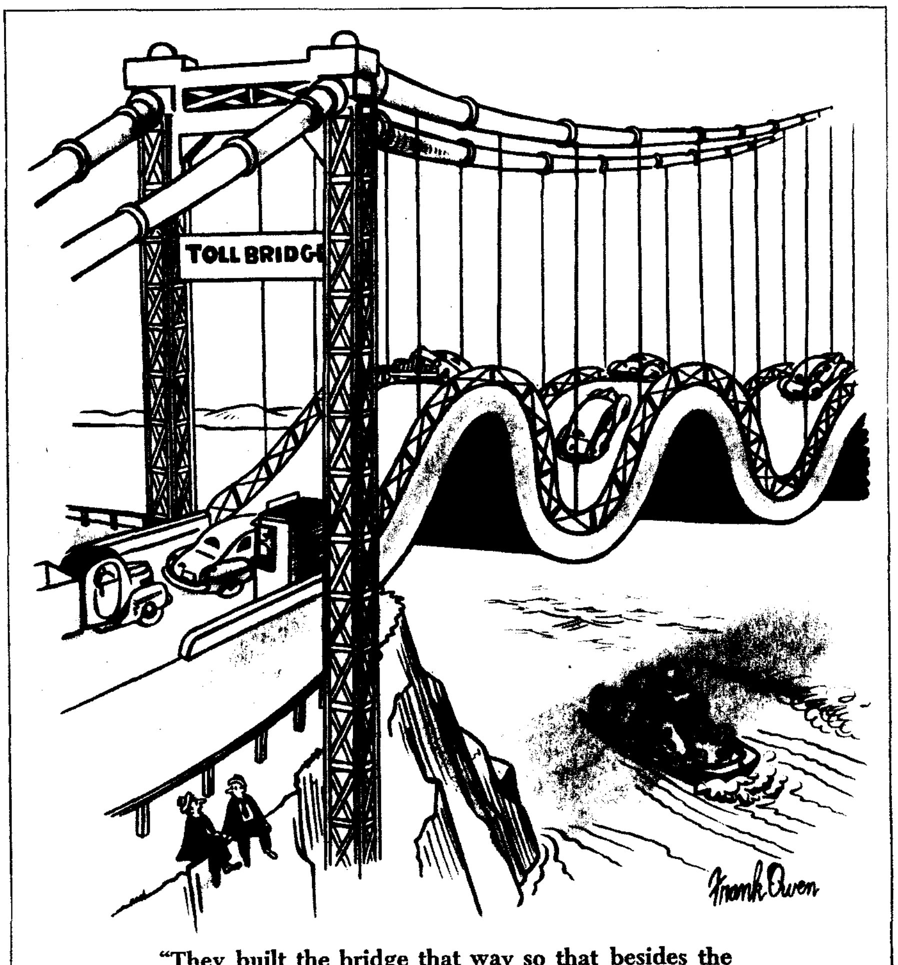
Despite the amount of German metal that has passed into or through his big frame, the 41-year-old artist still has the constitution of a Percheron, with a vast capacity for food and drink and going without sleep. Only occasionally, after an especially rugged week end, does his old pal stomach kick up on him. Then he is filled with hurt puzzlement, and he can never figure out whether the cause was an overload of Ripper Special Silver Fizzes—a fearful combination of champagne, gin, Cointreau and lime—the bacchanalian repast of the night before, or perhaps just a pound or so of badly digested glass.

When an Army friend asked him recently about his plans, Von Ripper said, "I want to meet Billy Rose and see if he will let me do my old clown act just once more—at the Diamond Horseshoe."

"What in hell do you want to do that for?" the Army friend asked.

"Oh, I don't know," Von Ripper said, dreamily. "It just seems a beautiful thought, don't you think? It's so abstract."

THE END



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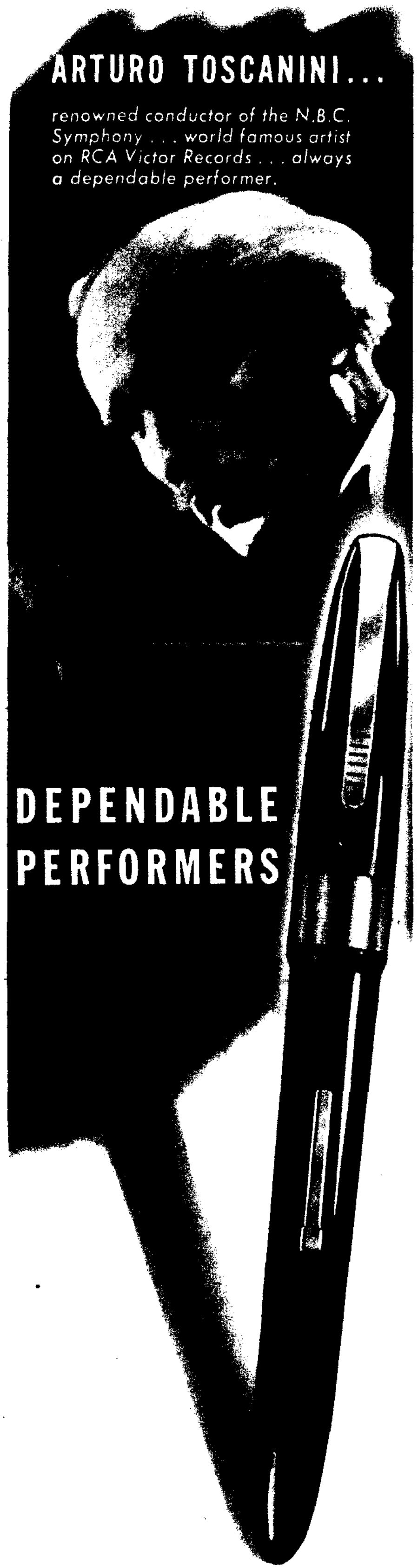
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THE FORGOTTEN BOY

Continued from page 19

Freddy Gulotta's roadhouse band. One by one the band boys went off to war, and finally Joe, who was the youngest, was left singing to himself. He was graduated from high school last June and set his heart on studying voice in New York. He applied at some high-class music schools. What a joke, son! Joe, don't you know that the Army was full of Nelson Eddys? Well, you know now, Joe. The music schools are jammed with vets. Better luck next war, Joe.

We found Robert William Seaberg working at the transmitter of radio station WILM in Wilmington, Delaware. Bob got the job two years ago while a sophomore at Pierre S. Du Pont High School. "They were hard up for operators," he said. "I studied at home and got my government license. It was very easy—even though I was only sixteen."

Bob worked out the war and then, as has been drummed into every American boy, planned to go up the ladder after high-school graduation. His hot application was in Washington, at the Capitol Radio Engineering Institute, three months before June commencement.

"No luck," Bob said. "I've had some letters. They say they're too full of veterans. They don't know when they can take any others. Gee, I don't want to be a transmitter operator all my life. I want to qualify as a chief engineer or consultant. I could wait a while, I guess. But if I wait the draft grabs me. A fellow doesn't know where he stands."

The picture is the same all over. Technical and training schools never dreamed of the bonanza the G.I. Bill would uncover for them. Kids like Joe Lombaro and Bob Seaberg don't find only the music schools and radio schools packed to exclusion. They're stopped if they want to learn bookkeeping, upholstering, photoengraving, shoemaking, jewel setting, steamfitting, telegraphy. One kid finally tried ballroom dancing, but even then the G.I. adagios were in there first.

Tragedy in School-Quitting

One of the major tragedies of the war, grossly overlooked on the front pages, was school-quitting. The kids who've lost jobs and those who can't get into college are behind the eight-ball, but not so squarely as the hundreds of thousands who chucked high school at fourteen and fifteen, when war jobs gave them a shameless come-hither wink. High-school enrollment dropped from 7,250,000 to 6,000,000. In the last two years of the war, 1,500,000 kids aged 14-17 were holding down full-time jobs.

In a bowling alley in Charlestown, West Virginia, we found tall, tanned John William Fraley, a lad of eighteen. John went to Shepherdstown High School until he was sixteen, then quit in the ninth grade to replace a grocery clerk who went to the Navy. In the last months of the war, he got a man-sized job in a woolen mill making cloth for uniforms.

On V-J Day, John precipitately became a boy again. He hadn't shrunk noticeably, but in the view of employers the "Mister Fraley" of the war years who rated a handshake suddenly became "son" and got a pat on the shoulder. No man-sized job for Johnny now. He's been picking apples and peaches.

"I'd like to finish school," he said. "But it's too late. I'd have to go back with the young kids. When I quit school it seemed like the patriotic thing to do. Everybody was yelling, 'Work, work,' so I just got out and started working."

Ralph Testerman quit school in Lansing, North Carolina. Now he's on a mushroom farm. Steve Demitro quit school in Brooklyn. He's roaming the country with a carnival. William Seekford quit school in Falling Waters, West Virginia. He's picking apples. All these lads and thousands more tell the same story. It was patriotic to take a war job; now it's too late to go back to school.

At the U.S. Employment Service in Elkton, Maryland, Robert Nichols interviews the teen-agers who come in for jobs. He tells them the story straight, pulls no punches. "The requirements are stiffer now, son. Most employers have an eighteen-year minimum. They want high-school graduates. It's not like the war days. Maybe I could get you three weeks on a farm. Or a job dishwashing. How about that?" The kids shake their heads at Nichols. He's a nice bird, but how his song has changed!

Collis Stocking, at U.S.E.S. headquarters in Washington, says kids of sixteen and seventeen don't belong in the labor market. They were encouraged to work during the war, sure. But the war is over. "A high-school diploma is a *must* in almost any good job today," Stocking says. "The boys who quit school can't expect anything but the lowest paid, unskilled jobs—jobs nobody else will take."

Future Holds Only Frustration

You can see how things are closing in on the G.I. Juniors. Their bright-eyed sallies toward the world of tomorrow end in a dismal smack into a brick wall. Dr. Kent A. Zimmerman, director of mental health for the Children's Bureau of the Federal Security Agency, considers their plight deadly serious. "As adolescents, they are in no position to withstand such intense frustration," he warns.

"The adolescent boy needs extra help; he needs his road made easier. Instead, we are giving him extra hindrance. He is at a delicate period when he is trying to attain adult status, mainly by getting a good job or enrolling in higher education. We are frustrating him on both counts."

Delinquency is the answer for some kids. Before Judge Philip B. Gilliam in the famed juvenile court of Denver, Colorado, stood an eighteen-year-old boy, Johnny. He had been an Eagle Scout, an honor graduate from high school; his parents were reputable, solid citizens. Johnny and two companions stole an automobile, wrecked it, and were arrested.

"Why did you do it, son?" Judge Gilliam asked.

The boy winced, then raised his eyes slowly and seriously.

"Frankly, I was bored to death," he said. "I was tired of standing around with nothing to do. I wanted to go to the University of Colorado to study engineering. But the school is full up with veterans. Even if I could get enrolled, I couldn't get a room. I tried to get a job, but nobody would take me because they all figured I would soon be drafted."

Judge Gilliam leaned to one side and said quietly, "This case is typical of hundreds. Today the boys in their late teens are living in a kind of purgatory. It is a dangerous period. They are hanging in the balance and some of them, unless properly guided, become criminals. With colleges crowded and employers reluctant to hire anyone who may be drafted, their condition—always precarious—is even worse."

In Portland, Oregon, a detective remarked, "Lots of these kids are losing hope. I've rounded up dozens of them in gambling rooms, red-light districts and dives. They are sullen, surly, full of

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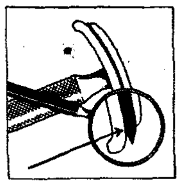

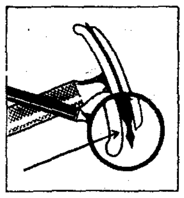

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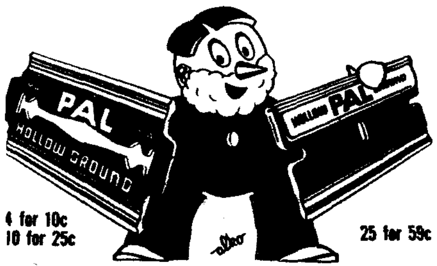

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threats. Unless they are given some hope for the future, they may develop into a criminal element in a few years. Bricks through windows now may be tommy guns by the time these boys are twenty-one."

Everywhere we found kids who felt the pressure but were fighting hard to keep from cracking under it. They're the kids who aren't going delinquent. Too much character. But it is eating them up inside. In San Francisco, seventeen-year-old Jack Henderson spoke for thousands of kids who are taking it standing up when he said:

"I know a guy who was in the Army only eighteen months. Never left the States. So he's a hero. He gets the G.I. Bill of Rights. He gets all the breaks, all the glory, all the dames.

"I wanted to be a lawyer once. Huh, that's a laugh. There's enough hurdles in front of me to stop a kangaroo. Plan for the future! That's long-hair talk. Who knows where we'll be two or three years from now? Who cares?"

There are 5,000,000 boys in the United States aged 15 through 18. Best estimates are that 2,000,000 of them, 40 per cent, *are stopped cold—batting their heads* against the brick walls we've described instead of forging ahead at full career.

Agree on Three Essentials

Government agencies, educators and social workers have scores of ideas about what should be done. Some are weird; some weirder. But there is a levelheaded consensus of opinion that we must (1) get kids back in school and keep them in school until they are 18, (2) open the colleges to all comers, even if it means working three shifts, and (3) dovetail military service with education so the misfit interlude is eliminated.

During the war years only 70 per cent of our kids of high-school age were in school, and only 35 per cent graduated. One way to raise these sad figures, the National Commission on Children in Wartime suggests, is to raise the school-leaving ages. Twenty-eight states still allow kids to quit school at the ripe old age of 14. A few, like California and Utah, keep them in school up to 18, long enough to complete twelve full years and win a diploma.

That's how it ought to be everywhere, say the mentors of youth: compulsory schooling up to 18. The Children's Bureau goes a step further to advocate "some form of student aid so that no young person need drop out of high school for lack of funds." The amount a sixteen-year-old can earn is rarely so large that it could not be offset through part-time employment or community loans. A loan of $500 to enable a boy to finish high school would pay multiple dividends in the increased earning power a diploma gives him.

To expand colleges we need more than the feverish transplanting of Quonset huts and Army barracks. It is not solely a 1946 emergency. If we're squeezing 2,000,000 students into our 1,500,000-capacity colleges this year, what will we do in the 1950s when the National Education Association tells us the normal demand will be 3,000,000?

U.S. Commissioner of Education John W. Studebaker thinks it is high time colleges sped up their leisurely, wistful pace. He says, "Instead of closing down our college plants in the late afternoon, we ought to open them up again at 5:30 and run a shift to 9:00 or 10:00 in the evening. Three shifts a day, if necessary."

Studebaker urges the use of high-school buildings in off hours as junior colleges for the first two years of a four-year course. Many colleges have already hit the new stride. New York University is sponsoring a "thirteenth year" at a high school in Westchester County, New York, with full freshman credit. The University of Pennsylvania has a similar dovetail with Central High School, Philadelphia. On the West Coast and around Chicago, junior colleges are being opened in the public schools. North Carolina has set up "college centers" in twelve cities to drain off the overflow from established institutions. Studebaker says we need more of the same.

Dr. George F. Zook, president of the American Council on Education and chairman of President Truman's new Commission on Higher Education, sees big possibilities in two-year college instead of four. "It's a scientific age. More and more careers require technical training of college caliber. When a man wants that and nothing more, we can give it to him in two years," Dr. Zook contends.

Why keep a fellow punching at Pericles when what he really wants is a couple of swift rounds with Marconi and Faraday? Dr. Zook suggests the "A.A." degree (Associate in Arts) for two years of college and doesn't see why we can't jump our college capacity by scores of thousands with just this simple adjustment.

To mend the ragged hem of college finances, most educators suggest government scholarships to carry on where the G.I. Bill leaves off. Congress buzzed at its last session with bills to aid the states on education. One, left in committee, was the Murray-Morse-Pepper Bill with a ten-year program running into billions. But lest colleges come under the heel of government, many educators dislike the idea of aiding them directly or through grants to states. They'd rather aid the student, give him a scholarship or a loan, and let him spend the money in whatever college he chooses.

Whatever the plan, a kid with scholastic aptitude ought to get a crack at college—veteran or no veteran. That's simply long-term good sense for the nation.

Finally, where does the draft fit in? Most of the thinkers agree that a 19-year-old draft doesn't make sense. It doesn't fit logically into a kid's process of growing up. Normally he graduates from high school at 18. Is he supposed to twiddle his thumbs for a year?

The Case for Drafting at 18

Youth counselors in the U.S.E.S. believe it would be better to draft boys right after high-school graduation, say at 18, to eliminate the gap of uncertainty and doldrums. If they serve in the Army a year or two and then return to one of Dr. Zook's two-year college courses, they'll still get out in the world on schedule, neither bearded with age nor bald with frustration.

A step-by-step progress, dovetailing high school, military service and college gives the young fellow what he needs most, Beatrice McConnell, of the Department of Labor, points out. "He can see ahead. The road is clearly charted and he can proceed without fear or confusion. He fits in somewhere. He knows where he's going."

They're not all going to college. For those who go from high school into the Army and come out wanting a job, Donald Kingsley of the OWMR suggests a helping hand from the labor unions and such management groups as the Committee for Economic Development. "We've got to recognize that the peacetime draft is fully as honorable as service in wartime—maybe more so because the glamor isn't there," he says. "These boys must know they'll have work when they return."

All young America wants is a chance to belong to the club. G.I. Junior is very weary of being a misfit and a "displaced person." Can you blame him? The kid is all grown up and no place to go.

THE END

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

of graphoanalysis) Mr. Shaw is a cool, levelheaded man who is not emotionally responsive. He has a strong, enthusiastic will power, is very determined, and has the capacity for intense concentration.

JOHN E. BROUSSARD, JR., Beaumont, Texas

MARRIAGE PROBLEMS

DEAR EDITOR: The September 14th issue of Collier's was ruined by that rancid article, Afraid of Love, by Ruth Carson. For some weeks I've been sending my copies of Collier's to a 19-year-old boy. I didn't send that one.

MRS. U. S. POWELL, Sharon Hill, Pa.

Collier's has received numerous letters commenting on this article from young people who want to avoid the high divorce rate of their parents' generation. The article related steps taken to solve marriage problems by such organizations as the Planned Parenthood Federation, the Margaret Sanger Research Bureau and the American Association of Marriage Counselors.

. . . I am only a high-school student but I realize the value and importance of this plan and would like eventually to take part in it. Being a member of a teen-age crowd, and having heard some of their views on marriage and sex, I realize how valuable a course of this kind would be.

J. B., Gainesville, Fla.

. . . Where can I purchase helpful books for my daughter who is 22 years old? She is going with a boy she likes very much, but now that he is talking about marriage she is about to break with him.

MRS. R. J. R., Wis.

. . . Ruth Carson's article is all very well to read but how, in a city like Detroit, will one find such centers of discussion?

B. W., Detroit, Mich.

The Detroit League for Planned Parenthood at 2011 Park Avenue, Detroit.

. . . I read Afraid of Love and found it very enlightening. I have been brought up in a conventional home and while my parents are not narrow-minded, we have never had discussions on sex life. I am a girl in my early twenties, contemplating marriage soon and because I want to make it successful, I want to learn all I can about sex relationship.

B. G., Los Angeles, Cal.

DEAR EDITOR: After reading Afraid of Love (Sept. 14th) I have come to the conclusion that it would be a lot better for Margaret Sanger's soul and for society if that $18,000,000 were used to help married couples provide for their families instead of helping prevent the making of families.

KATHLEEN FEYH, Alma, Kan.

DEFLATED EGO

DEAR EDITOR: I went to the doctor the other day for a physical checkup and he said I was sound as a dollar. When I left him I felt pretty good. But when I thought the matter over, I got to feeling awful again. Just what did the doc mean? After all, a dollar isn't worth much these days. How about me?

JOE JENKINS, Houston, Texas

FIRE FIGHTERS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: We are very much pleased to see the excellent article, Firetrap U.S.A., by Mr. Lagemann, in the Sept. 21st issue of Collier's. The education of the public about fires and their prevention is extremely important to the welfare of our country, and we feel that Collier's is performing a real public service.

PERCY BUGBEE, General Manager,
National Fire Protection Association,
Boston, Mass.

. . . In his excellent article, J. K. Lagemann advocates the bulkheading of hollow walls by the application of fire stops. I would like to suggest that the filling of these spaces with rock wool would most likely give better results.

ALBERT P. GORDEN, Bronx, New York

BALD FACTS

DEAR EDITOR: On behalf of all baldheaded men, I request that you ask your readers for suggestions on how to produce head-hair where there is no hair. I'm tired of being bald.

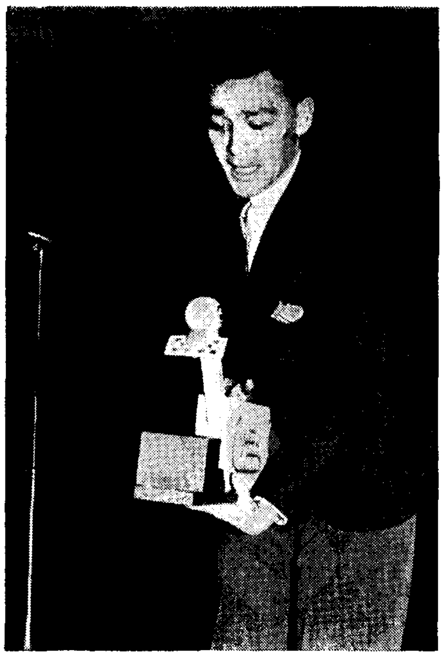
J. N. SWEETSER, Philadelphia, Pa.

Happy to oblige you, Mr. Sweetser—see page 42, this issue.

QUEER DUCK

DEAR EDITOR: Your lead story, Squeal, Nazi, Squeal!, by Dr. Douglas M. Kelley (Aug. 31st) struck a familiar chord. "That fellow," said I to myself, "has handled queer ducks before." Sure enough, in my photo files for March 13, 1939, I found a picture I had snapped of the same Dr. Kelley with the Nazis' predecessor, Otto the Automatic Duck, as he presented his findings before the Society of American Magicians in New York City.

IRVING DESFOR, Jamaica, N. Y.



Otto, magically guided by Dr. Kelley, has just produced the card selected by someone in the audience.

DAY BY DAY

GENTLEMEN: The proposed calendar by Commander Edwards (Sept. 21st) is the best I have ever seen. The old calendar is in need of change. Why not change it?

(MRS.) CLARA E. GABRIEL, Toledo, Ohio

. . . The calendar we are using was good enough for Washington, Lincoln, Edison and all other great Americans. Change it? Don't be silly!

HOWARD E. WOHLFORD, Jasper, Minn.

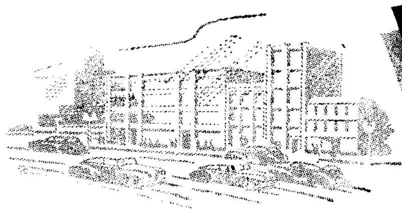
. . . The first thing I see on your new calendar is that I don't see my birthday! January 31st has disappeared. Now what I want to know—is that good? Or is it?

DORIS GINNOLD, Salt Lake City, Utah

WHO WON THE WAR?

DEAR ED: In your editorial, Monty, Jimmy and the Soldiers (Sept. 21st), you give the impression that it was the Regular Army that won the war. The Regulars were indeed a fine base for our huge army, but our citizen soldiers did the job—and superbly.

PVT. PETER BEER, Fort Dix, N. J.



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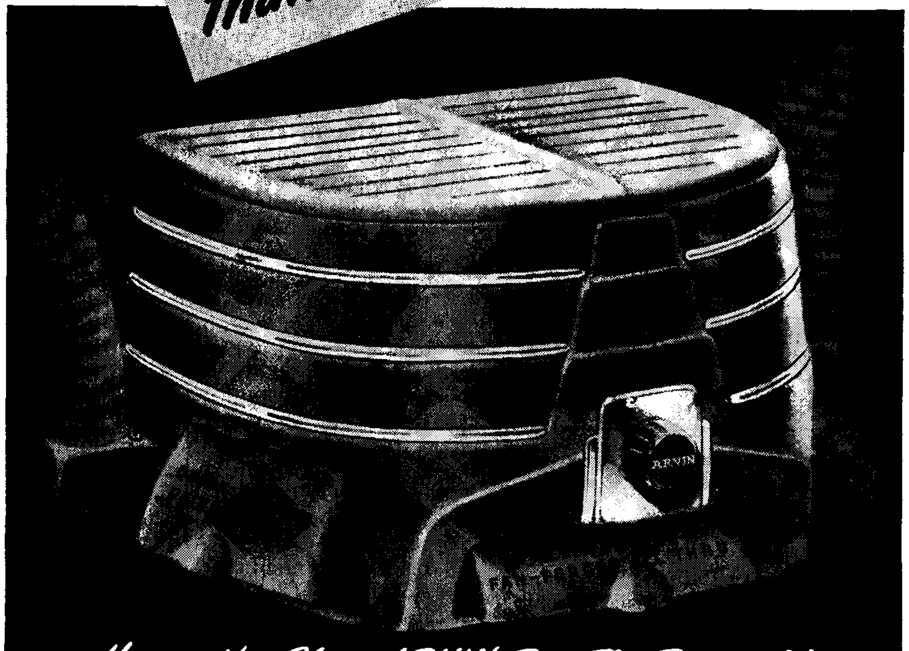

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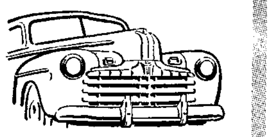

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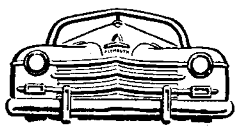
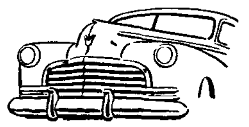


For PLYMOUTH Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler $26.50



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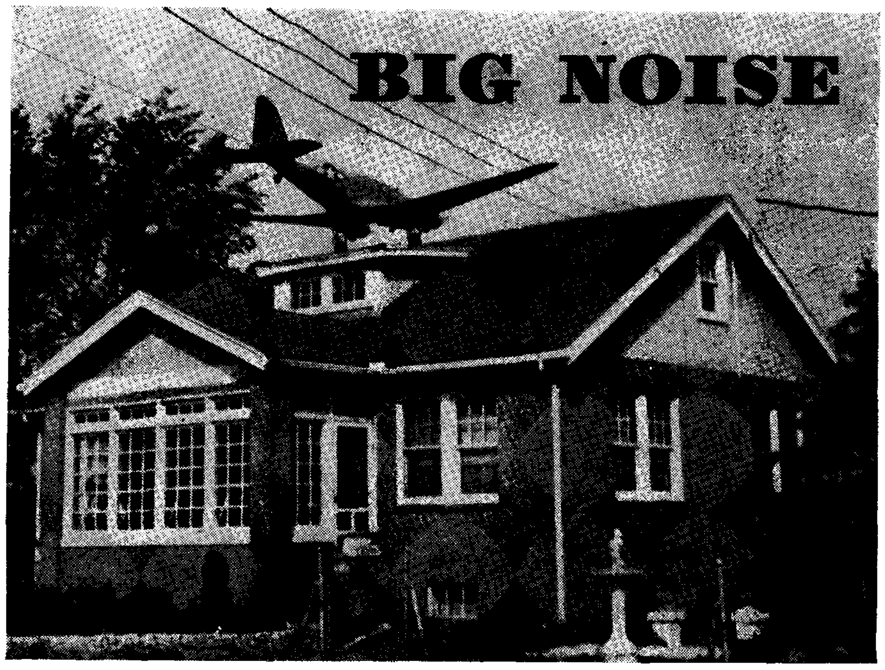
BIG NOISE



JOSEPH L. BOCKOVAC

When the owner of this house at Bolling Field submitted this photo to Congressional committees, they agreed he needed relief. P.S. He got it

WING TALK

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

IT WAS annoying when their bedcovers were blown off by the propeller wash of the low-flying Army planes. And conversation, often thinking, was impossible as the sound of a thousand snarling wolves enveloped and shook their modest dwelling to its foundation. At night it seemed practicable to wear smoked glasses to reduce the blinding glare of the planes' landing lights piercing through the windows. Then a five-pound weight from an aircraft trailing antenna dropped off and landed a foot from Mrs. Joseph L. Bockovac as she worked in her garden one afternoon and buried itself 18 inches in the ground. She fainted dead away and Mr. Bockovac found her unconscious on his return from work. The Bockovacs got mad.

Twenty years ago they bought the little home across the river from the Washington, D. C., Navy Yard, where he worked, and they settled down. Just before the war, the Army extended its original Bolling Field southward, and the Bockovacs found themselves sitting a little beyond the end of the new field's principal runway, and atop a small hill. Air traffic expanded tremendously as the war moved in and a peaceful life for the Bockovacs was to be had only on days when the ceiling and visibility were zero.

They tried to sell; no one would buy. In desperation, they took their troubles to Senator Pat McCarran, of Nevada, because he's an authority on aviation. He couldn't ground the planes so he put through a bill authorizing the Army to purchase the Bockovacs' property. The War Department screamed its objections: It would set a precedent so that anyone living near a government-operated airfield could demand and get relief. It would cost the government "many millions of dollars." But the bill went through both houses and President Truman signed it as Congress went home.

Just a few weeks before that, the Supreme Court of the United States okayed the demand of Thomas Lee Causby and his wife Tinie, North Carolina chicken farmers, for damages that resulted from low-flying Army airplanes. They, too, were perched at the end of an airport outside Greensboro, an airport which the Army had leased for the duration. The planes cleared the house officially at an altitude of 67 feet in taking off and landing. The Causby chickens weren't air-minded; in panic over the low-flying planes, they banged against fences and walls and 150 were killed. The survivors became so nervous they couldn't produce, and Tom and Tinie were forced out of the chicken business.

The aftermath of these two precedents is unpredictable from the standpoint of how much the government is going to have to pay out. The Civil Aeronautics Administration, our civilian aerial safety and police force, says there "is a rising tide of public complaint against aircraft noise which threatens to undermine aviation progress." The CAA wants something done about it. Its direct attempt to get funds for the development of quieter engines and propellers was knifed out of its estimates by the Budget Bureau and so it can do nothing for the remainder of this fiscal year.

Then the CAA tossed the hot problem to the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, our top aviation research organization; the Air Transport Association, representing all the scheduled airlines; and the Aircraft Industries Association, the trade body for the aviation manufacturing industry. This is the result so far:

The NACA concerns itself only with the fundamental problems of flight and does no building or developing, but it knows enough about propeller tip speeds (and the noise that goes with them) to predict in advance how much noise a propeller design will make before it is built. And learned Dr. Theodore Theodorsen, NACA's chief physicist, reported that a general large reduction in the sound level of an airplane can be achieved "only by extensive and radical changes in the design of the propeller," which makes most of the noise.

He then talks about a fan-type prop for an airplane—like the household electric fan. Put this type of propeller with big, wide blades on an airplane and you'll still need engine muffling if a silent airplane is to result. Dealing only in fundamentals as he does, Dr. Theodorsen says the "imaginary airplane with a low tip speed, fan-type propeller and a perfect muffler, is virtually inaudible at less than 300 feet." But such an airplane has not yet been built.

The airlines, through their Air Transport Association, deplore the noise over residential areas surrounding airports and realize that it is increasing as they

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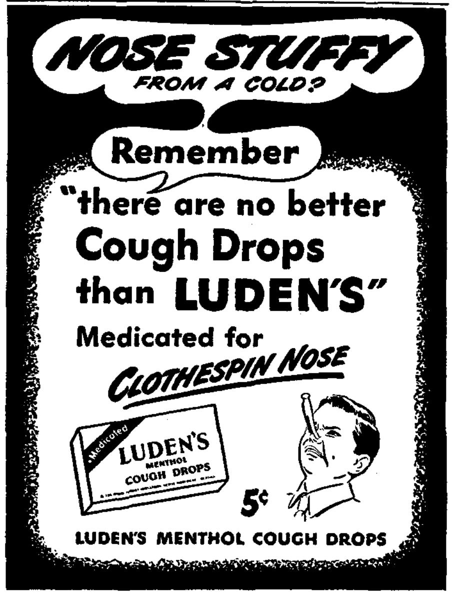

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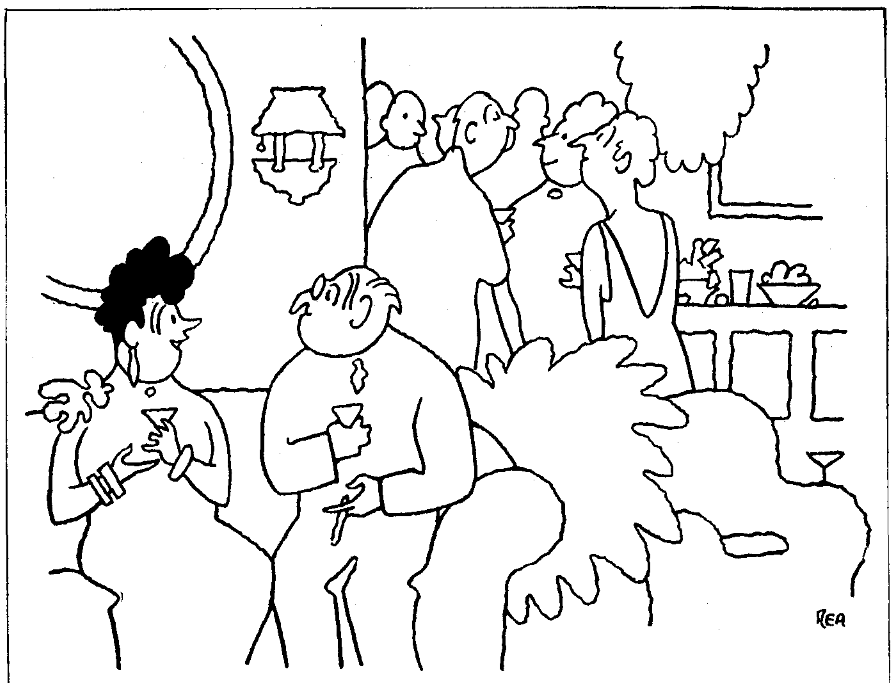


"But if what you say about the government financial setup is true, Mr. Seldes, wouldn't it be simpler just to start all over again with wampum?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

add more planes and schedules and go in deeper for four-engine equipment. There is no way to modify the engines and propellers in these types but they can alleviate the disturbance to some extent by operation practices. Word already has gone out to pilots not to use runways that call for taking off or landing over residential areas if another runway could be used that would take the planes over sparsely settled sections.

But landing and take-off safety practices being what they are (always into the wind), no pilot is expected to jeopardize the lives of all his passengers and residents below by taking off down wind or cross wind or using a short runway in hot, calm air.

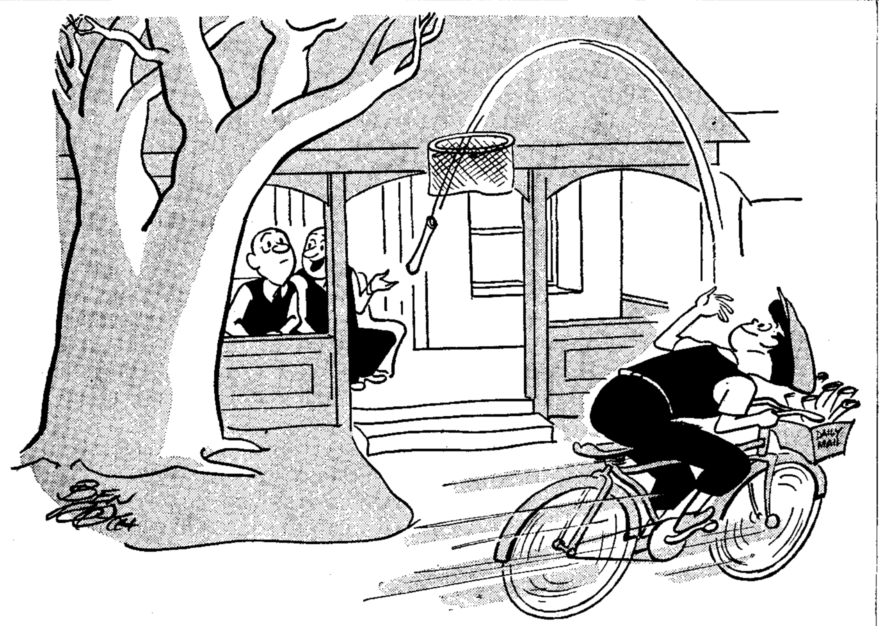
The Aircraft Industries Association established a noise-reduction study long before the CAA asked it to do something. It declares there are two of the many factors involved over which it can exert control. One is the tendency on the part of some manufacturers to use engine-propeller combinations resulting in noise levels higher than is necessary for the power available.

"This," declares John E. P. Morgan, AIA's executive director, "is usually the result of excessive propeller tip speeds and is poor enginering from any angle; it is bad for the propeller, bad for the engine, fatiguing to the pilot and passengers, as well as creating a nuisance. It may be necessary to set up within the industry some internal policing system to prevent such nuisances."

The other is the result of the use of increasingly powerful engines. They're now up to 3,000 horsepower. The greater the power, the more the noise and, continues Mr. Morgan, "We have not been too successful in reducing this ratio of noise to power." But, he adds, the problem is being vigorously attacked "and we can assure the CAA that it will be solved, because it must be solved in order to provide acceptable sound levels in the cabins of our commercial airplanes."

The CAA's investigation reveals that "possibly the chief noisemakers are transport-type planes, rather than small personal airplanes." However, the latter can be a nuisance in the hands of thoughtless and show-off pilots. A light airplane used in a test by a Bureau of Standards scientist at the St. Petersburg, Florida, municipal airport, nine blocks from the city's business district, gave a sound level meter reading of between 70 and 80 decibels, depending upon the height at which the plane passed over the meter.

A small automobile, with engine racing near the meter, gave a reading of 84 decibels. A passing oil truck, in low gear, rang up 90, and a streetcar pushed the needle to 96. ★★★



"Before I put that up, he'd always leave the paper on the sidewalk!"

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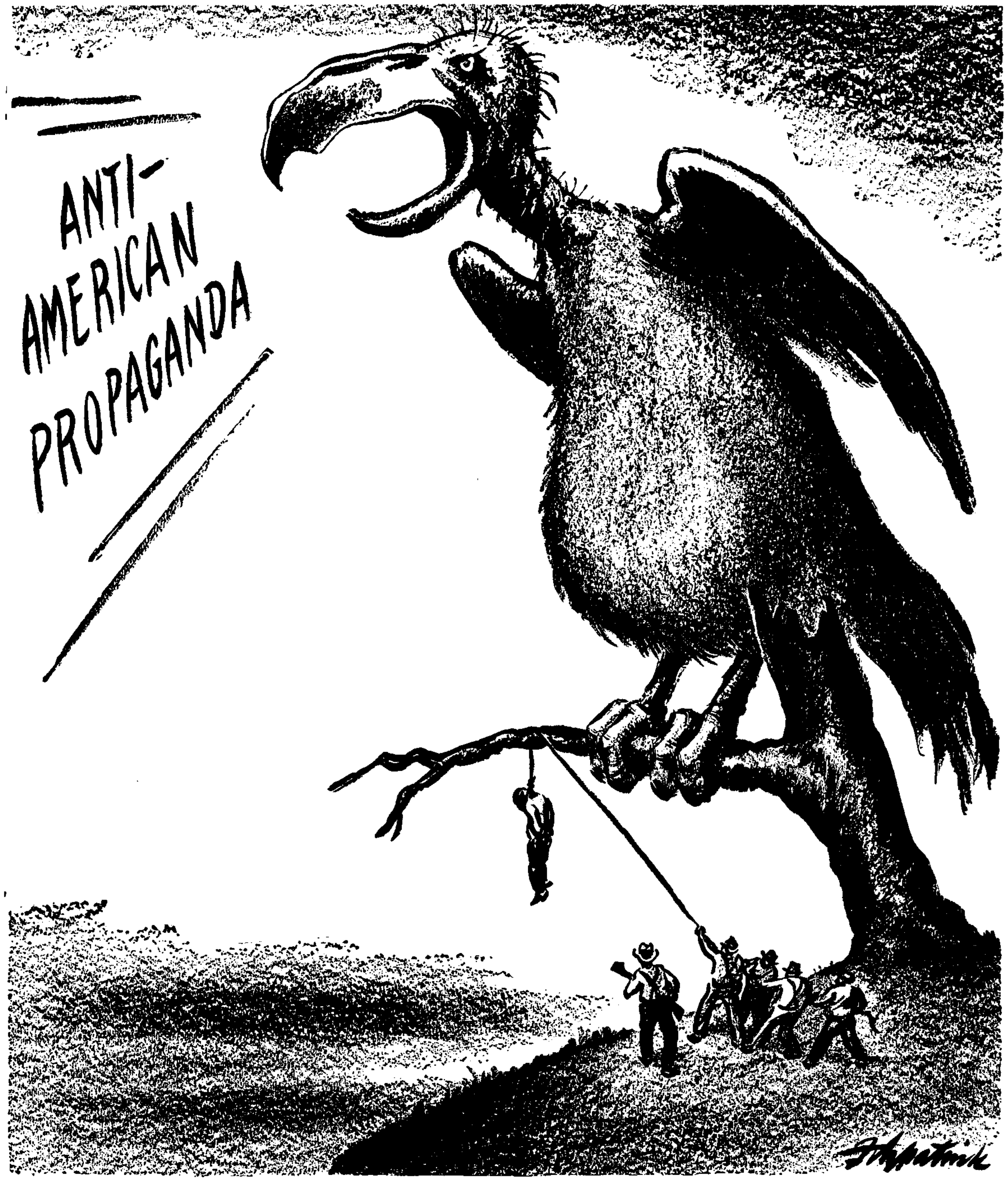

AMMUNITION FOR THE RUSSIANS

WHETHER by coincidence or otherwise, the recent political victories of Senator Bilbo in Mississippi and Gene Talmadge in Georgia have been followed by a resurgence of lynching and mob violence in parts of the South.

Just about all the domestic arguments against lynching have been offered to lynch-minded Americans in the last three or four generations. They have had considerable effect, too. Lynching has decreased greatly in the last 35 years or so.

We wonder whether a new argument against lynching—an argument obligingly furnished us from beyond the seas—might not further cut down the frequency of U.S. lynchings Anyway, here's the argument:

These bloody and brutal incidents, which are not at all typical of the great majority of Americans, are seized on by Communist agitators all over the world, and are blown up far beyond their true importance in the American picture. These Red propagandists, all of course motivated from Moscow, tell the natives of Indonesia, North China, Afghanistan, India, Iran, etc., that that is the way things go in the world's foremost capitalist country, and that lynchings are an integral part of the capitalist system.

These are lies, naturally; but if repeated often enough, they are bound to have some effect, as Hitler discovered. That Russia is gunning for us, and is determined to unite as much of the world against us as it can, is now plain. These occasional outbursts of mob fury in the United States are prime fuel for Russian anti-American propaganda —especially since Russia officially prohibits all kinds of race discrimination within its borders.

We could best spike this particular Communist propaganda gun by just dropping what remains of our lynch habit. As long as we have any lynchings at all, the Reds will make the most of them—quite possibly to our serious injury in time.

MORE ABOUT COLONEL KILIAN

IT IS now some weeks since Colonel James A. Kilian drew that $500 fine and reprimand from a military court at Bad Nauheim, Germany, but it looks as if a good deal more time will elapse before the aroma of the Kilian case fades away. Kilian was commandant of the U.S. Army replacement and detention depot at Lichfield, England, from March, 1943, to January, 1945. He was tried and handed this powder-puff penalty for permitting brutalities to be inflicted by his underlings on prisoners at his camp. Put the best possible face on the Kilian business, and the Army still comes out badly.

True, Kilian's prisoners were mostly soldiers who had ducked out in one way or another from combat duty in the Battle of the Bulge. His chief duty toward them was to make their prison life unpleasant enough to induce homesickness for the fighting fronts.

But Kilian was not called on to countenance the savage treatment which some of his flunkies were testified to have dealt out to some of the prisoners —treatment remindful of things which were going on at the same time in Hitler's concentration camps for political prisoners at Buchenwald, Belsen, Dachau, etc.

As for Kilian's plea that he didn't know what his subordinates were doing, a corporation president might as well disclaim responsibility for anything his vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer do in line of business. A principal in private life is generally chargeable with the acts of his agent, and much the same rule should obtain in the armed forces.

We're told that under the new dispensation recommended by the Doolittle gripe board such things as the Kilian episode will be eliminated, or nearly so. That assurance is hardly sufficient. We heard similar assurances, in remorseful tones, after the Hard-boiled Smith and kindred disclosures of MP brutality to U.S. soldiers in World War I. Yet Kilian came along in due course with World War II—and so, according to a lot of persistent talk, did various Kilianesque characters who managed to keep out of the headlines.

These things can only injure our chances of maintaining a reasonably effective national defense establishment for the next few years. Such stories seem bound to discourage volunteering.

It looks to us as if the American Veterans Committee—a group with which we by no means always see eye to eye—has the right idea in this instance. The AVC is demanding a Congressional investigation of the whole Army court-martial system. We'd like to see this demand pressed on the next Congress, convening in January, and pressed until action is taken.

MUSCLES AND MICROBES

WE ADMIRE various mighty-muscled friends of ours, you understand . . . but Dr. Robert C. Darling, eminent professor at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons, made a speech recently which we seem unable to forget.

Dr. Darling reported that there is no real evidence that physical fitness gives a person immunity or resistance to disease. Therefore, he said, there is no proved point in the frequent agitations for mass physical-culture programs reaching most of the population.

In plainer English, this means that you may do gym work or home exercises, or play strenuous games, till the muscles of your brawny arms are strong as iron bands, but that these labors will not guarantee you against any of the diseases which attack people who let their physical machines run along without special care or attention.

We aren't doctors, and hence can't conscientiously go overboard for Dr. Darling's views on this subject. We do know, though, that most of us have had friends who lived strenuously but nevertheless were cut down untimely by some microbe or other; also, that most of us have known thin, anemic-looking little fellows or girls who ambled along practically without exercise to age ninety or beyond.

Dr. Darling went on to recommend extensive research into the question whether physical fitness does give immunity or resistance to any disease or diseases, and if so what. It sounds like a good idea.

Until the findings are all in, it seems, on the strength of general human experience, that the sensible course is to live the strenuous life if you enjoy it, and to leave it strictly alone if you don't.

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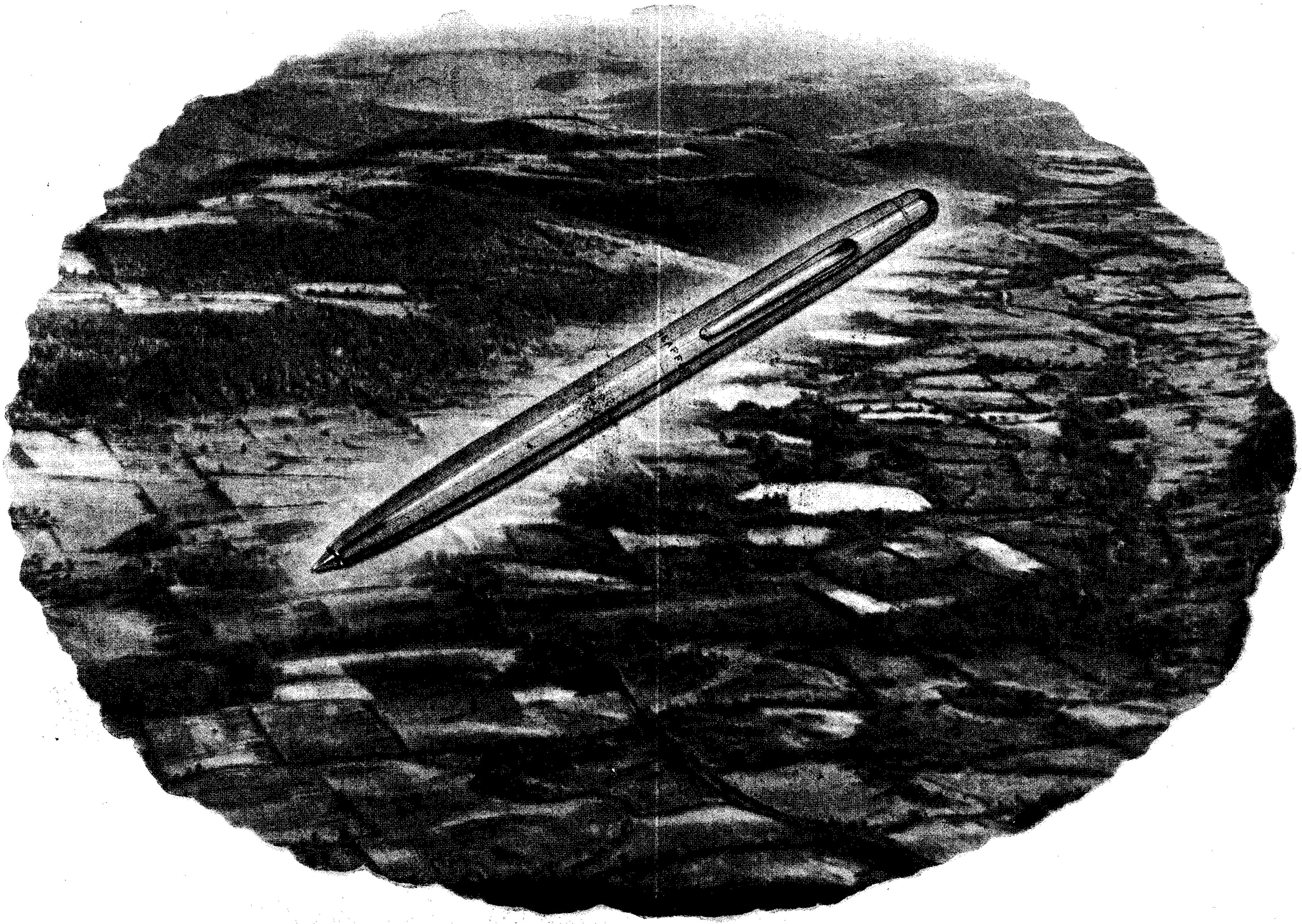
FINE BLENDED WHISKEY

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended whiskey, 92 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 or more years old. 40% straight whiskey. 60% grain neutral spirits.



Stratowriter

NOT A PEN!
NOT A PENCIL!
NOT A STYLUS!

"Rolls your writing on Dry!"

$15.00 Federal Tax Included

• Most perfect spheric tip ever developed. • Writes on wet paper, cloth, leather and other surfaces without smearing. • Apply all the writing pressure needed for multiple carbon copies. • Writes at 130° in the shade or at below freezing temperatures. Writes upside down • Capless . . . instantly retractable point. Positive locking action. • Uses high viscosity Strato-Ink, making frequent filling unnecessary. • Strato-Ink dries instantly. No blotting. Writes beautiful, deep, permanent blue-black. • Super-resistant to temperature changes. Built for writing at highest altitudes. • Stays in adjustment. • Writes silently and smoothly. • Not a fountain pen, but a fine writing instrument for certain needs. • You can't shake out the Strato-Ink. • Writes many months or years without replacing unit. • The complete writing mechanism will be exchanged by your dealer in a few seconds at any time at a reasonable price. • The Stratowriter is a beautiful, gold-filled instrument that is really a piece of precision jewelry. • Ask your Sheaffer dealer to let you try the Stratowriter.

SHEAFFER'S

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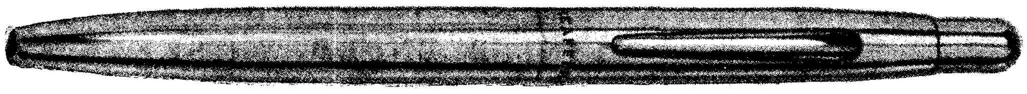

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